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NAPOLEON
AND THE INVASION OF ENGLAND VOL. II

NAPOLEON AND THE INVASION OF ENGLAND

THE STORY OF THE GREAT TERROR

BY H. F. B. WHEELER & A. M. BROADLEY

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
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NAPOLEON
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NAPOLEON AND THE INVASION OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER XII

ACUTE STAGE OF THE FRENCH INVASION PLANS OF 1803—THE MAKING OF A NEW ARMADA

"Celerity is better than Artillery."—NAPOLEON.

WITH few exceptions, all the leading officers in the French navy considered that flat-bottomed boats propelled by oars, sails, or both, were best suited for crossing the Channel, but Bruix and Decrès afterwards realized the fact that a covering fleet was essential to success. Even supposing that a sufficient number of sail-of-the-line to carry over an army to the shores of England could be provided, the problem of disembarking the troops was as difficult of solution as that of getting the squadron under weigh, and that probably in sight of a hostile fleet. On the other hand, the small craft built for former expeditions of the same kind had the distinct advantage of being able to sail close to the shore, as they were of very light draught, while many of them could be hauled on to the beach if necessary. The vessels to be used for invasion purposes were of four classes, viz. *prames*, *chaloupes canonnières*, *bateaux canonniers*, and *péniches*. *Prames* resembled a sailing barge as much as anything, and lacked the necessary stability to withstand a heavy sea. They were big ships, over one hundred feet from bow to stern, measuring twenty-five feet in the beam, and fitted with three keels. Rigged like a corvette, and armed with twelve 24-pounders, they were intended to carry thirty-eight sailors and 120 soldiers. Their cost, some 70,000 francs (£2,800), was more than double that of the second type of boat upon which Bonaparte relied, namely, the *chaloupe canonnière*.

These were from seventy to eighty feet in length and seventeen feet in width, with a draught of from five to six feet. They were rigged on the lines of a brig, and had three 24-pounders and a howitzer of from six to eight inches calibre—a really formidable armament, and capable of doing much damage. At first the guns were placed in grooves, and consequently could not be brought to bear on an enemy's vessel unless it happened to be immediately in front, or until the gun-sloop was turned in the direct line of attack. This manœuvre, of course, involved the loss of a good deal of time, and while the vessel was taking up a suitable position, in all probability its opponent would have seized the golden opportunity thus presented and annihilated it. The mistake was soon remedied, and proper gun-carriages were built, which allowed the cannon to be pointed in any direction. A crew of twenty-two sailors was necessary to handle the ship, and a company of infantry (130 men) could also be taken on board without unnecessary overcrowding. As might almost have been expected, the first few sloops completed had several defects, but the most serious was pointed out to Bonaparte by Decrès, the Minister of Marine, who on his first tour of inspection had carefully examined one of them. "The result is very poor," he reports, "but with favourable weather these boats will fulfil our object." Of the crews he has nothing to say but praise; they are "splendid." "The officers have excellent spirit; the sailors are so fine and so well-behaved that I greatly regret that I do not possess them for our vessels-of-the-line."[1] Unfortunately he did not always have the same cheerful tale to tell, for passing on to Fécamp, he writes that "the spirit of the sailors has given me but little satisfaction."[2]

Gunboats (*bateaux canonniers*) were put on the stocks for the purpose of transporting the horses, ammunition, and artillery. These three-masters were rigged on the lines of a lugger, and were not unlike small fishing smacks in appearance. Each had a stable fitted in the hold, with stalls for two artillery horses. On deck was a fully loaded artillery waggon, a 24-pounder stood at the bow, and either a howitzer or a piece of field artillery at the stern. The latter was to do service on land as well as at sea, and all the necessary tackle to get it in and out of the vessel was placed in position ready for instant use. Everything was done to take advantage of the precious minutes on which very often so much depends. With this object in view the stable was constructed with a movable roof, so that a horse could be lowered or taken out of it very rapidly. The crew consisted of six sailors and its military complement of one hundred soldiers and officers, two artillery drivers, and a number of artillerymen. These vessels cost from 18,000 to 23,000 francs each. Many fishing smacks and trading ships already in use were purchased from the owners for the purpose of conveying horses, fodder, provisions, and the heavy artillery necessary for use after landing in England. In many instances from 12,000 to 15,000 francs was paid for these vessels. It was Bonaparte's original intention that the *flottille de transport de chevaux* should be made up of four divisions of twenty-seven boats each—108 in all—and capable of carrying 2160 horses and the same number of cavalry. This of course did not nearly represent the total number of animals that would be required, but the difficulties insuperable to their transport were not easy to surmount. Many suggestions were made, and one after another abandoned as impracticable. Eventually it was decided that six thousand horses only should be embarked, and that the soldiers who were without animals should take the necessary equipment with them and endeavour on landing in England to commandeer a sufficient number of beasts to supply their needs. This trusting to luck, especially in so important a section of his army as the cavalry, was not in accordance with Bonaparte's usual way of overcoming obstacles, and was unquestionably one of several weak spots in his plan of campaign. In later years, on the snow-mantled plains of Russia, this over-confidence in good fortune was to place a barrier between him and the throne of the Czars.

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[1] 17th June, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 92.
[2] 20th June, 1803. *Ibid.*, p. 92.

The main part of the human units of the Army of England was to be transported in pinnaces measuring sixty feet in length and ten feet in width, and either propelled by lug-sails or a number of oars. These also carried arms, having either two small howitzers, a Prussian howitzer, or an eight-inch mortar; but it is difficult to understand of what practical value the armament would be for defence unless the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, the slender proportions of the vessel making a voyage even in moderate weather a risky experiment. Sufficient rations could be taken on board for the troops, together with their guns and baggage. Their full complement was five sailors and fifty-five soldiers. These pinnaces cost between 8000 and 9000 francs each. Many *caïques* of even more frail construction than a pinnace were also built, but subsequently abandoned.

The command of the flotilla, an exceedingly arduous post, was given to Admiral Eustache Bruix, and it is not surprising that the exacting nature of the work made such inroads on a constitution never too robust, that he died before he had completed his difficult task. Born in 1759, he was perhaps the most brilliant sailor of the Revolutionary period, and was known chiefly for a dash and audacity which would certainly have carried him far but for his early death at forty-five. His first experience of actual warfare was during the American War of Independence, when he served on board the *Fox*, a frigate attached to one of the French squadrons sent to assist the rebellious colonists, and rose to the grade of ensign. As commander of the *Pivert*, he devoted some time to making charts of St. Domingo, and became a member of the Academy of Marine. The year 1791 found Bruix cruising in the Channel, and the next saw him sailing to the Windward Islands on the frigate *Sémillante*. Some years of unemployment followed, due to popular suspicion of his nobiliary principles, and it was not till Truguet became Minister of Marine that he once more hoisted his pennant on the *Eole*, and soon after joined Villaret-Joyeuse's squadron as Major-General. In course of time he was promoted to the position of Rear-Admiral, and lastly found an outlet for his remarkable energies at the Ministry of Marine.[1] His most notable exploit followed. Masséna was besieged at Genoa and needed relief. Bruix hurried to Brest, where the French fleet was blockaded by the British, seized the opportunity offered by a gale to elude the latter, revictualled Genoa, rallied the Spanish fleet on his way home, and returned with it into Brest. This was a daring *coup de main*, though it would have borne greater fruit had the Admiral sailed for Egypt from Genoa and relieved Bonaparte, whose army was doing wonders in those distant climes.

Admiral Denis Decrès, Minister of Marine, was a man of greater resource than his colleague, and possessed an astounding capacity for hard work as well as a thorough grasp of details. His life is one long record of achievement, bravery, and intense application. Born in 1761, Decrès first distinguished himself as a youth of nineteen by fixing a tow-line to the dismantled vessel *Le Glorieux* under the enemy's fire. This deed saved the ship, and promoted him to ensign. After taking part in the capture of the English ship *Argo* in 1783, he was charged with a series of official secret missions for the space of three years, one being to discover the presence of lakes of bitumen in Trinidad. In 1792, as major of the division under the command of M. de St. Félix in the Indian seas, he boarded a French merchant vessel that had been captured by the Mahrattas and brought it back in triumph to the fleet. On his return to France he found that he had been deprived of his grade as a noble, and went into the country in retirement till 1795. Under Admiral Brueys he served in the Mediterranean, and had a very sharp brush with the galleys of Malta. At the battle of the Nile he was in the rear-guard and sustained for three hours a murderous fire from the enemy, and managed to reach Malta in the frigate *Diane*. Here he was entrusted with the command of the outposts. After seventeen months of repeated assaults the French were besieged in the city of Valetta, and Decrès was ordered to leave for France in the *Guillaume Tell*, with one thousand men and two hundred sick. He had hardly set sail before the *Lion* and *Foudroyant*, two British sail-of-the-line, and the frigate *Penelope* brought him into action. For eight hours he fought with stern and relentless courage. Covered with wounds, Decrès finally surrendered to his antagonists, who could not refrain from paying him an official tribute of praise. On his return to France the First Consul presented him with a sword of honour, and in 1801 made him Minister of Marine, a post he occupied during the whole course of the Empire. He aroused envy and criticism, but the work he did had great and lasting value. In 1801 the French navy totalled thirty-nine battleships and thirty-five frigates; arsenals were empty and resources *nil*. At the time of the Emperor's first abdication in 1814 he left behind him 103 sail-of-the-line and fifty-five frigates, an astounding result and a further proof, if such were needed, that Napoleon had made no mistake in his choice of Minister of Marine.[1]

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[1] See *ante*, Vol. I, p. 139.

The First Consul constantly sent for Bruix and Decrès, and together they discussed the pros and cons of the organization. Bonaparte strengthened various weak points, and not infrequently abandoned schemes he had elaborated for months, and this with the same nonchalance as a child flings away a toy he has grown tired of, and forthwith drew up an entirely new plan to take the place of the one he had decided was a failure.

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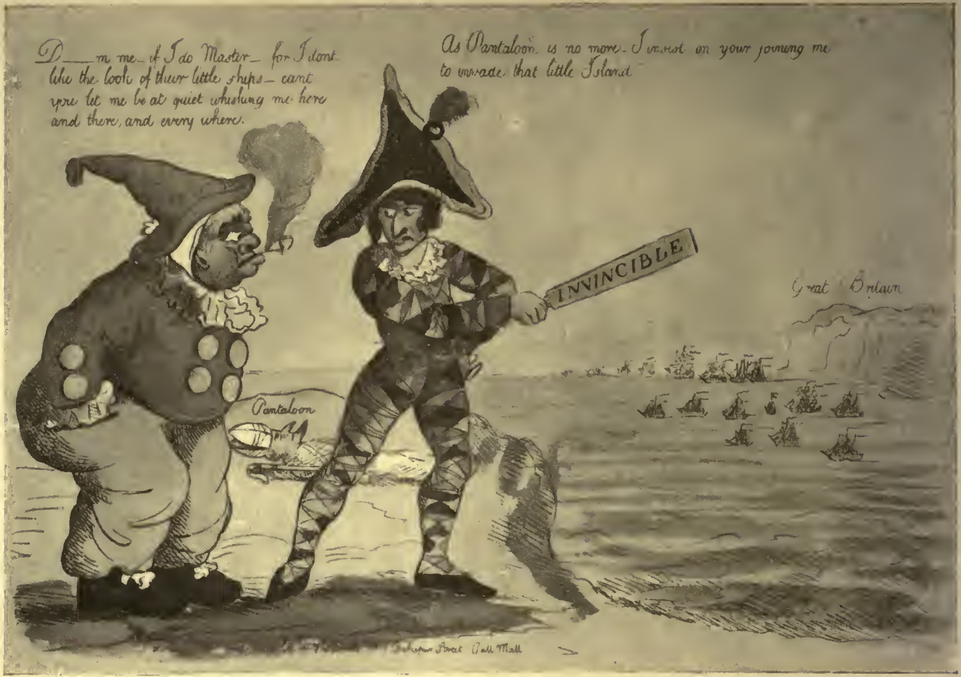
[1] Based on Hoefer's *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*.

By a decree dated March 11th, 1803—that is, three days after King George III's message to Parliament—the First Consul had already provided for the construction of several hundred craft at Dunkirk and Cherbourg, all of which were to be kept at the former port on completion. It was not until a month later that he decided to make Boulogne the chief place of concentration, and he subsequently estimated that between 2200 and 2300 boats would be required for his purpose. The scheme now propounded is so far-reaching as to warrant a detailed account. Two national flotillas, complete in every detail, were to be established at Dunkirk and Cherbourg. That at the former port was to be of 100 sloops and 320 gunboats, "fully equipped with rigging, anchors, masts, and artillery." The Cherbourg flotilla, although it was to be got ready simultaneously, was much smaller in numerical strength, consisting of twenty sloops and eighty gunboats similarly equipped and armed. Orders were also given for a supply of material "sufficient to construct, arm, and rig 100 sloops and 500 gunboats." All existing craft were to be inspected forthwith, and if their condition warranted repair instructions were to be issued by Bruix to that effect, "but he will only proceed to do this when some of the newly constructed gunboats or sloops are ready to replace those ordered to be repaired."

Thirty gunboats and fifteen sloops, after having been overhauled and placed "in the best possible order," were to be sent to Dunkirk, and sheds for one hundred sloops


D___m me – if I do Master – for I dont like the look of their little ships – cant you let me be at quiet whistling me here and there, and every where.
As Pantaloon is no more – I insist on your joining me to invade that little Island
INVINCIBLE
Great Britain
Pantaloon
Street Pall Mall

BONAPARTE AND HIS DUTCH ALLIES. AUGUST 12, 1803

and five hundred gunboats were to be put up on the north bank of the Mardick Canal. In his usual business-like way the First Consul saw that the sheds would be ready much sooner than the boats, and they were therefore to be erected as needed, so that when each vessel arrived at Dunkirk it could be placed under cover without delay. In twenty other ports of the Channel seventeen new sloops and fifty-eight gunboats were required by the 24th September, 1803. These had to be sent to Dunkirk also, and there disarmed and placed in sheds. All the vessels of the flotilla were to be treated in this way, the rigging, masts, and artillery being placed in stores from which they were not allowed to be taken without the express permission of Decrès. The orders for the building of the vessels were to be given "without publicity, and by six different persons at intervals of seven days each."

The above is an epitome of the first eight articles of the *arrêté*. The ninth is to the effect that before the end of July, 1803, seventeen additional sloops and fifty-eight gunboats were to be put on the stocks at twenty different Channel ports, and assembled and placed in dry dock at Dunkirk at latest before the 22nd March, 1804. Article 10 states that, "Before the 1st January, 1804, the same orders will be given in a similar way for the construction in different ports of the same number of vessels of the same kind, to be assembled and disarmed at Dunkirk." The date for completion is the 23rd September, 1804. Before the 19th July, 1804, the provisions of the ninth article were to be repeated; consequently in the first three months of 1805 seventy-five new vessels would be ready at Dunkirk. Article 12 stipulates that before the end of January, 1805, the same instructions would be given for the fifth time, to be carried out in the first six months of 1805. Thus in due course eighty-five sloops and 290 gunboats would be added to the force, making, with thirty *bateaux canonniers* and fifteen *chaloupes canonnières* ordered to be repaired, a grand total of 420 boats for the flotilla to be assembled at Dunkirk. The fleet to be built at Cherbourg, consisting of 100 vessels, was to be started in 1805 and finished the following year.[1]

Reports soon dispelled any hope the First Consul may have entertained of making extensive use of the flotillas of 1798 and 1801. Out of 193 gunboats still existing at Dunkirk, Cherbourg, and St. Malo, all, with the exception of twenty-seven, were "in the worst possible state," and ten of these were engaged in carrying stones for the repair of the breakwater at Cherbourg. There were also twenty-eight sloops, six at Havre, two at Cherbourg, four at Brest, seven at Lorient, three at Rochefort, and six at Dunkirk, in a more or less unsatisfactory condition, and all unarmed. Those not actually in a derelict state were ordered to be overhauled at once, but there was a lamentable dearth of naval stores; Brest was practically without anything of the kind. Inquiry into the number of fishing boats at Havre, Dieppe, Fécamp, and Honfleur elicited the information that there were some 650 of from one to eight tons. Many of these were requisitioned for the flotilla.

On the 25th March, 1803, Bonaparte issued his first orders regarding the defence of the coast from Calais to Ostend. He particularly requested that General Berthier would see that everything was carried out "without exciting alarm." Not until the middle of April did he order the general armament of "all the coasts of France." In a despatch to Decrès of the 31st March he states that his most pressing requirements for the flotilla are oars and masts, and requests the Minister of Marine to inquire if wood can be had for this purpose from the pine forest of Rouvray, near Rouen. He again enjoins secrecy, mentions the necessity for economy, and requests information about the fishing boats at Dunkirk likely to be of use for the invasion. Special attention was to be given to the defences of Cherbourg, and the islands of Ré, Oléron, Aix, and Yeu, the latter to be provided with a garrison of 400 men. At the same time three battalions were appointed to occupy Elba. No concentration of troops is apparent,[1] but on the 25th April Berthier is instructed to tell General Montrichard to send the whole of the 95th half-brigade for the defence of the isle of Walcheren, on account of the appearance of Sir Sidney Smith's squadron off the coast of Holland. Four battalions were also to be sent to Breda, as well as three squadrons of hussars and dragoons respectively. The invasion idea at once became exceedingly popular, for the lust of conquest was rampant in France. The consummation of so grand a project as the humbling of the island "over the way" appealed to all. As Madame De Rémusat remarks: "The idea of a conquest of England fired the general imagination."[2] Twenty millions of francs were loaned by bankers to the Government for the purpose of buying materials for what the English satirists aptly termed "walnut shells." It was eminently necessary to push things forward in every way. If serious trouble were to occur on the Continent all would have to be abandoned. We shall soon see that these apprehensions were well grounded. The arsenals of France vomited fire and smoke day and night; almost every port rang with the blows of the shipwright's hammer, and ammunition was turned out in thousands of tons. The dogs of war were about to be loosed from their leash, and the ceaseless activity everywhere apparent proclaimed the fact that it would be a struggle to the death. The greatest Land Power sought to encroach upon the domains of the mightiest Sea Power of all time, and to wrench from her grasp the sceptre of Father Neptune. The world had never before witnessed a more desperate duel than that waged by Napoleon on the one hand and Nelson on the other.

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[1] Desbrière gives the *arrêté* in full. See Vol. III, pp. 22–5.

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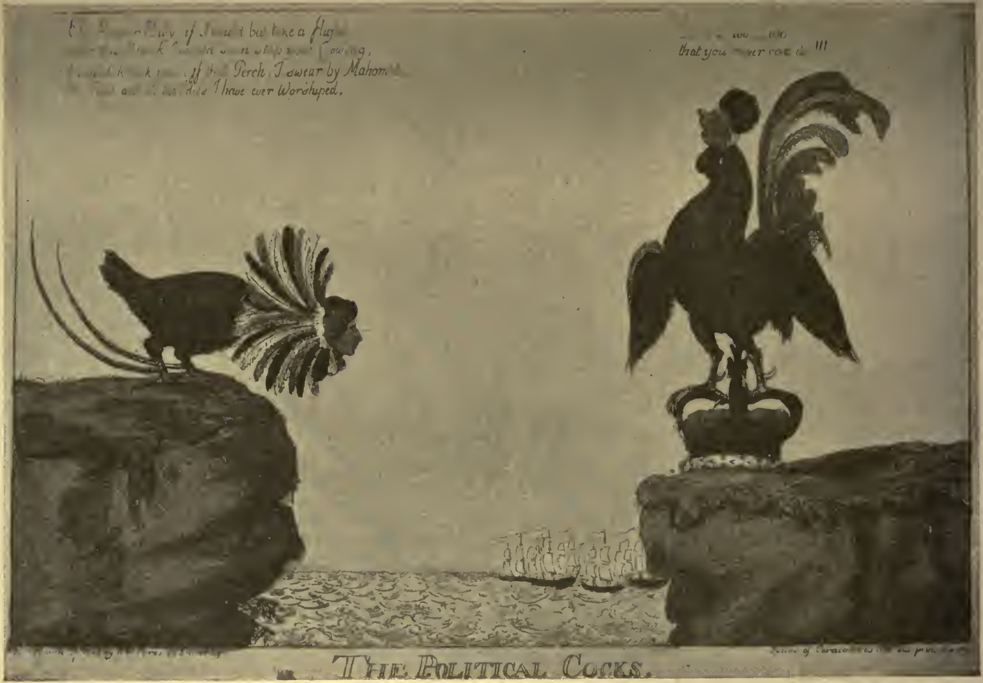
[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 17.

[2] *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat,* Vol. I, p. 114.

For a time Bonaparte certainly cherished a vague hope that he might be able to cross the Channel without the assistance of a strong covering fleet, but he had taken the precaution to recall the various squadrons which had been sent to relieve the French colonies, including St. Domingo. With the exception of several vessels which had taken refuge in Spanish ports, his commands were faithfully carried out. Some of the smaller ships, however, were intercepted by captains acting under Cornwallis, and either captured or sent to the bottom. Unfortunately for the First Consul, no sooner had his squadrons entered the various harbours than a British fleet or detachment took up its position outside and securely blockaded them. To elude these ships and their lynx-eyed commanders was a complex problem which Chance helped Napoleon to solve.

In summer it frequently happens that the Channel is comparatively calm for days together, and in winter dense



if I but take a flight
Perch I swear by Mahomet
I have ever Worshiped.
that you never crow'd !!!
THE POLITICAL COCKS.

BONAPARTE AND PITT. MARCH 27, 1803

fogs often envelop it.[1] Bonaparte calculated to effect his gigantic movement under one of these conditions, when the sails of the British ships would be lying dank against the masts. As time went on his ideas underwent a change, and he realized how remote his chances of success would be unless he gained at least a temporary command of the Channel, either by a skilful manœuvre on the part of his "naval army," or by sheer force of numbers and superiority of seamanship. As over two thousand vessels were to concentrate and start at approximately the same time, it will be seen that the mere task of sending them off required a most perfect organization. If for some reason neither of these contingencies came to pass, a third chance offered itself. Just as there are periods when the Channel is almost as smooth as a mill-pond, so are there times of boisterous weather. The enemy's fleet would then be obliged to stand out to sea, and thus leave the coasts unguarded so far as large vessels were concerned. Immediately the storm subsided would be the psychological moment to strike, and thus anticipate the return of the

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[1] "A fog is a very good cloak to the approach of from six to sixty rowing boats, which may be sent to perform some *coup de main* at no great distance, by surprise; or to cover the approach of an unsuspected enemy to some shore, battery, town, or castle; but to say that in an enterprise, in which probably 200,000 men may be employed, on an extent of coast of more than 200 miles, from Flushing to Cherbourg, in which everything ought to be seen, everything clear, and everything well regulated; on the success of which, much will depend on the conjunction, compression, and co-operation of the different flotillas of which the hostile force may be composed; to say, I again repeat, that a fog is favourable to such an enterprise, is the height of folly; as well might it be averred, that a man can see better how to read in the pitchy darkness of the night than in the noontide glare of day. Fogs are favourable to some enterprises; to this they must be fatal."—"A Letter published in *The Courier* of Thursday the Sixteenth of February, 1804" (signed "Néarchus"), published in pamphet form. London: Printed by C. and R. Baldwin, New Bridge Street.

British forces. Needless to say, this proposition was fraught with more danger than the other combinations.

Never was the First Consul more enthusiastic than after his rupture with England in the spring of 1803, when he definitely decided to "leap the ditch." Great interests were at stake, and he clearly perceived that although a mere twenty to thirty miles separated him and his army from the cliffs of Dover, they were not ordinary miles, nor were they to be traversed in an ordinary way. A narrow strip of sea kept him from the throne of the world; a self-reliant and patriotic people barred him from achieving universal influence, and the welding of nations into one cosmopolitan dominion, with himself as its dictator. Having founded a new order of things in Europe, and substituted progress for precedent, his imagination conjured up a yet more brilliant picture. He saw himself not only Emperor of the French, but Emperor of the World. Having pacified a continent, he would become arbiter of the destinies of two hemispheres.

The First Consul had already taken a preliminary step towards obtaining a more efficient navy by foisting his unwelcome attentions upon Holland and Spain. The bad state of the French maritime forces was no doubt a valid excuse for stringent measures from Bonaparte's point of view, but the burden fell on shoulders that were already bowed beneath a multitude of cares. Napoleonic diplomacy never succeeded in making friends of conquered nations, which is, or ought to be, the real aim of statesmanship. Its guiding spirit was too keen a political bargain-hunter, and he overreached himself as a natural consequence. Having promptly put the screw on the Batavian Republic, Bonaparte next turned to Spain. He did not for an instant minimize the difficulties of the struggle before him. To quote his own summing-up of the situation: "It will be with the utmost exertions, their means and resources united to ours, if we shall succeed in conquering those tyrants of the sea. Isolated in our efforts, reduced each of us to his own peculiar powers, we will prove unequal to the conflict, we will be beaten." Sémonville, the French Ambassador in Holland, in a private note to Talleyrand,[1] pointed out how the Dutch regarded their conquerors, and his remarks were not encouraging. He hopes that "in the exercise of our absolute power in Holland, the First Consul will not take advantage of this to cover our new departments with a line of fortified places." He wisely suggests that the Dutch should direct the finances as well as the military and naval forces of the country, and sounds a note of alarm by warning Talleyrand that the Republic cannot support a numerous army on its territory, and that there is already a debt of 33,000,000 florins. The Ambassador is not wholly pessimistic, however, for he believes that the country can be of use to France, provided it is not reduced to a state of despair. The army is with Bonaparte, indeed it "will take it as an honour to belong to France," and General Daendels will certainly support the First Consul's cause. As to the navy, Sémonville has reason to believe that, although its sympathy is not so strong, "a portion of the officers adopt the sentiments entertained by the army. Moreover, the Catholics, who form a quarter of the population, can also be looked upon for support."

In June, 1803, a definitive treaty between Holland and France was signed, and duly ratified the following month. The Batavian Republic was made responsible for the upkeep of 18,000 French soldiers and 16,000 of its own troops, but what was even more important at the time, it undertook to supply or build by December, 1803, at latest, five vessels-of-the-line, an equal number of frigates, fully armed and equipped, together with a sufficient number of transports for the embarkation of 25,000 men, including 9000 Dutch, and 2500 horses for the purpose of "a descent on England."[1] One hundred *chaloupes canonnières* and 250 flat-bottomed boats armed with from one to four guns and able to carry 36,000 men and 1500 horses, were also requisitioned. This, it must be admitted, was a poor bargain for Holland. No Shylock ever exacted his pound of flesh with more certainty or less delicacy than Bonaparte. France on her part was to make an effort to recover for Holland the island of Ceylon should peace be proclaimed, but no separate treaty with England was to be made by either nation. No Dutch European or colonial possessions were to be touched by France. Even before this agreement had been signed the First Consul had turned his attention to the valuable resources of Holland for furnishing material for the flotilla.[2] The first opportunity was to be taken to purchase everything in the way of naval stores, such as wood, rope, and masts, that the country had to offer and to bring them together at Flushing. Nor was this all, for the arsenal at that port was to be reorganized and put in working order, and the services of workmen in Belgium and on the Rhine utilized. Five vessels "constructed on the Dutch model" were also to be built.

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[1] Dated 6th April, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, pp. 46–8.

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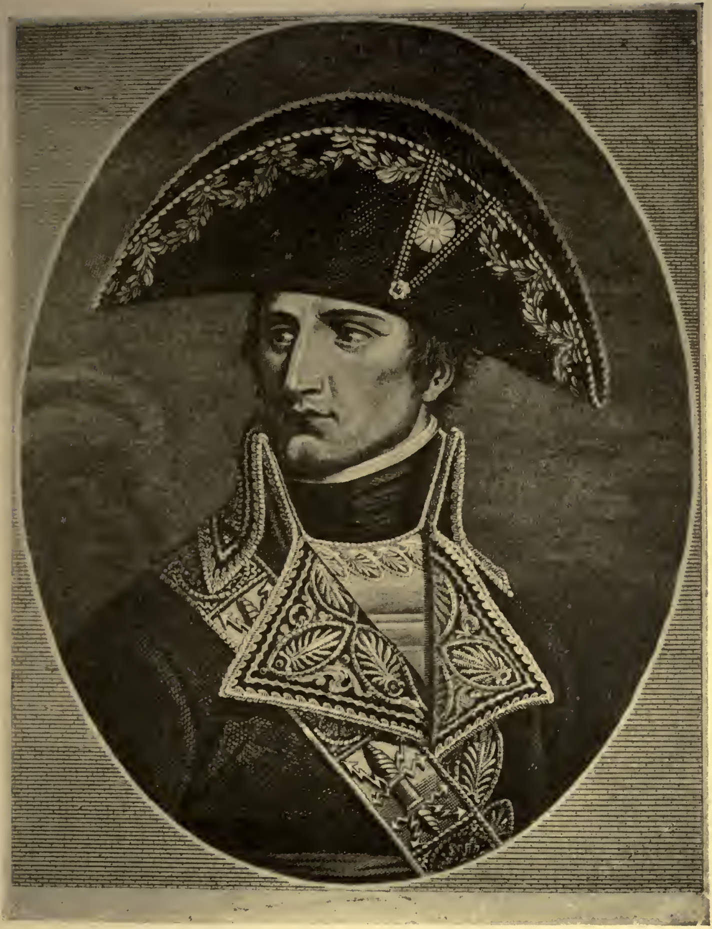
[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 67.

[2] Bonaparte to the Minister of Marine, 29th May, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 83.



Appiani pinxt. *Chatargnier sculpt.*

PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON PAINTED BY APPIANI IN 1803—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SECOND PERIOD OF THE INVASION PROJECTS

Forfait was appointed Inspector-General of the flotilla, subordinate only to Decrès. The new office was to carry with it the same rank as an inspector-general in the army, and entailed much responsibility. Everything connected with the boats was in his charge, and under him committees representing each of the six *arrondissements maritimes*, and consisting of a naval officer, an engineer, and an *administrateur de la marine*, were to attend to the thousand and one details connected with the making of the new armada. The most important duty of each committee was to purchase trading and other boats suited to the special requirements for which they were needed. The vessels would be divided into three classes of 350 each—three hundred from the ports of the North Sea, the Channel, and the Atlantic, and the remaining fifty from Mediterranean ports. The committees were also to find the most suitable places for the building of new craft, and see that all contracts made with private firms were kept, under penalty of a time limit. The individual commissioners were liable to be employed in the port where the scattered units of the flotilla would be collected, and the naval members had to direct their armament, equipment, and movement. Charts for this purpose were to be prepared and given to the captains. Everything was to be done decently and in order. The commissioners had strict injunctions to begin their tasks before the 30th May, 1803. Fifty sloops, ninety gunboats, and 170 pinnaces were ordered to be ready by the 23rd December, but on the 30th May Bonaparte writes to Decrès that they must be finished three months earlier, and adds in his curt, imperious manner, "Since it *can* be done, it *must* be done."[1] He communicates with Forfait in the same strain, and says that the 310 boats asked for is the minimum required. "Try to get double; there will be no lack of money"; and "Remember that the hours are precious" are two characteristic phrases used in this note.[1]

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 84.

The commanding genius of this comprehensive plan issued instructions for the formation of camps at Utrecht, Ghent, St. Omer, Compiègne, and St. Malo, in addition to the one at Bayonne, which was ready to march into Spain should necessity arise. Such an event seemed very probable, for the King refused to succour the crews of the French battle-ships which had taken refuge at Coruña, and Cadiz. Augereau was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and under him were men whose names were to resound through Europe, including St. Cyr, Andréossy, Dumas, Donzelot, and the incompetent Grouchy. "Recruiting is the first great business of the State," Bonaparte had told Berthier. Conscription accordingly was put into force, and the army raised to 480,000 men. For the purpose of recruiting the standard height was reduced to five feet two inches. In course of time several of the camps were advanced to Boulogne, which thus became the nursery of the Grand Army, destined to fight its way from Austerlitz to Waterloo. No fewer than 150,000 veterans and recruits were eventually quartered at or near the point of concentration,[2] commanded by the most able of the First Consul's lieutenants, Soult, Ney, Davoust, and Victor. Before long Boulogne, now the head-quarters of the expedition, was a hive of military activity. Huts of mud and sticks, ranged in long streets named after a great victory or an eminent general, were built for the troops now rapidly gathering. The houses of private citizens were bought and altered in such a way as to make them suitable for storing provisions, ammunition, and firearms, until they could be placed in the boats. Many of the smaller residences were converted into offices for the clerks whose duty it was to look after the business of the army and its equipment. The men who showed themselves quick and energetic speedily rose until they became head of the particular department in which they worked. Almost as much attention was bestowed on the commercial as on the military side of the scheme, for Bonaparte knew that a good administration at home meant additional fighting weight in the field.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 85.

[2] *Lettres inédites de Talleyrand*, p. 121.

Writing to his Chief on the 20th June, Decrès, who had just arrived at Boulogne, tells him that "the greatest activity reigns here. There are 2400 workmen and 400 horses. Within three months all the quays will be finished." He adds that the breakwater and sluice, which had been ordered in 1801, must be proceeded with at once, and not allowed to wait until the building and uniting of the flotilla was nearer accomplishment. "Without this breakwater it seems impossible to me to get three hundred boats out of the port in a single tide."[1] He has to record a "regrettable incident," one of many that happened from time to time while boats of the flotilla were passing from their place of construction to one of the ports of concentration. Two *canonnières* were feeling their way to Dunkirk, when they were met by British cruisers and forced to run aground. The boats were captured and afterwards refloated, the captains being made prisoners. The crews managed to escape.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 93.

Although the First Consul decided that Boulogne was the best port for his purposes, it was certainly never intended by nature to shelter a fleet. But the man who had forced the passage of the Alps was not to be defeated by a sluggish stream. At low tide boats drawing only a few feet of water were left high and dry on the mud. Obviously the only way out of the difficulty was to excavate to a sufficient depth, and form an artificial basin by means of a dam, closed in the middle by a sluice. Even then sufficient anchorage could not be provided for the vast number of boats which had to be collected before the word was given to set sail. Soldiers laid down their arms, picked up shovels, and became navvies in the intervals between drills, sometimes working up to their waists in mire. Extra wages were paid to all those engaged in this arduous labour. When Bonaparte was not present personally, he exacted a strict account of the movements of those in command. Messengers brought him the latest intelligence from Boulogne, and if things did not move with the rapidity he was able to secure himself, Bruix heard of it in no measured terms.

Writing to Decrès on the 29th May, the First Consul suggests that models of a flat boat costing not more than from 4000 to 5000 francs, armed with a howitzer at the bow and stern, and capable of carrying 100 men, should be made. "A great number of private people and corporations wishing to build these boats at their own expense, it would be as well to have models, and also to build one at Paris."[1] Upon Cambacérès,[2] Lebrun,[3] and Talleyrand devolved the delicate duty of finding individuals sufficiently wealthy and unselfish to provide the necessary funds for the building of a boat for the flotilla, "which would be named after them." Towards the end of June, Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, took the bull by the horns and boldly addressed a letter to the chief magistrate of all the departments of the Republic, begging for funds: "In the present position of France and with the kind of enemies with which we have to combat, the bravery of the French would remain fruitless on the shores of the ocean, if the means of reaching their enemy were not furnished them by numerous vessels. It is to the construction of vessels, therefore, that all our efforts ought to be directed; commerce, agriculture, and industry will suffer the less, the more speedy the execution. A flat-bottomed boat of the first kind[1] will cost 30,000 francs (£1200); one of the second,[2] from 18,000 to 20,000 francs; and one of the third,[3] from 4000 to 6000 francs. Two feet of water are sufficient to carry a flat-bottomed boat not armed; there are few towns, therefore, that cannot execute an enterprise of this nature. These boats will be distinguished by the names of the towns and the departments which have constructed them. The Government will accept, with satisfaction, anything from a ship-of-the-line down to the smallest transport. If each department, and each large town, by a general and rapid movement, put vessels on the stocks, the French army will soon go and dictate laws to the British Government, and establish the repose of Europe and the liberty and prosperity of commerce, on the only basis by which their duration can be ensured."[4]

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 83.

[2] Second Consul.

[3] Third Consul.

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[1] Gun-sloops.

[2] Gunboats.

[3] Pinnaces, which really cost from 8000 to 9000 francs.

[4] *Annual Register*, 1803, Chronicle, p. 399.

Their loyalty being appealed to in such a direct manner, meetings were held all over the country, and millions of francs were promptly voted for the purpose of adding to the armament which was destined at once to be the largest ever collected for invasion—and the most complete failure known to history! In 1760–3 and again in 1798 the public had subscribed liberally for a similar purpose,[1] a proof of their willingness to spend money for offensive as well as defensive measures. First came the department of the Loiret with an offer to build a frigate of 30 guns to cost 300,000 francs, and Deux-Sèvres, l'Oise, and l'Ourthe contributed similar sums. The department of La Seine-Inférieure undertook to construct a ship-of-the-line of 74 guns, and Seine-et-Marne a three-decker. Côtes-du-Nord presented a 30-gun ship. Towns and cities vied with one another to furnish the finest vessel. Lyons made herself responsible for a battleship of 100 guns, Bordeaux for one of 84 guns, and Marseilles for one of 74 guns. Even the gifts of departments did not prevent the principal commercial centres from opening their coffers to enrich the war-chests of the Republic. Gironde raised 1,600,000 francs for the purpose of building vessels as outlined in M. Chaptal's communication, and Seine-et-Oise gave 200,000 francs, while the Italian Republic subscribed no less than 5,000,000 francs to be expended on two ships, one to be called the *President* and the other the *Italian Republic.* Many other departments and towns besides those mentioned followed suit. France showed a splendid example of practical patriotism. Subscription lists were opened, and while the rich man donated his thousands of francs, the peasant added his mite in the form of a few sous. Business houses presented money or material, while various regiments of the army gave up one day's pay in order to subscribe. The *corps de la garde* raised 20,000 francs towards a sloop. The gifts reached a total of some 30,000,000 francs.[1] The Capital voted a ship of 120 guns, and the Senate did the same, in this way setting a good example to the rest of the nation. All kinds of contributions were "thankfully received" by the Government. Thus the department of Côte d'Or made itself responsible for 100 pieces of ordnance, another department furnished sailcloth, followed by a third with an offering of provisions for the flotilla. The already overburdened taxpayer cared little that his obligations to the Government were still further added to, for was not the money levied in this way to be spent in subjugating the richest country in the world? The average *citoyen* regarded the increased taxes as an investment. England under the rule of *la belle France* would in a few months make every Frenchman rich, prosperous, and amply repay the present sacrifice.

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[1] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power*, p. 76. See also *ante*, Vol. I, p. 82.

About this time the First Consul conceived the notion of having some of the flotilla constructed on the Seine at Paris, which boasted two shipbuilding yards. On the 1st June, 1803, instructions were accordingly given for the laying down of twenty sloops, twenty gunboats, and the same number of pinnaces; sixty in all, complete in every detail. These were to be ready by the 23rd September; "they will be the finest ornaments of the fête of the foundation of the Republic."[2] In the same despatch the First Consul outlines a scheme for erecting shipbuilding yards outside the gates of Paris. He thinks that a foundry for casting cannon ought to be established, and proposes to use the Parc de Vincennes, or the Champ de Mars for the purpose of putting the artillery together. At another place the masts, sails, and rigging for the boats of the flotilla could be made. His purpose was to so arrange every branch of industry connected with the scheme that all leakage of time and money would be avoided. To this end also all workmen employed on the banks of the rivers in the departments of the Seine, the Seine-et-Oise, the Oise, and Seine-et-Marne, were to be transferred to the works at Paris. The First Consul again urges upon his subordinates the necessity for ceaseless energy: "as from now to the 23rd September there is only the necessary time for an operation of this kind, it is essential to bring the greatest activity possible to bear on the matter. These sixty vessels should take the names of the sixty principal *quartiers* of Paris." It may be inferred from this that he wished to enlist the active sympathies of the worthy citizens of the *Ville Lumière*. Forfait was to choose in the ports along the coast from Antwerp to St. Jean-de-Luz the three hundred best merchant vessels capable of holding from ninety to one hundred men and above, but they must not draw more than seven feet of water. They were to take their armament on board immediately, and then proceed to Boulogne. Fifty more were to be bought in the Mediterranean.

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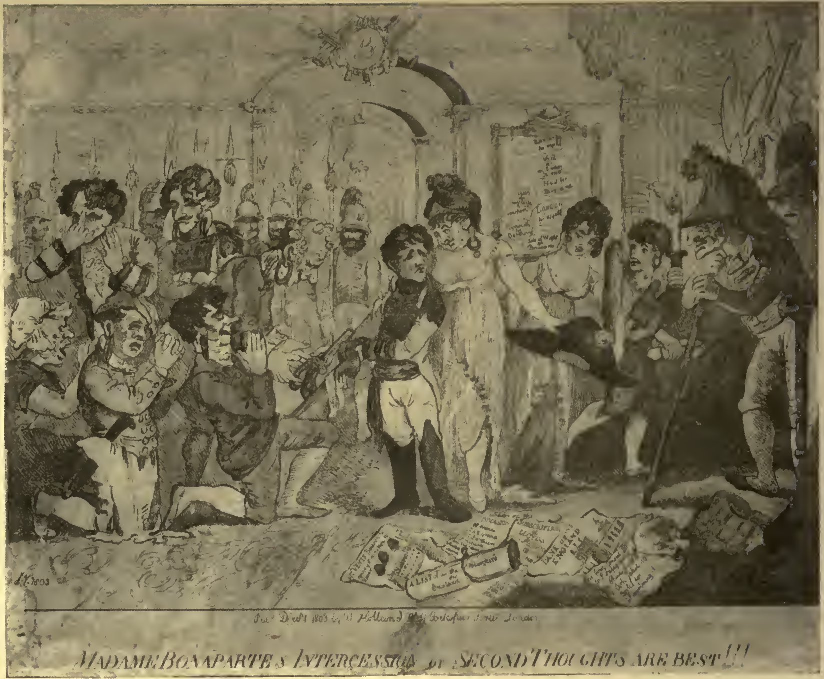
[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 112.

[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. III, p. 85.

At the end of June Bonaparte set out on a tour of inspection, accompanied by Josephine, Duroc, and other important personages, and visited Calais, Dunkirk, Ostend, and Antwerp. He at once realized the importance of the latter as a naval base by having a dockyard constructed at a cost of £2,000,000, capable of holding a large number



J.Y. 1803
A LIST of the ... England
BANK OF ENGLAND
Pub. Decr 1 1803 by W Holland No 11 Cockspur Street London
MADAME BONAPARTE'S INTERCESSION or SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST!!!

JOSEPHINE AND THE BONAPARTE FAMILY OPPOSE THE INVASION. DECEMBER, 1803

of vessels, including twenty-five sail-of-the-line. Almost wherever he broke his journey he was the recipient of the most fulsome and laudatory addresses. Thus the Prefect of the Somme concluded his speech in the following bombastic manner:—

> "Father of thy country, continue through our abundant fields, through our embellished cities, amidst universal joy, thy pacific and triumphant march; but let England tremble. Let the English, abandoned to the feebleness and arrogance of their ministers, to the folly and audacity of their orators, contemplate with affright the hero of France, advancing to punish perjury, to impose on the pirates of the sea the yoke of peace, and to proclaim on the ruins of Albion the commercial independence of France!"

Bonaparte's love of the theatrical prompted him to allow the Bayeux tapestry, which, as every one knows, deals with the invasion headed by William the Conqueror, in whose footsteps the First Consul fondly hoped to follow, to be taken on tour.[1] It was shown in public places in order to stimulate patriotism in the breasts of Frenchmen, who might well be pardoned for having forgotten the valorous feats of their forefathers over seven centuries before. The idea was no doubt a sound one in those days, when education in France—as well as in England, for that matter—was at a very low ebb. At an official dinner given by the Commissary of Calais three toasts were drunk: "To the men who shall execute the vast project of placing French and English in their due and respective positions." "To the barrack-master who shall issue the first billets at Dover." "To the first review of the French troops in St. James's Park."[2]

[1] *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, Vol. I, p. 115.

[2] *St. James's Chronicle*, July 5th, 1803.

Bonaparte's own doings were occasionally reported in London newspapers by eye-witnesses, but more often than not by extracts from continental sheets. Considering that daily journalism was then in its infancy and that the first John Walter was having a desperate struggle to establish his paper, it must be conceded that *The Times* kept its readers well informed on French matters, even if its remarks on the First Consul were not always discreet. The following is an example of how the "Thunderer" dealt with the all-absorbing subject of the summer of 1803. We read as follows:—

"The First Consul reached Calais at five o'clock on Friday afternoon (the 1st of July). His entry, as might be expected, was in a grand style of parade. He rode on a small iron grey horse of great beauty. He was preceded by about three hundred Infantry, and about thirty Mamelukes formed a kind of semi-circle about him. Immediately after dinner he went, attended by M. Francy, Commissary of Marine, Mengaud, Commissary of Police, and other Municipal officers, through the Calais gates, to visit the different batteries erected there. As soon as he and his attendants had passed through the gates, he ordered them to be shut, to prevent their being incommoded by the populace. The execution of this order very much damped the ardour of the Corsican's admirers, who remained entirely silent, although the moment before the whole place resounded with *Vive Buonaparte!* The same evening the General went on board the *Josephine* packet, Captain Lambert, and after examining everything there minutely, he took a short trip upon the water in a boat as far as the pier head to the Battery at the entrance of the harbour, where he himself fired one of the guns; afterwards, he visited all the different Forts, and at night slept at Quillac's Hotel."[1]

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[1] *The Times*, July 4th, 1803.

Madame De Rémusat, who was one of Madame Bonaparte's suite, says that the tour "strongly resembled the progress of a king," but that "the enthusiasm cooled down when we got beyond the former boundaries of France. At Ghent especially, we detected some coldness in the popular greeting. In vain did the authorities endeavour to stir up the zeal of the inhabitants; they were curious, but not enthusiastic." On the other hand, at Antwerp "we were received with a special ceremony," while Madame De Rémusat goes into superlatives over their entry into Brussels, which, she declares, was "magnificent," and their stay there "a succession of brilliant fêtes."[1] Bonaparte now made several amazing discoveries. The boats which had been constructed under the Directory were undergoing repair, but no new vessels were yet laid down. The harbour works were in a deplorable condition, and even the batteries were neglected. In a peremptory note to Berthier he says: "It is very strange that four months after the message of the King of England I have found the coasts without defence and without protection for commerce. This cannot be called administering the artillery and answering the needs of the State."[2] He fired a gun, but found that its range was not what he had been led to believe. Shot was weighed and ascertained to be wanting. Only by continually going into such details could Bonaparte ensure anything like efficiency. While on the one hand men were relieved of their posts, on the other enterprise was rewarded. The energy of the First Consul being apparently inexhaustible, subordinates were obliged to follow his example whenever and wherever he showed himself. He hated idlers; he wanted "more head and less tongue."

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[1] *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, Vol. I, pp. 121–7.

[2] July 7th, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 118.

An incident which was duly corroborated at the time by an English lady residing at Boulogne shows at once the rigid discipline enforced by Bonaparte and his extreme irritability. The famous *Immortalité*, now a fine British frigate, attacked seven vessels of the flotilla, with the result that within half an hour of the beginning of the engagement two of them were forced to run aground. At first few of the shots from the land batteries found a billet, but as soon as the men working the guns ascertained the correct range, a much more effective fire was kept up, and the *Immortalité* was obliged to stand off. The First Consul immediately made his way to one of the batteries to ascertain why they were so badly served. "He became fidgety—uttered a few *sacrés*—then examined the pointing and elevation of the guns; but upon further inquiry, finding that the cartridges were only filled with the quantity of powder used in saluting, his rage and indignation became uncontrollable—he flew towards the unhappy subaltern—upbraided him with his ignorance and neglect, and, with his own hands tearing the epaulettes from his shoulders, told him he was no longer an officer in the French army."[1]

Still Bonaparte was not satisfied. On the 5th July he gave a new fillip to the undertaking by ordering over 1400 additional boats for the flotilla, including fifty *prames*, 300 sloops, and 300 gunboats. The *prames* were to be similar to the ones already at Dunkirk, and were to carry twelve 24-pounders, and sixty horses, with their riders. These boats, as well as the sloops and gunboats, were to be fitted with lee-boards. The rigging of the sloops was to be simplified, and the sides heightened, although on no account was the working of the oars, which they carried for use in case of a calm, to be interfered with. Ten bomb-ketches were to be equipped at Boulogne, armed with two mortars each, or with one only should it be found more convenient. Seven hundred pinnaces were also provided for in this new programme, and one thousand small fishing boats of all sizes suitable for the purposes of transport were to be bought. Boulogne, Ambleteuse, and Étaples were to be the head-quarters of the flotilla; and to these ports all the boats either bought or newly constructed were to be sent.[1] All might have been well had the shipbuilders been able to turn out the boats which had been ordered previous to the issue of the new programme. Only one *chaloupe* was building at Rouen and six at Havre, and the First Consul notes with apparent disgust that "it seems to me that this number could be made five times over, and that thirty *chaloupes* could be built at Havre and six at Rouen."[2] He sees no reason why boats should not be laid down at Honfleur and some of the smaller ports. In a later communication he says that he has "given orders at Dunkirk, Havre, Cherbourg, Brest, and Rochefort to hurry the repairs of twenty sloops which are there and the despatch of the same to Boulogne, where four gunboats and six *chaloupes à l'espagnole* are united. Out of one hundred gunboats at Dunkirk, sixty-five only seem fit to be repaired. These are to proceed to Boulogne, in addition to those at Cherbourg and thirty-three at St. Malo, fifteen of the latter being ready to start at once, but the remainder are still in the hands of the shipwrights. Thirteen worthless vessels are also at St. Malo, but in such a state of dilapidation that it is well-nigh hopeless to do anything with them."[1]

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[1] Crawford's *Reminiscences of a Naval Officer*, Vol. I, p. 112.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, pp. 87–9.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 84.

The physical side of man works slower than the mental, and it was impossible to keep pace with the orders which the First Consul issued with bewildering frequency. They tended to overlap, causing no end of confusion and waste of money, but a definite plan for the arrangement of the various sections was decided upon in July. The Dutch wing, with head-quarters at Flushing, was to consist of 100 sloops and 200 gunboats; the Right wing, at Ostend and Nieuport, of 300 boats; the Centre, at Dunkirk, Gravelines, and Calais, of at least 300 boats; and the Left, at Wissant, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, and Ètaples, of 30 *prames*, 300 sloops, 300 gunboats, 50 *caïques*, 700 pinnaces, and 1000 transports. These 3000 odd vessels provided transport for 100,000 men, 3000 horses, and 125 field guns.[2]

After a journey lasting six weeks Bonaparte returned to St. Cloud, but he had been grossly misled as to the real state of the flotilla. At Boulogne he had been shown a number of boats built for a previous project, but which were now unseaworthy, and if not actually rotten, certainly beyond repair. Appearances apparently deceived him for once, and relying upon the fidelity of those whose interests should have precluded them from stooping to deceit, he believed that the boats were really in the good condition they were made out to be. Decrès, writing to Admiral Bruix, evidently under Bonaparte's orders, for the despatch is dated from St. Cloud, the 22nd August, gives further alterations in "the composition of the flotilla such as it

[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 86.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 140.

seems to me to be definitely settled." There were now to be twelve divisions of sloops, each division composed of three sections or battalions of nine boats each, making a total of 324. Each sloop was to be accompanied by a large and a small pinnace. Sixteen divisions of twenty-seven gunboats and large pinnaces added 864 vessels to the fleet, which was also to include 112 armed fishing boats, and 60 *bateaux de grand échantillon;* in all over 2000 boats. "Everything leads me to think," Decrès concludes, "that all these boats will be ready by the 22nd November, as there is still a large number being built, and almost all of these are nearly half ready."[1]

The real state of affairs, as disclosed by Forfait, was this: there were either ready or under construction in five *arrondissements*, 43 *prames*, 241 sloops, 392 gunboats, and 393 pinnaces; 1069 boats instead of the 2008 required. It was absolutely impossible to make up the deficit in the three months which remained before Bonaparte required that the whole organization should be complete.[2] Even when these facts were put before him the First Consul apparently failed to recognize that his officers and the shipbuilders were not keeping faith with him, and misquoted Forfait's figures in a letter to Decrès a week later. "It only reports 250 sloops," he says, "including those at Bayonne, and in the roads of Brest, Boulogne, and Havre. I think, therefore, it would be well to accept the offer of the Dutch and to give them a contract for thirty sloops, already rigged, to be delivered at Flushing between the 7th and the 12th November. There are more than 500 gunboats; these are all that are wanted. We are minus 200 to 300 pinnaces. . . . The Italian Republic has offered twelve sloops. . . . I think that the best places to build them are Paris and Compiègne."[1]

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[1] 28th August, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 94.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 95.

On the 4th September Bonaparte tells Bruix that there were enough gunboats, but not enough sloops and pinnaces. "You have everything on your shoulders," he adds, "and it is your place to see that everything is carried out."[2] That the Admiral fully realized the responsibility of his position and the confidence placed in him by his Chief, subsequent events will show.

It was only when the boats were concentrating at Boulogne that the First Consul began to realize the extreme difficulty of the operation. If they hugged the coasts in their passage from the port of construction to head-quarters they ran the risk of grounding on shoals, and if they put out to sea their capture by the enemy followed almost as a matter of course. The former plan was adopted as being less dangerous, and land batteries erected on every available headland afforded some protection to the little vessels. Two powerful stone forts were begun at once on the Pointe de Crèche and the Pointe de l'Heurt, which commanded the right and left of Boulogne respectively, and a third of wood, erected on piles, and facing the entrance of the harbour, mounted ten heavy guns and several mortars. Temporary batteries, which were submerged at high tide, and served to shelter the workmen engaged on the forts at low water, were also employed. Corps of horse artillery, stationed at suitable points, gave their aid when occasion arose. It was the special duty of two generals of brigade to see that this was

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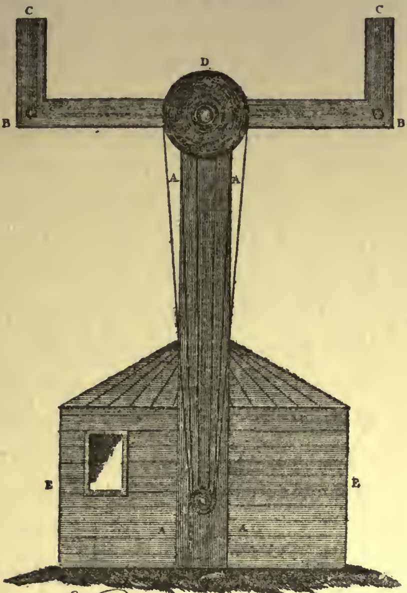
[1] Bonaparte to Decrès, 29th August, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 96.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

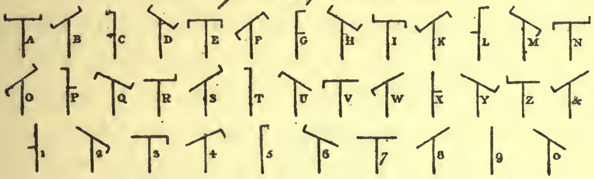
THE TELEGRAPHE.

or Machine for conveying intelligence with wonderful quickneſs.

as used by the *FRENCH*.



Various positions of the Machine.



EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

A A A beam of wood about 16 feet high, fixed upright on an eminence.
B.B A croſs beam, 12 feet long and 10 broad, made moveable at the center D.
C C Pieces of wood alſo moveable by joints.
E E A ſmall Obſervatory.

This ſimple Machine may be changed to a great variety of Poſitions, (as above) by means of Cords which paſs through Grooves in the Main Axle, and made eaſily manageable in the Obſervatory, where three Perſons are employed, one to obſerve the Movements of the Machine ſtationed neareſt to it, another to make correſponding Movements, and a third to write them down.——One Movement is made in four or five Seconds, and the Machine remains half a Minute in one Poſition. The Signs are either in Words or Letters: when Words are uſed, a Flag is hoiſted, and as the Alphabet may be altered at pleaſure, the Signs are only underſtood by the Correſpondents at the two moſt diſtant Machines.

When a Signal is given and anſwered, all the Machines are ſet in Motion, and will convey a whole Sentence 100 Miles in five Minutes.

N B This Machine conveyed Intelligence of ſome length, from Liſle to France, in fifty Minutes. The time of conveyance is according to the number of Sentences contained in the Intelligence.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE PROPRIETOR.
W. LUBBOCK, Bookſeller and Stationer, No. 23, RATHBONE PLACE.
[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

II.—D

faithfully carried out. One of these officers patrolled the coast from Calais to Dunkirk, the other being responsible for the stations between the latter port and the Scheldt. In all some 60,000 men were utilized in guarding the coasts. "Let piquets of cavalry be so disposed as to cross each other incessantly," Bonaparte writes to General Davoust,[1] "and let pieces of artillery, with horses, be so placed that, at the first signal, they may be able to reach in the least possible time the place where vessels have grounded." By the aid of Claude Chappe's ingenious machine pictured on the preceding page, news was conveyed from point to point with wonderful rapidity.

From the first the enemy's cruisers dogged the movements of the flotilla, setting at defiance these precautions. It was doubly unfortunate that, during the First Consul's first visit to Boulogne, two gunboats making their way from Flushing should have been captured by a British frigate and two sloops. He was an interested, if not a happy, spectator of this incident. Even when the boats were successful in eluding the vigilance of the enemy, the voyages were so painfully slow as to call down upon the head of the officer in command the full force of Bruix's irascible temper. Nor can we express surprise at this in a man of the Admiral's active disposition, acting under such a master, when we find that seven boats took over a fortnight to traverse the distance from Cherbourg to Havre.

The first division of the Dunkirk flotilla, consisting of twenty-seven gunboats and a *prame*, all of which were old, was ready to sail on the 12th September; but the inevitable happened, and Admiral Saumarez[1] with a frigate and several smaller vessels appeared on the horizon and prevented them from putting to sea. The enemy gaily bombarded the port, causing little or no damage, and nine *canonnières* attacked the frigate without success, but on the morning of the 14th, no hostile sail being visible, a start was made. Captain Saint-Haouen, in charge of the division, although an able officer, erred on the side of over-prudence, and ran into Calais on the appearance of a single British cruiser, where he remained until the 28th. His report avers that the boats were not good sailers, being unable to tack properly. Bruix was furious when he heard of the Captain's timidity, whose motives he stigmatized as "very poor." Although he had been up all night at Boulogne, the Admiral at once hastened to Calais, and from thence to Dunkirk, to send off a second division, which was now ready, and thus strengthen the armament at Saint-Haouen's disposal. He tells the officer that he is to "take the offensive and board the enemy," and Rear-Admiral Magon, in command at Boulogne, was advised to render every assistance he could by ordering the gunboats at his disposal to meet the divisions. On the 28th a start was made from Calais, the *prame* bringing up the rear and returning the fire of the enemy. This time they doubled Cape Gris-Nez and reached their destination, with the exception of two boats which put in at Ambleteuse. The second division, under Captain Pévrieux, was also on its way, but was becalmed off the cape. Magon and Saint-Haouen came up with it off Wimereux, and after offering considerable resistance for three hours, ably seconded by the land batteries, the divisions succeeded in reaching Boulogne. They had faithfully fulfilled the peremptory order of Bruix to "face the enemy." Engagements of this kind were frequently repeated; sometimes the little boats ran aground and were captured, on other occasions they managed to reach the port for which they were bound without any untoward incident marring their passage. But as Forfait facetiously remarks: "It is better to lose boats by fighting than by incompetency."[1] Bonaparte was certainly not blind to the fact that even if the flotilla succeeded in crossing without opposition, it would meet with a warm reception when the English coast was reached. "Expedite as much as possible," he tells Bruix, "the arrival at Boulogne of a great supply of military stores of all kinds, for much will be needed, seeing that more than one fight is certain."[2]

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[1] October 30th, 1803. Quoted in Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*, Vol. III, p. 72 (English edition, 1893), translated by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing.

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[1] Admiral Sir James Saumarez, Bart., G.C.B., (1757–1836). In 1831 he was created Baron Saumarez of Saumarez, in Guernsey.

It is significant that the First Consul had already caused an analysis to be made of all the descents which the English had effected on the French coasts since 1700, "mentioning the object proposed and the result obtained."[3] He wished to profit by the experience thus gained; to find out how landings had been negotiated, for future imitation on the other side of the Channel, and also if there was suitable anchorage for sections of his flotilla at the points selected by his enemies for disembarkation.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 235.

[2] *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 7126. Dated from St. Cloud, September 21st, 1803.

[3] To General Berthier, St. Cloud, 23rd August, 1803. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 28.

CHAPTER XIII

ENGLAND IN ARMS, 1803

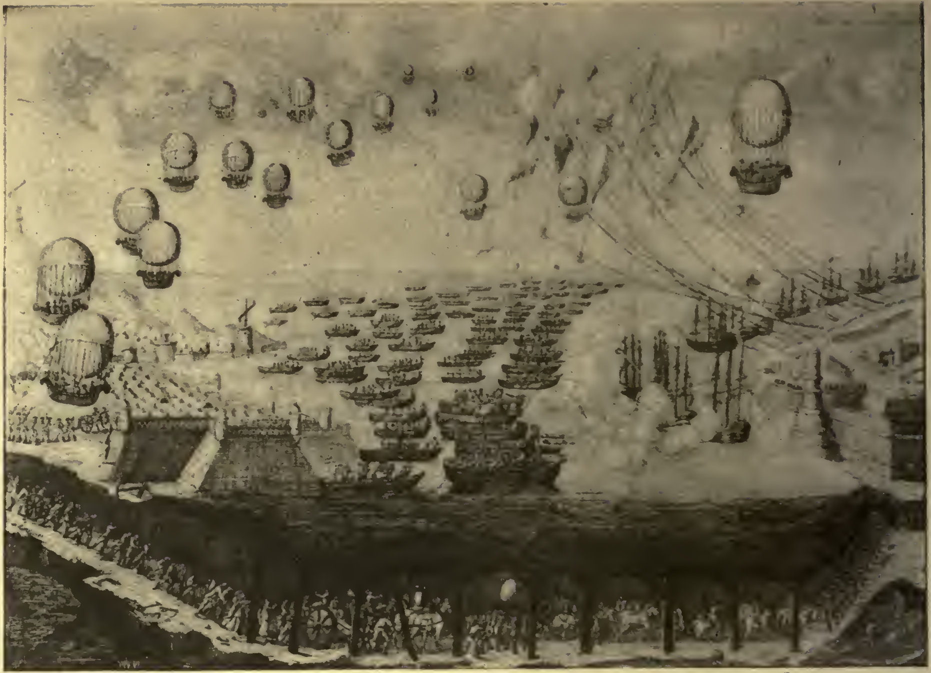
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore;
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death.—WORDSWORTH.

ONE of the most remarkable facts in connection with the invasion scare of 1803 is that at first certain statesmen in high positions positively refused to believe that Bonaparte entertained the idea of crossing the Channel. Lord Grenville shows how he spent his time, and how little he shared what he would probably have termed "alarmists' views," in a letter to his brother which he wrote from Dropmore, his country seat, under date of April 12th, 1803.

"You will find me here," he notes, "very peaceably rolling my walks, and watering my rhododendrons, without any thought of the new possessor to whom Bonaparte may dispose them."

The general public, on the other hand, felt equally positive that the attempt would be made, and aroused themselves for the defence of hearth and home. Shortly after the signing of the Treaty of Amiens the number of armed men was reduced by some 40,000; a most unwise policy in view of the fact that the First Consul still showed no disposition to curb his ambition. As a consequence, when a state of war again existed between the two countries, there was hurry and scurry to get the army up to fighting strength. The lack of organization and of foresight was as evident then as it was at the beginning of the late South African War. It is a fortunate characteristic of the British that when once they are aroused they do not cease their vigilance or doggedness until affairs are put to rights, otherwise the Empire would long since have perished. It is true that a warning note had been sounded in Parliament five months before the declaration of war, but the majority of the Cabinet still preferred to turn a deaf ear to those who asserted that the ruler of France did not intend to keep his part of the bargain. The lack of confidence in the Government was voiced by a member of the House who remarked that, "However great are the horrors of war, yet the horrors of seeing Bonaparte's flag on the Tower of London, or his political principles current in this country, are still more terrifying to me." In a notable speech Sheridan referred to Bonaparte's ruling ambition to conquer England. "This is the first vision that breaks on the First Consul through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he may address it, whether to Jupiter or to Mahomet, to the Goddess of Battles or to the Goddess of Reason."

When reviewing this period of our country's history it must not be forgotten that superstition was rampant and education was almost entirely neglected. It follows as a matter of course that the lower classes were somewhat credulous when they were informed that their implacable enemy deliberately poisoned his sick at Jaffa, that he gloated over the sight of a corpse-strewn battlefield, and that he was a second Nero. They believed in the state-



THE GENESIS OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL. A FRENCH CARICATURE OF 1803

ments implicitly, and short-tempered nursemaids nearly scared fractious children out of their wits by continually dinning into their ears :—

Baby, baby, naughty baby,
  Hush, you squalling thing, I say ;
Hush your squalling, or it may be
  Bonaparte may pass this way.

Baby, baby, he's a giant,
  Tall and black as Rouen steeple ;
And he dines and sups, rely on't,
  Every day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, he will hear you
  As he passes by the house,
And he, limb from limb, will tear you
  Just as pussy tears a mouse.[1]

With a childlike faith they blindly followed Mistress Rumour when she spread abroad a *canard*, however improbable it might be. One to the effect that the First Consul was about to erect a bridge from Calais to Dover was seized upon with avidity. The Army of Invasion was to cross over in this way, directed by officers in air-balloons stationed above the purely mythical structure.[2] A Channel tunnel was mooted and actually proposed by the mining engineer Mathieu. Many a time it was passed from mouth to mouth that the little Corsican masqueraded as a British seaman and was actually on board a south-coast fishing smack, trolling at sea by night and spying on shore by day.

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[1] *The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar*, p. 148, by A. M. Broadley and R. C. Bartelot, M.A.

[2] The Channel was first crossed by balloon on the 7th January, 1785, the passengers being M. Jean Pierre Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries, an Englishman. They landed safely in the forest of Guînes after a voyage full of adventure. The aeronaut Garnerin ascended in a balloon at the time of Bonaparte's coronation, and travelled as far as Rome. It is said that the relic is still preserved at the Vatican.

Some one industriously spread a report that one of his brothers had crossed from France and been hospitably received by the nuns of Marnhull, in Dorset. The supposed object of his visit was to ascertain the true feeling of the English people towards France. A large quantity of fire-arms and ammunition was believed to have been landed at night and smuggled into the nunnery in order to assist the enemy's army should it effect a landing. It was decided that the matter ought to be investigated immediately, and accordingly the Rev. Mr. Blackburne, a Justice of the Peace, was chosen to superintend operations.

Nothing of a warlike character was found, although the reverend gentleman and his attendants minutely inspected the sacred building from garret to cellar. The lady abbess was amazed, not to say alarmed, at the proceedings, and gave vent to her indignation. "We were not more surprised," she said, "when, in the beginning of the reign of Tyranny in France, a domiciliary visit had been paid us at our convent, under the idea that Mr. Pitt, the English minister, was secreted there."[1] Nor was England the only place where the "Arch-tyrant" was believed to be in hiding. A Mr. James Neild, while on a tour through Wales in September, 1803, narrowly escaped being made a State prisoner near Radnor. The story is best told in his own language.

"They have got a strange notion in Wales," he writes, "that Bonaparte has escaped from France, and is lurking among the mountains, so that they eye every stranger particularly; and (would you believe it?) absolutely took me for the First Consul, and challenged my guide. I observed a great buzz among the women, and being informed of the cause went up to them, and assured them I was old enough to be Bonaparte's father. One of them fortunately observed, that she had taken particular notice on my first entrance into the town, of my eyes, and that Bonaparte squinted. They say he was born in Wales, and that two of his brothers were transported."

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[1] *Annual Register*, 1803, p. 418.

Mrs. Piozzi, the charming authoress and friend of Dr. Johnson, in writing to James Robson, of Bond Street, London, a few months earlier, from the same Principality, not only gives us a glimpse of her own affairs and shows that domestic servants were almost as difficult to obtain then as they are now, but compares the salary of a cook with that of a "Lieutenant of our Men of War that defend us against Buonaparte and his 400,000 men."

"BRYNBELLA, NEAR DENBIGH
"N: WALES. 21: *May* 1803

"Dear Mr. Robson—You never come to See Your Country Friends, though I think every Spring when it renews other Matters—renews our Hopes. At present indeed whatever Friends come to see *us*, are ill off—in one Respect: *We have no Cook.* Could you find me a neat-handed Smart Woman who would willingly be under a Housekeeper to keep her own Kitchen clean &c?

"I do not want a fine Lady, nor would such a one come to Wales—without a Great Salary—larger than the King gives his Lieutenants of our Men of War that defend us against Buonaparte and his 400,000 men.

"I should think some Girl who has been Kitchen Maid under the profess'd Men Cooks might suit me nicely . . .

our Housekeeper sees to the Desserts, 2d. Course &c but Honesty and Activity are Indispensable; and she need not think herself in Banishment because we visit either London or Bath every Winter. *Do* dear Sir, enquire me out such a Damsel for 12 or 14 Guineas a Year. I wrote to Mr Smith Your Neighbour the Perfumer for some Articles in *his* Way, but forgot to mention my Distress for a Cook. . . . Will you let him *know?* It will be done very kindly indeed.

"The Perfumery by the way was never sent, & now do tell me are there no Annual Registers out since the year 1800? That is my *latest*, and we are *here* very hungry for Intelligence and Amusement. I wish to be told likewise what Publications attract Notice, and how the World stands towards the new War. We have a strange Antagonist it must be confess'd, and his Conduct wholly *new* so far as I have been conversant in Historic Annals: but if Buonaparte shews more Sincerity than Discretion our King certainly shews Europe a true Model of Dignity temper'd with Moderation: There is a wide Door *yet open for Peace.*

"I have not seen Mr. Robson yet, but We are expecting the Bishop down now very soon. Mr. Piozzi is so much and so often confined by Gout—tis a great drawback on his comforts, but nobody can look better, or enjoy better *General Health.* Let me have a long Letter, & say how you escaped the Influenza.

"It bore exceedingly hard on Dear Sir
"Your old friend and
"Faithful Ser^{vt}
"H. L. P.

"If you send me any Books—let them go to Mayhew and Ince's Warehouse Broad Street Carnaby Market: They have Things coming down hither and yours might be sent with them."[1]

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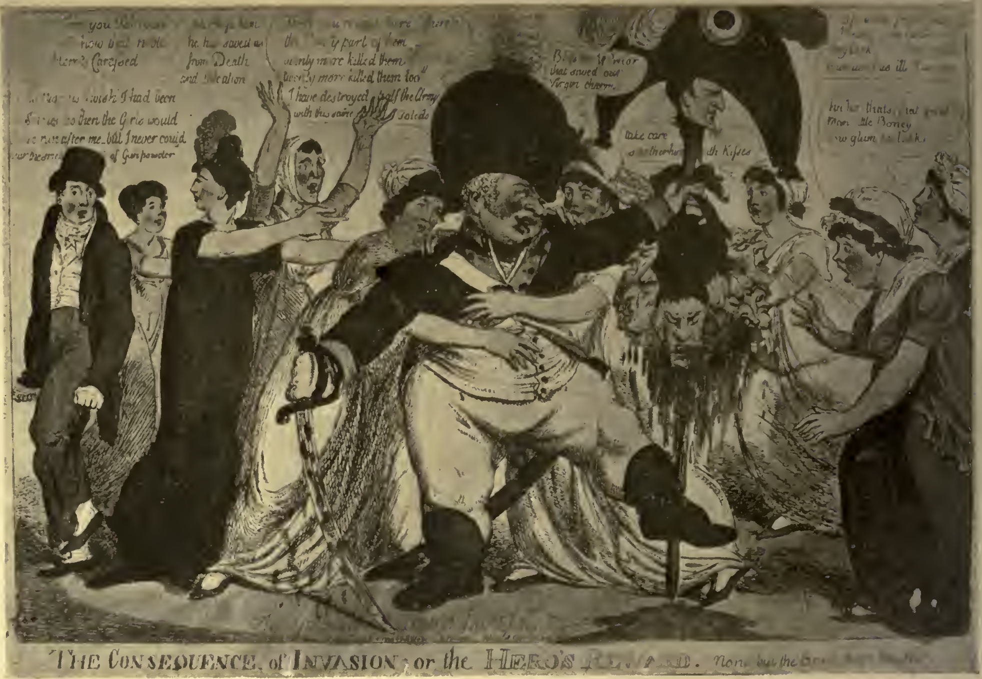
[1] Mr. Broadley's collection of MSS.


you
how
Carejoed
he has saved us
from Death
and
part of them
only more killed them
twenty more killed them too
I have destroyed half the Army
with this same
toledo
I wish I had been
then the Girls would
run after me but I never could
of Gunpowder
that saved our
Virgin charms
take care
Kisses
so ill
that's
little Boney
glum
THE CONSEQUENCE, of INVASION; or the HERO'S
None but the

BONAPARTE SLAIN BY A BRITISH VOLUNTEER. AUGUST 1, 1803

Invasion scares were very frequent at places on the south coast. Eastbourne was almost deserted during the month of August owing to a rumour that the French contemplated landing in that neighbourhood. A barrack was hastily constructed on the beach capable of containing ten thousand men, and another was built near Pevensey Bay, but on a much larger scale. The corn crops in the district were ordered to be set on fire should the enemy effect a landing, and houses were to be subject to the same treatment if deemed necessary. Tickets would be given to the owners and farmers which, on being returned to the Government, would secure their possessors against any losses incurred. It was at this very time that Charles James Fox wrote the following letter from St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, to his brother, Lieutenant-General Fox, in Ireland, giving his views as to the probability of Bonaparte's crossing the Channel:—

"CHERTSEY, *August 8th*, 1803.

"My dear Brother,

"I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 2nd. I think as you do all will be quiet for some time. The Disaffected will probably wait until they hear of something being attempted here by the French, and whether that will ever happen is very uncertain. I am very glad you like your L^d L^t so well, I fancy his general disposition with regard to Ireland will be right. I do not think highly of Lord Redesdale's[1] understanding in any way, but believe him to be an honest and good sort of man. It may be right to tell you that in London, where I have been since I wrote last, many People say some blame is to be imputed to the Irish Government, for not having been more ready for the insurrection of which it is supposed they had at least some hours' notice from the country people flocking to Dublin.[1] Your letter says positively you knew nothing of it till it happened, but did the L^d^ L^t^? if he did not was there not some remissness in gaining intelligence? if he did, why did he not communicate it to you, in order that the military might be ready in time? Upon looking over your letter I see your expression is you knew nothing about Saturday *Morning*, but perhaps you did hear something before the event happened and the military were preparing as fast as they could. My Guess is that the Government knew nothing of the matter, and may be, from many false alarms they had had before, did not pay attention to the rumours of a rising of any kind. Nothing has been said of the thing in this view in the H. of Com^{s}, but if in conversation one were able to explain how it happened that the Surprise should have been so complete, it would not be amiss. I am very happy indeed to hear Mrs. F. was not much alarmed, for I was very much so for her, as her Nerves seem to be but weak. I had no doubt of Lady Lou and L^{y} Sarah bearing it well, but I do not like your paragraph about the Duke of L^{r}. I hope our cousin has not been getting himself into any scrape. We have just begun our harvest here, as some suppose for Bonaparte, but I am as stout as a Lyon. 1st I believe he will not try, next that if he does he will be destroyed or at least driven back at Sea, and lastly that even if he does land, he will frighten more than hurt us, though the arming of the People goes on much slower than it should do, and I think they have spoiled the plan by their alterations. At all events an army in an enemy's country, without any communication with their own or any force at Sea, is in my judgment in a very bad situation. I fear the D. of Y. will be very much displeased at my motion for a military council, but I am sure some such thing is necessary.

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[1] Baron Redesdale (1748–1830); Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1802–6.

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[1] The insurrection planned by Robert Emmet (1778–1803), the central idea being to seize the Castle and arsenals of Dublin. On June 23rd, 1803, Emmet, accompanied by some eighty followers, a mere handful of the large number of men he had expected to come to his aid, marched on the capital, and in the mêlée which ensued Lord Kilwarden, the Chief Justice, his nephew, and Colonel Brown were killed. Russell at Belfast, and Quigley at Kildare, also attempted to stir up strife on the same day, but their efforts were but partial and failed. Emmet escaped to the Wicklow mountains, but he was afterwards captured, tried, and hanged at Newgate, with several of his accomplices. His abortive plot has been aptly termed "the Irish No-rising of 1803."

"Yours affec^{y}

"C. Fox.

"St. Anne's Hill, *Monday* [*August* 8*th*, 1803].

"I send you back Urquhart's letter, which I found among my own papers. I know no more of him than you do.

"Address: Rt. Honble. General Fox,
"Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, Dublin."

It is not proposed to enter fully into every detail of the various laws passed for the security of the British Isles, but to give a general outline of the more important of them. As Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice has so pithily put it: "The scheme of home defence, at the time when war began again, was based on the notion of our attempting in England what Wellington carried out in Portugal. The idea was to 'drive the country,' as it was called, that is to say, to endeavour to leave the enemy without means of subsistence."[1] This was afterwards abandoned for the simple but all-sufficient reason that it was impracticable; England was far too well stocked with everything likely to be of service to an enemy to admit of so drastic a measure being taken. The Act known as 38 Geo. III, c. 27, passed in anticipation of the invasion of 1798, was but a temporary measure, and on the signing of the definitive Treaty of Amiens, the majority of volunteers and armed associations had been disbanded. The Government, however, introduced a Bill[1] to allow certain corps to remain on the old footing, and their members were, under certain conditions, exempt from either serving in the militia or having to provide a substitute. The laws governing the militia for both England and Scotland were also amended, and the total number fixed at 40,963 men and 7950 respectively.[2] The former Act was afterwards altered in certain respects to meet the more urgent needs of the moment by 43 Geo. III, c. 121, and the privileges mentioned were withdrawn from men not marked as efficient on the returns required to be sent to Government.

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[1] *The Diary of Sir John Moore*, Vol. II, p. 70.

On the last day of March, 1803, Lord Hobart[3] addressed a letter to the Lord Lieutenant of each county accompanied by a plan which was to be "considered more with a reference to a permanent system than a situation of emergency; the application of it in point of extent to depend upon and be regulated by circumstances."

The following are the official regulations for the

"PAY, CLOATHING, AND ALLOWANCE FOR CONTINGENT EXPENSES,

"*For Corps of Volunteer Infantry during War.*

"I. Every corps claiming pay, to engage to serve in the military district in which it is situated.

"II. Every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private man, to take the oath of allegiance and fidelity to his Majesty.

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[1] 42 Geo. III, c. 66.

[2] Clode, Vol. I, p. 287.

[3] Baron Hobart (1760–1816); Secretary for War and the Colonies, 1801–4.

"III. To a battalion of ten companies, or a corps of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred private men and upwards, constant pay to be allowed for an adjutant and serjeant-major; and to a corps of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty private men, constant pay for a serjeant-major.—*Per diem*, Adjutant 6s. Serjeant-major 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per day in addition.

"IV. A company claiming pay, to consist of not less than fifty, nor more than one hundred private men, with one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, (two lieutenants to the flank companies, and to such as consist of eighty private men,) together with three serjeants (including the drill serjeant,) two corporals, and two drummers per company.

"V. Serjeants receiving constant daily pay, and all drummers receiving pay, either at a daily or weekly rate, to be attested, and to be subjected to military law.

"VI. One officer in each company, not above the degree of captain, if taken from the half-pay, having served at least eighteen months on full pay as a commissioned officer in the regulars, marines, embodied militia, fencibles, or East India Company's service, to have the constant pay of his volunteer commission, during his service in a volunteer corps; or one officer in each company, not above the degree of captain, if not on half-pay, but having formerly served two years on full pay as a commissioned officer, in any of the above-mentioned military services, to have constant pay equal to the half-pay of his volunteer commission during his service in a volunteer corps: the other captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, to have pay for the like number of days as the men; but no officer to receive pay for two commissions—Captain (taken from half-pay) 9s. 5d. Lieutenant 5s. 8d. 2d Lieutenant or Ensign 4s. 8d.—Captain (not on half-pay) 4s. 10½d. Lieutenant 2s. 3½d. 2d Lieutenant or Ensign 1s. 9½d.

"VII. When a charge of constant full pay, or constant half-pay is made for an officer, his former services must be particularly stated in the pay-list wherein the charge is first made.

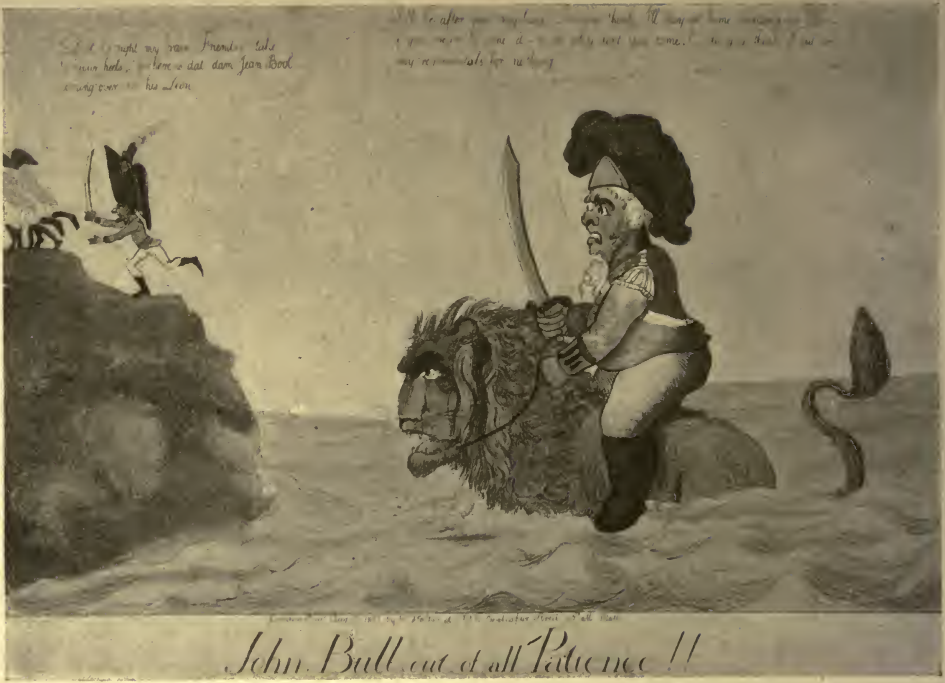
"VIII. When not called out on actual service, constant pay to be allowed for one serjeant and one drummer per company, at the same rates as in the disembodied militia; the pay of the drummer to be distributed at the discretion of the commandant; pay (as disembodied militia) for the rest of the serjeants and drummers, and for the corporals and private men to be allowed for two days in the week, from 25th February to 24th October, and for one day in the week, from 25th October to 24th February, both inclusive, being eighty-five days' pay per annum, but for effectives only present under arms, on each respective day. Pay may, however, be charged for persons absent by sickness for a period not exceeding three months, on the commanding officer's certificates to that effect.—Serjeants 1s. 6d. Corporals 1s. 2d. Drummers and Privates 1s.

"IX. If a corps, or any part thereof, shall be called upon in cases of riot or disturbance, the charge of constant pay to be made for such services, must be at the rates before specified, and be supported by a certificate from his Majesty's lieutenant, or the sheriff of the county; but if called out in case of actual invasion, the corps is to be paid and disciplined in all respects as the regular infantry, the artillery companies excepted, which are then to be paid as the royal artillery.

"X. The whole to be clothed in red, with the exception of the corps of artillery, which may have blue cloathing, and rifle corps, which may have green with black belts.

ALLOWANCE FOR CLOATHING.

	£	s.	d.
Serjeant, each	3	3	9
Corporal, do.	1	12	0
Drummer, do.	2	3	6
Private Man, do.	1	10	0



… right my rare Frenchmen take … your heels, … here is dat dam Jean Bool … over … his Lion
… after … I'll … home … time … my … for nothing
John Bull out of all Patience !!

ENGLAND WEARIED OF FRENCH THREATS. AUGUST 16, 1803

and to be repeated at the end of three years; the serjeant-major, and one serjeant, and one drummer per company, to have cloathing annually.

"XI. An annual allowance to be made for each company in lieu of every contingent expence heretofore defrayed by government, viz.: Twenty-five pounds for companies of fifty private men, with an additional allowance of five pounds for every ten private men beyond that number.

"XII. Field-officers and adjutants to be allowed the tax for one horse each.

"XIII. The pay-lists to be made up quarterly, viz. From the 25th December to the 24th March following; from 25th March to 24th June; from 25th June to 24th September; and from 25th September to 24th December, and to be transmitted by post, under cover, addressed to the secretary at war.

"XIV. A general agent will be immediately appointed by government to act for the whole of the volunteer corps receiving pay; and the necessary instructions on that head will be circulated from the War-Office to the respective commandants.

"All mounted soldiers that are lightly armed and accoutred for desultory service may be considered as light horse. Thus light dragoons, fencibles, cavalry, mounted yeomanry, &c. may be considered as light horse; while light infantry consists of an active strong body of men, selected from the aggregate of battalion companies, and made up of the most promising recruits that are occasionally enlisted.

"*Home Service.*

"The carriages allowed, if circumstances will permit, to be with each regiment of infantry, of ten companies of eighty each, are two bread waggons; each to carry four days' bread for four hundred men, or 2400 lb.; one ammunition ditto; two battalion guns; one waggon; one cart with entrenching tools; two sutler's carts; one waggon for sick; or more as may be permitted.

"The carriages allowed to be with each regiment of cavalry, of eight troops of seventy-five each, are two bread waggons; each to carry four days' bread for four hundred men, or 2400 lb.; one ammunition cart; two sutler's carts; two forge carts; one carriage for sick. Regiments on lower establishments to be allowed carriages in proportion to their effective strength.

"The carriages of the general officers allowed with or near the column of the army will be:—for lieutenant-generals, one chaise and two carts—for major-generals, one chaise and one cart. The carriages at head quarters will be exceedingly limited by the Commander-in-Chief. All other private carriages whatever will be considered as belonging to the heavy baggage of the army, will be ordered to a great distance in the rear; and if at any time found near the army, will be ordered to be destroyed by the baggage-master general. All other baggage therefore, whether tents, blankets, or necessaries for the officers, is to be carried on bât horses.

"The number of horses which officers of each rank may have in common situations in the field, is specified by regulation. But as it is impossible in the service that may occur, to calculate for the carriage or use of large tents, or other conveniences, it is recommended to each officer to make his arrangements for moving in the lightest manner possible.

"The personal baggage of each officer must be contained in a small portmanteau. One small tent is all that the officers of each company or troop can calculate upon. To carry the above, blankets, provisions, three or four days' corn, and other useful necessary articles, two bât horses per troop or company will be sufficient.

"The bât horses of each battalion of infantry of ten companies, at eighty each, will therefore be,

For the tents and poles of the regiment ...	20
For the company officers	20
Field officers and staff	4
Surgeon's chest	1

"Regiments on a lower establishment, allowed bât horses in proportion. The bât horses of each regiment of cavalry of eight troops, of seventy-five each, will therefore be,

For the tents and poles of the regiment ...	16
For the troop officers	16
Field officers and staff	4
Entrenching tools	1
Surgeon's chest	1

and in proportion for regiments on a lower establishment.

"The infantry will carry tents at the rate of sixteen men per tent, and the cavalry twelve men per tent. The necessary outlying guards and detachments, and the readiness of hutting and other cover that a woody country affords, will make this a sufficient number. The troops and company bât horses can therefore easily carry the tents, poles, and pins. The blankets of the cavalry will be divided and carried under the men's saddles. The blankets of the infantry must be divided and carried by the men, unless some other provision is in future made.

"The picket ropes of the cavalry will be carried on bât horses. Half the usual number of pickets must be considered sufficient, and be carried by the men. The camp kettles will be carried by the men, if horses are not provided for that purpose.

"A reduction and critical inspection of what every soldier should carry as his baggage should be made in time, and every thing superfluous destined to be lodged with the heavy baggage, which will remain in the present quarters of the regiment, till otherwise ordered to be disposed of. Two shirts, a pair of shoes and stockings, combs, brushes (and a horseman what is necessary for the care of his horse) is all a soldier ought to carry.

"The heavy baggage of the army, including everything not mentioned above, under a proper escort, will be ordered to some place of security. Each regiment of infantry will be allowed to send a serjeant and six men, and each regiment of cavalry one corporal and four dismounted men as a guard: such men must be the least fit for marching duties, but should be fully adequate to the service, and by no means convalescents recovering from indisposition. Proper officers will be ordered to command the whole, and no part of this baggage will be allowed to join the army but by public orders. If at any time carriages not allowed in this regulation should be found in the army, they will be conducted to head-quarters, and there destroyed, or confiscated to the advantage of those who make the discovery.

"Two battalion guns with one waggon will be attached to each regiment of infantry. Should it be necessary, one bât horse will be allowed for the artillery detachment. Such artillery as remains in the park will be limited as to number of guns, carriages, and according to the specification given to the commanding officer of the artillery. The bât men allowed are two for each company and troop, also two for the surgeon and staff of each regiment.

"Each battalion will give a non-commissioned officer and eight men; each regiment of cavalry will give a non-commissioned officer and six men, as a guard to their bât horses.

"The following number of men on the several after-mentioned duties of the regiment, will never exceed

	Infantry		Cavalry	
	Non-com.	*Men*	*Non-com.*	*Men*
Camp colour-men	2	10	2	8
Bât horse guard	1	4	1	3
Bread carriage guard	1	4	1	2
Heavy baggage	1	6	1	4
Regimental carriages	1	4	1	3
Allowed bât men	0	22	0	8
	6	50	6	28

"Each regiment of infantry will receive twenty pick-axes, twenty spades, twenty shovels, forty bill-hooks, ten axes, amounting in weight to about four hundred pounds. These tools will be carried in the cart allotted for that purpose; and that cart will at all times, and in all situations, march at the head of the regiment.

"Each regiment of cavalry will receive eight pick-axes, eight spades, eight shovels, sixteen bill-hooks, and eight axes. These tools will be carried on horseback, and on a horse with hampers allotted for that purpose, and will at all times march at the head of the regiment. These tools are meant to be ready at all times for making the openings so necessary in this embarrassed country, consequently [they] should be kept in the front of each regiment or column. Spare appointments and arms of each kind must of course remain with the heavy baggage.

"The battalion guns will always march at the head of the regiment, whichever flank leads. The ammunition waggons and carts will immediately follow the troops of the column. The place of march of the artillery of the park and carriages will be specified in the order of march.

"It is to be wished, that at all times each soldier be provided with four days' bread in his haversack, and four days' more carried in the regimental carriages. When this is delivered out, those carriages, under the guard of a serjeant and 4 men per battalion, and a corporal and 2 men per regiment of cavalry, will be sent to the bakery to be again loaded.

"Each infantry soldier will always carry 60 rounds. Each horseman his cartouch box full. The cavalry will always carry two days' corn if it can be got, and hay according to circumstances."[1]

Further Acts for the defence of the country were brought before Parliament and passed in such rapid succession that they tended to overlap and create confusion, but the matter was one of extreme urgency to a country not steeped in militarism, and possessing relatively only a small standing army. Immediately after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens the militia was called out. Following that came the General Defence Act, the Army of Reserve Bill, "the boldest military measure that any British Minister had ever ventured to propose,"[2] the Levy *en masse* Act, and others. In explaining his views on the scheme for raising bands of armed citizens, Mr. Charles Yorke, the Secretary-at-War, boldly stated that Government was not satisfied with the defence of the country. The First Consul's forces, which he erroneously computed at the same figure as the new Army of Reserve, "might come more or less disunited," he suggested, "more or less in full vigour of health or in sickness, more or less provided with the means of able operation as soon as they should land. This country should be, therefore, prepared to meet their attacks. It should have its first and second line: it should have legion upon legion ready to meet and to repulse the invasion. We must not, when so menaced, look to ordinary means, nor even to the effect of a ballot. The King must needs resort to his prerogative of compelling all his subjects to take arms." The Minister appealed to the precedent of history, "to the example of the Plantagenets and the Tudors." "The conduct of our ancestors, in those illustrious times, had defeated every effort of foreign enemies. Would we again defeat such efforts, we must have recourse to similar means."[1]

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[1] *Anti-Gallican*, Vol. IV, pp. 187–90.

[2] *The Great War with France*, p. 170, by Lieut.-General Bunbury.

Both Pitt and Fox supported the Bill, the latter having been absent from the House for some weeks owing to his disagreement with the policy of the Administration. "This is the first measure," he confessed, "which I could, consistently with my own opinion, come down to support, being a measure for the defence of the country." He did not look to "the regular army, but the mass of the country; acting, not in single regiments, but as a great mass of armed citizens, fighting for the preservation of their country and their families, and everything that is dear to them in life." He added that he regarded the militia and the army of reserve "in the same light as the regular army; and I cannot but believe, on that account, that this measure is the best calculated for the defence of the kingdom, and to defeat the daring efforts of an invading army." Pitt expressed his surprise and concern that the measure had not been brought forward sooner.

On the 24th July the Army of Reserve Act became law, but in the early days of August it was slightly modified. Men were to be levied by ballot, after the manner of the militia, 40,000 in Great Britain and 10,000 in Ireland, those between 18 and 40 years being liable to serve for five years. Parishes could be exempted, however, which furnished a large number of ordinary volunteers. Two ways were open for a man to escape should he be chosen and not wish to serve: by supplying a substitute, or paying a fine of £20 and submitting to a new ballot, in which case, of course, he ran the risk of again being drawn.

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[1] *National Defence in Practice*, p. 14, by Toulmin Smith.

The Defence Act,[1] which enabled the King "to accept the voluntary services of His Majesty's loyal subjects for the defence of the United Kingdom," was based on the methods of Mr. Clavell, referred to in the first chapter,[2] returns being made of all able-bodied males of from 15 to 60 years of age, and capable of using arms. The following month saw the passing of the Levy *en masse* Act (43 Geo. III, c. 96), a much more vigorous measure, calling for a census of youths and men between 17 and 55, who were divided into four classes, thus:—

1. All men of the age of 17 and under 30, unmarried, or having no child living under the age of 10.

2. All men of the age of 30 and under the age of 50, unmarried, or having no child living under the age of 10.

3. All men of the age of 17 and under the age of 30, who are or have been married, and who have not more than two children living under the age of 10 years.

4. All men not included in the foregoing classes.

In order to make it as difficult as possible to escape this menaced conscription, those giving a false return were mulcted to the extent of £20, and £50 for attempting to bribe the official, usually a constable, charged with obtaining the necessary information. All persons drawn out and embodied were liable to be sent to any part of Great Britain, and "after the defeat and expulsion of the enemy from our realm, or suppression of any rebellion or insurrection," all volunteers were entitled to an additional sum of one guinea. In the event of death while on active service, the widow and children of the deceased were entitled to relief similar to that granted to those of the militia.

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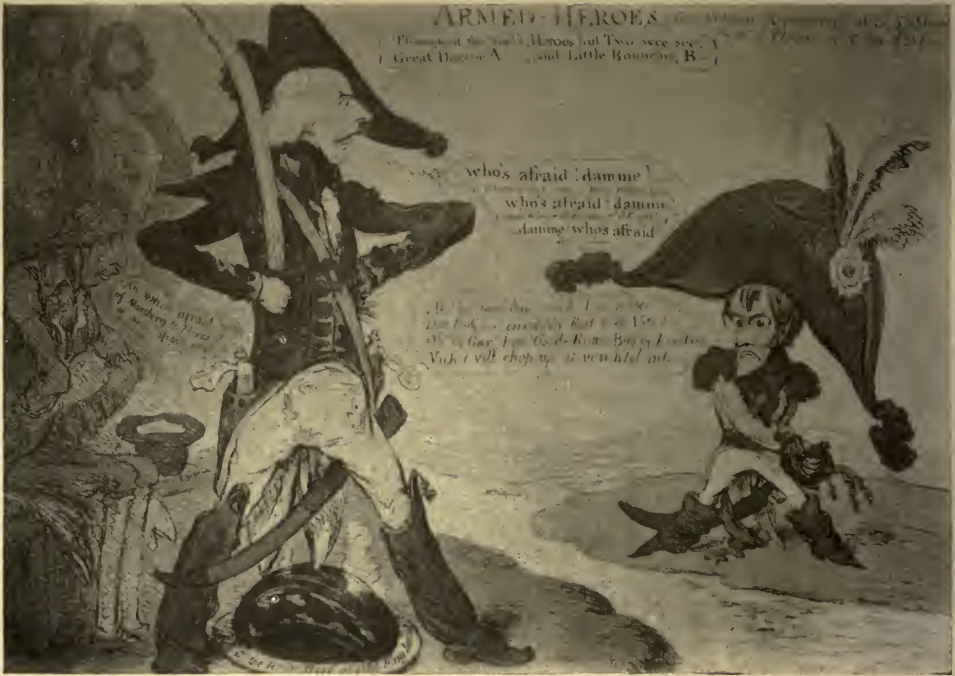
[1] 43 Geo. III, c. 55.

[2] See *ante*, Vol. I, p. 27.

His Majesty was authorized to direct parishes to provide, at their own expense, the necessary implements of warfare for the male inhabitants, to be kept in the parish church or other suitable building under the custodianship of a churchwarden or other parochial officer. If necessary, the men were to be "trained and exercised two hours at least every Sunday, either before or after divine service, or on some other convenient day in the week, in England, or on any convenient day in the week to be appointed, in Scotland, between the twenty-fifth day of March and the twenty-fifth day of December in every year, and cause public notice of such times and places of exercise and training to be given in the churches and chapels of the respective parishes during divine service, and be affixed on the doors of such churches and chapels, and in the market-places, or other convenient and conspicuous places; and it shall also be lawful for the Deputy-lieutenants in their respective subdivisions, to order and direct that such men shall be exercised on any other additional day or days in the week, so as to interfere as little as may be with their occupations." If necessary, the men were to be drilled three or more days a week, but the total drilling was not to exceed twenty days. A constable was charged to attend these meetings, for which service he was paid £5 per annum out of the poor rate. Neglect of duty, unless through illness, led to a fine of 10s. a day, which was double the amount forfeited by an absent volunteer, although the fine for neglecting to attend on any three successive days was 40s. Badly behaved members of a corps surrendered 5s. for each offence, or were sent to gaol "for any time not exceeding one week." If from conscientious scruples a volunteer objected to fulfilling his military obligations on the Sabbath, he was put through his paces on a week-day. If wished, out-pensioners of Chelsea and Kilmainham hospitals were allowed to drill the men, their remuneration being fixed at a sum "not exceeding 2s. 6d. per day," also derived from the poor rate. In this way many old veterans earned a few extra shillings, and "fought their battles o'er again" on the village green after the exercises were over, to the admiration of the younger sons of Mars. The Lieutenants and Deputy-lieutenants were, of course, in actual command of the men in their respective counties, and had the appointing of officers of the various companies. As it was not always practicable for a tiny village or hamlet to raise its own corps, provision was made for this contingency by allowing parishes to combine for this purpose.

If at the end of twelve months a volunteer showed himself proficient in the use of arms, a certificate was granted securing him from further attendance at drills, but he was to hold himself in readiness to resist the enemy. When on active service officers and men ranked as regards pay and discipline with the regular army.

While the Levy *en masse* Act was certainly more business-like and straightforward than several of its predecessors, it had one disadvantage in that if the number of volunteers enrolled amounted to more than was deemed


ARMED-HEROES
and Little Bounce
who's afraid damme
who's afraid damme
damme whos afraid
Vich I vill chop up

ADDINGTON AND BONAPARTE. MAY 18, 1803

necessary, "not being less than three-fourths of men enrolled for service of the first class,"[1] the Crown was at liberty "to suspend the operation in the districts of such Volunteer Corps of the Act under consideration." This caused so much inconvenience and annoyance, that on August 18th, 1803, a circular was issued from Downing Street to the effect that His Majesty had determined "not to authorise at the present any additional Volunteer Corps in any County where the number of effective members of those corps, including the yeomanry, shall exceed the amount of six times the militia, inclusive of the supplementary quota."

Thus, having worked up the enthusiasm of the nation to fever heat, cold water was poured upon further patriotic efforts. There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the 280,000 men who had offered themselves as volunteers; resolutions passed at meetings held all over the country began to pour into ministerial letter-boxes; and Addington's feeble hold on the people was by no means strengthened. The accompanying petition is a fair example of the kind of communication those in charge of the internal defence of the kingdom continually received:—[2]

"My Lord,

"The Magistrates and Deputy Lieutenants acting for the County of Anglesea, deeply impressed with a sense of the common danger at this momentous crisis, and conceiving that the general safety of the British Empire depends on the relative security of all its component parts, beg leave most respectfully to represent to your Lordship, and through your Lordship to His Majesty's Ministers, the present weak and defenceless state of this County.

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[1] Section 53.

[2] Record Office. *Internal Defence, 1803*, Vol. I. Addressed to the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Anglesea, and forwarded by him to Lord Hobart.

"The number of Volunteers who had expressed their readiness to defend their country with their lives, a *great part* of whom were willing to *arm*, and *clothe themselves at their own* expense;[1] and all consented to march to the utmost limits of the Kingdom in case of Invasion or Insurrection. In order to render this force (which was hourly increasing) as effective as possible, a County subscription had been set on foot, for the purpose of Arming and clothing as many more as that Fund would admit of; and from the known liberality and Patriotism of the Inhabitants there was every reason to expect that the voluntary contributions would have been very considerable.

"Thus rouzed was the spirit of this Loyal County; thus animated were the Inhabitants with the most ardent zeal for the General welfare, when they learnt with the greatest mortification and concern that it was the intention of Government to limit the number of Volunteers to six times that of the constitutional Militia, and consequently that the number to be raised in this county would be no more than 768; a force so perfectly inadequate to the purpose of repelling a foreign foe, that in case of an attack it might not be found more than sufficient for the preservation of internal order and regularity.

"However gratifying it is to them to observe that the spirited exertions of Individuals have far outstript the most sanguine expectations of the Country, and however wise it may be in His Majesty's Ministers generally to arm no more men than are deemed necessary, it is presumed that there may be some *local circumstances* which may make it prudent to deviate from the general system of defence with respect to those parts of the Kingdom which may be considered as most defenceless. In this state they conceive this County to be. If, as is commonly supposed, it be the design of the Corsican Tyrant to cause diversions and distract the councils of Government by landing in many places at the same time then there is no part of His Majesty's dominions however remote from the enemy secure; and they have reason to believe it is not at all impossible that this Island may be one object of the general Attack. That this is far from improbable, will, it is presumed be admitted when it is considered that Anglesey is an Island on the Irish Channel possessing an extent of Sea Coast 60 Miles in circumference, vulnerable at all points; that situated as it is at the utmost extremity of the North-Western District, and there not being (as they believe) a single Regiment within six days march of this place, nor a single soldier in the Island, they are utterly destitute of the means of resistance. . . ."

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[1] The construction of this sentence is peculiar, and it seems probable that some such expression as "was very large" was accidentally omitted.

If it were necessary, many similar cases could be cited. Writing on the 24th August, the Duke of Gordon, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, points out to Lord Hobart that "the offers of service already given in to me . . . . far exceed the number allowed for the county of Aberdeen (3840)." When forwarding to the Rt. Hon. Charles Yorke his arrangements for the volunteer infantry of the same district the Duke admits that he has "thought it proper to confine his Force chiefly to the Coast, and by doing so have been under the necessity of declining the acceptance of numerous offers of Service from the Internal parts of the county—the whole offers within the County amounting to very near 12,000 men."[1] At the end of October neither arms nor accoutrements had been sent for the men, and in the middle of the same month a meeting of the Lieutenancy of Aberdeenshire was held which severely condemned

[1] 8th September, 1803. Record Office. *Internal Defence, 1803.*

the lack of attention on the part of the War Office. The continual changing of plans put so many stumbling-blocks in the way, "that as yet none of the Corps are embodied." The only regular troops in "this extensive Military District, reaching from Montrose northwards to the extremity of the Island, are two young regiments of Militia, one Troop of Dragoons, and some recruits for the Army of Reserve." The meeting also petitioned for "a more considerable naval force on the coasts of this part of the Kingdom. It is at present, as they are informed, confined to one vessel lying in the Firth of Forth."

Written in pencil on the back of the above document are these remarks: "Ackn[owledge] H[is] G[race]'s letter; and inform him that the Resolutions transmitted by H.G. have been transmitted to the Commander-in-Chief for his information. That V[ice] A[dmiral] Bligh[1] has received orders to proceed to Scotland to take the command of the . . . vessels stationed for the defence of the Coast, that H.G. may be assured that the Admiralty are not unmindful of the protection necessary to be given to so important a part of H.M's dominions. (insert here some paragraphs from the Admiralty letter, somewhat softened.) I have further the honor to inform H.G. that the Earl Moira sets out for Edinburgh on this day to take the Command of H.M's forces in Scotland, and that H.G. may rely upon it that everything will be done for the defence of Aberdeenshire that the exigencies of circumstances can require."

This reply may have palliated the heartburnings of the worthy citizens of Aberdeen for a short time, but on the 5th November, 1803, the Duke of Gordon remarks that up to that date "three corps only were supplied with arms. Application has been made to the Board of Ordnance for Arms, &c to the others, but they are not issued."

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[1] Sir Richard Rodney Bligh (1737–1821); Commander-in-Chief at Leith, 1803–4; G.C.B., 1820.

In this hopelessly inadequate way the Government was "preparing" for the coming of Bonaparte's veterans. A letter sent from the Secretary-at-War to the Lords Lieutenant of Counties in October admits the tangle into which the various Acts had got. "Whatever difficulties may have attended the execution of these important measures of preparation and defence, it is a great satisfaction to reflect, that they have arisen, in a great measure, from a zeal and alacrity on the part of the people, which have exceeded even the hopes and expectations of the Government. They have proceeded from the spontaneous and unanimous feelings of a high-spirited nation, determined to maintain its independence against the utmost efforts of an insolent and implacable enemy; and pressing forward, instantaneously, with one heart and mind, to uphold the honour of a beloved Sovereign, and to preserve its ancient and invaluable laws and liberties."[1]

Eventually Scotland was divided into four military districts, the Northern with head-quarters at Aberdeen, under Major-General the Marquis of Huntly;[2] the Centre with head-quarters at Dundee, under Brigadier-General Donald M'Donald; the Western with head-quarters at Glasgow, under Major-General W. Wemyss; and the Southern with head-quarters at Musselburgh and West Barns, the former under Major-General Sir J. St. Clair Erskine, and the latter under Major-General Don.[1]

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[1] *European Magazine*, 1803, p. 325.

[2] This distinguished General (1770–1836) raised the regiment now known as the Gordon Highlanders, which played a conspicuous part in the Napoleonic wars. The Marquis succeeded to the dukedom of Gordon in 1827.

Apropos of the unguarded state of the North British coasts, the Association for Promoting the Defence of the Firth of Forth and Scotland in General was started in July, 1803, and met with well-deserved success, the expenses being defrayed by voluntary contributions. In order to call attention to the objects of the Association, and to awaken the people to a sense of the danger which threatened them, a mass of patriotic literature and placards was sent broadcast all over the country. The sea fencibles were armed with pikes, but an apathetic Government had failed to supply anybody to teach the men the use of the weapon. A sum was therefore set aside for this purpose and a drill-master obtained, with good results. A premium was also paid to the first twelve men in the force who by their skill proved that they were capable of imparting their knowledge to others. The ordinary volunteers were not forgotten, for a large number of silver medals was also struck for presentation " to the best shots of those competitors whose regularity of conduct, and punctuality of attendance at drills, were approved of by the commanding officer." The first Report of the Association states that " many of the companies in this district have by practice acquired so great a degree of proficiency, that in their exercise every fifth or sixth shot is made to take place in a target of three feet diameter, at the distance of about 100 yards. This, with the common battalion firelock, is a high degree of precision; and if accuracy on a proportional scale may be expected from them in battle, the efficiency of the military

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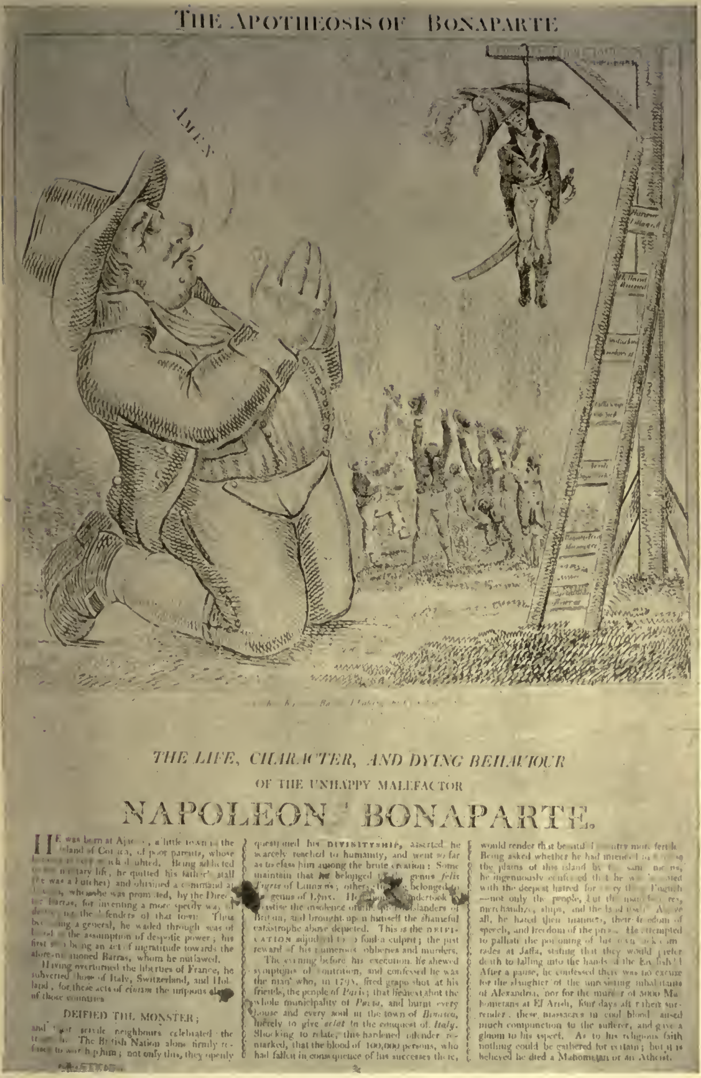
[1] *History of the Edinburgh, or Queen's Regiment Light Infantry Militia*, p. 39, by Major R. C. Dudgeon.



THE APOTHEOSIS OF BONAPARTE

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND DYING BEHAVIOUR

OF THE UNHAPPY MALEFACTOR

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HE was born at Ajaccio, a little town in the island of Corsica, of poor parents, whose [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Being addicted to a military life, he quitted his father's stall (he was a butcher) and obtained a command at Toulon, where he was promoted, by the Director Barras, for inventing a more speedy way of destroying the defenders of that town. Thus becoming a general, he waded through seas of blood to the assumption of despotic power; his first step being an act of ingratitude towards the aforementioned Barras, whom he outlawed.

Having overturned the liberties of France, he subverted those of Italy, Switzerland, and Holland; for these acts of *civism* the impious slaves of those countries

DEIFIED THE MONSTER;

and their servile neighbours celebrated the triumph. The British Nation alone firmly refuses to worship him; not only this, they openly questioned his **DIVINITYSHIP**, asserted he scarcely reached to humanity, and went so far as to class him among the brute creation: Some maintain that he belonged to the genus *felis Tigris* of Linnæus; others, that he belonged to the genus of Lynx. He [illegible] undertook to chastise the insolence of [illegible] slanders of Britain, and brought upon himself the shameful catastrophe above depicted. This is the **DEIFICATION** adjudged to so foul a culprit; the just reward of his numerous robberies and murders.

The evening before his execution, he shewed symptoms of contrition, and confessed he was the man who, in 1795, fired grape shot at his friends, the people of *Paris*; that he shot the whole municipality of *Pavia*, and burnt every house and every soul in the town of *Benasco*, merely to give *eclat* to the conquest of *Italy*. Shocking to relate, this hardened offender remarked, that the blood of 100,000 persons, who had fallen in consequence of his successes there, would render that beautiful country more fertile. Being asked whether he had intended to [illegible] the plains of this island by the same means, he ingenuously confessed that he was inspired with the deepest hatred for every thing English—not only the people, but the manufactures, merchandize, ships, and the land itself. Above all, he hated their manners, their freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. He attempted to palliate the poisoning of his own sick comrades at Jaffa, stating that they would prefer death to falling into the hands of the English! After a pause, he confessed there was no excuse for the slaughter of the unresisting inhabitants of Alexandria, nor for the murder of 3000 Mahometans at El Arish, four days after their surrender; these massacres in cool blood caused much compunction to the sufferer, and gave a gloom to his aspect. As to his religious faith nothing could be gathered for certain; but it is believed he died a Mahometan or an Atheist.

AN INVASION BROADSIDE OF AUGUST, 1803

defence of the country will thereby, it is evident, be greatly augmented."

Colonel Crichton, one of the committee, invented a machine "to be fixed on coach or chaise-wheels," and drawn by two horses, which was large enough to carry from ten to twelve men with their arms and accoutrements. Experiments showed that this light vehicle could be hauled at the rate of seven miles an hour over fairly rough country, and was therefore of special value for conveying men from one place to another with fair rapidity should occasion require. Nearly one hundred of these vehicles were built and handed over to the Lord Lieutenant, and several suitable for artillery were stationed at Dunbar. Premiums were paid to farmers and others who had the greatest number of wheel-carriages mounted with these frames ready for use on the shortest notice. A new gun being introduced to the Association, facilities were given to the inventor to carry on his experiments, and trials were made at Leith Fort.

A contract was entered into with some of the shipbuilders of Leith for the equipment of several vessels of from fifty to seventy tons, to be used as an auxiliary force for the defence of the Forth. The largest of these carried two 24 and two 18-pounders. Another vessel was fitted out on experimental lines, and twelve herring boats were also secured for purposes of defence. A sum of £300 was voted for the purchase of greatcoats for the volunteers.

Within a short time military schools sprang up at various places in the south of England, the most important being Shorncliffe camp, which was under the command of General John Moore, and Essex, Kent, Sussex, and many other counties were dotted with the tents of soldiers; but the hesitancy of Ministers as to some definite plan of action, and the inordinate number of Acts of Parliament relating to internal defence, precluded complete efficiency.

"That the Emperor of the French was thoroughly in earnest can no longer be doubted," says Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bunbury, who was on the staff of the Quartermaster-General's Department in Kent and Sussex at the time. "It is also pretty evident, that it was his design to land upon that part of the coast of England which lies nearest to Boulogne, that part which stretches from the cliffs of Dover to the borders of Sussex. The landing of the enemy must have been made good in face of the numerous batteries which lined our shores, and of about eighteen strong battalions of infantry (some of them militia) and twenty squadrons of cavalry which lay close at hand.[1] But carriages and fish-carts would have brought several thousands from the rear within a very few hours; and of volunteers and yeomanry there would have been considerable numbers.

"Sir David Dundas held the chief command in Kent and Sussex. It was his intention, if he should be beaten on the shore, to withdraw his troops, not in the direction of London, but throwing back his right and centre to retreat upon the intrenched camp at Dover. In that strong position he could have brought the enemy to bay, and gained time for the gathering of the strength of Britain around the metropolis. Or, if the general had found that Napoleon disregarded him, and was marching straight upon London, then Dundas would have sallied forth and pressed close upon the rear and right flank of the enemy's columns. The direct road from Canterbury and the passage of the lower Medway were barred by the intrenched camp at Chatham. The French must have taken their routes by Maidstone, etc., through a more difficult country, where their columns would have been delayed by the breaking up of the roads. Sir James Pulteney commanded in Sussex; Sir James Craig in Essex. With the help of carriages the former would have reached the great chain of chalk hills before the enemy; or he might have brought 10,000 men to bear on their left flank while it was embarrassed by the difficulties of the way through the Weald of Kent. Craig would have crossed the Thames from Tilbury, or have hastened directly to London.

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[1] The number of the infantry may be taken at fully 12,000 rank and file, the cavalry at about 2800 sabres. About fifty pieces of field artillery would have been present.—Bunbury.

"It would have been madness in the British to have risked a general battle in the field, even in such tempting positions as the chalk hills offer. Our troops were not then of a quality to meet and frustrate the manœuvres of such an army as that which Napoleon would have led to the attack. We needed every advantage which numbers and positions could afford. It was in London itself, or rather along the skirts of Greenwich, Southwark, and Lambeth, that it was our business to fight the great battle to the uttermost, day after day, and night after night; bringing to the relief of every post fresh combatants as they arrived in quick succession from all parts of the Kingdom. What mattered the burning of some hundreds of houses, when compared with the mighty stake which was at issue? Our best reliance was upon the numbers and the daring courage of Englishmen; upon the resolution of millions to vanquish tens of thousands."[1]

In an incredibly short time over 300,000 yeomanry and volunteers were enrolled, while on the high seas no fewer than 120,000 men were in the service of Old

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[1] *Narrative of some Passages in the Great War with France, from 1799 to 1810*, by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bunbury, K.C.B., pp. 176–7.

England.[1] The wealthy gave generously of their supply of this world's goods for the defence of their country. Lloyd's voted the sum of £20,000 3 per cent consolidated annuities for the relief of maimed warriors, for the granting of rewards for valour, and such like. It speaks volumes for the charitable instincts of our forefathers that within a couple of months over £150,000 was raised by voluntary contributions alone. Of no less practical character was the gift of the East India Company of twenty armed ships for the protection of the Thames; the Trinity House Brethren voting ten frigates, completely equipped and manned, for a similar purpose. These were moored across the river, in the Hope. In addition, a smart corps of volunteer artillerymen was formed and kept up at a cost of over £10,000.

At a crowded meeting held on July 26th, 1803, in the Stock Exchange, the following declaration was proposed, and unanimously carried by between four and five thousand prominent representatives of commerce. The citizens of London determined to contest every inch of ground should circumstances require it.

"We the Merchants, Bankers, Traders, and other inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood, deem it our bounden duty, at the present momentous period, to make public our unanimous determination to stand or fall with our King and Country.

"The independence and existence of the British Empire —the safety, the liberty, the life of every man in the Kingdom are at stake. The events perhaps of a few months, certainly of a few years, are to determine whether we and our children are to continue free men and members of the most flourishing community in the world, or whether we are to be the slaves of our most implacable enemies—themselves the slaves of a foreign Usurper!

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[1] According to the official returns, up to December 9th, 1803, no fewer than 380,060 men for England, Scotland, and Wales, and 82,941 for Ireland, making a grand total of 463,001, had volunteered their services for internal defence.—59 Com. Journal, p. 502. Quoted by Clode, Vol. I, p. 313.

"We look on this great crisis without dismay. We have the most firm reliance on the spirit and virtue of the people of this country. We believe that there exists a firmer as well as nobler courage than any which rapine can inspire; and we cannot entertain such gloomy and unworthy apprehensions of the moral order of the world, as to think that so admirable a quality can be the exclusive attribute of freebooters or slaves. We fight for our laws and liberties—to defend the dearest hopes of our children—to maintain the unspotted glory which we have inherited from our ancestors—to guard from outrage and shame those whom nature has entrusted to our protection—to preserve the honour and existence of the country that gave us birth.

"We fight for that constitution and system of society, which is at once the noblest monument and the firmest bulwark of civilization! We fight to preserve the whole earth from the barbarous yoke of military despotism! We fight for the independence of all nations, even of those who are the most indifferent to our fate, or the most blindly jealous of our prosperity!

"In so glorious a cause—in the defence of these dear and sacred objects, we trust the God of our Fathers will inspire us with valour which will be more than equal to the daring ferocity of those who are lured, by the hope of plunder, to fight the battles of ambition.

"His Majesty is about to call upon his people to arm in their own defence. We trust, and we believe, that he will not call on them in vain—that the free men of this land, going forth in the righteous cause of their country, under the blessing of Almighty God, will inflict the most signal chastisement on those who have dared to threaten our destruction—a chastisement, of which the memory will long guard the shores of this Island, and which may not only vindicate the honour, and establish the safety of the British empire, but may also, to the latest posterity, serve as an example to strike terror into tyrants, and to give courage and hope to insulted and oppressed nations.

"For the attainment of these great ends, it is necessary that we should not only be an unanimous, but a zealous, an ardent, an unconquerable people—that we should consider the public safety as the chief interest of every individual—that every man should deem the sacrifice of his fortune and his life to his country as nothing more than his duty—that no man should murmur at any exertions or privations which this awful crisis may impose upon him—that we should regard faintness or languor in the common cause as the basest treachery—that we should go into the field with an unshaken resolution to conquer or to die—and that we should look upon nothing as a calamity compared with the subjugation of our country.

"We have most sacred duties to perform—we have most invaluable blessings to preserve—we have to gain glory and safety, or to incur indelible disgrace, and to fall into irretrievable ruin. Upon our efforts will depend the triumph of liberty over despotism—of national independence over projects of universal empire—and, finally, of civilization itself over barbarism.

"At such a moment we deem it our duty solemnly to bind ourselves to each other, and to our countrymen, in the most sacred manner, that we will employ all our exertions to rouse the spirits, and to assist the resources of the kingdom—that we will be ready with our services of every sort, and on every occasion, in its defence—and that we will rather perish together, than live to see the Honour of the British Name tarnished, or that noble inheritance of greatness, glory, and liberty destroyed, which has descended to us from our forefathers, and which we are determined to transmit to our posterity.

"JACOB BOSANQUET,
"Chairman."[1]

Resolutions of a similar character, but often in more emphatic terms, were passed by the inhabitants of many other districts and towns. Bonaparte was anathematized from one end of the country to the other. The good people of Lambeth styled him "an obscure Corsican, who began his murderous career by turning his artillery upon the citizens of Paris—who boasted, in his public letter from Pavia, to have shot the whole municipality—who put the helpless, innocent, and unoffending inhabitants of Alexandria, man, woman, and child, to the sword, till slaughter was tired of its work," and so on. "Such is the tyrant we are called upon to oppose," this resolution concludes; "and such is the fate which awaits England should we suffer him and his degraded slaves to pollute our soil."

In *The Times* of the 6th August, 1803, a writer sums up the progress of the volunteer movement as follows:—

"Eleven weeks are barely passed since the declaration of war, and we defy any man living to mention a period when *half so much* was ever effected, in the same space of time, for the defence of the country. 1st. A naval force such as Great Britain never had before, has been completely equipped, manned, and in readiness to meet the enemy. 2nd. The regular military force of the kingdom has been put on the most respectable footing. 3rd. The militia has been called forth, and *encamped* with the regular forces. 4th. The supplementary militia has also been embodied, and even encamped. 5th. An army of reserve of 50,000 men has been already added to this force, and is now in great forwardness. 6th. A measure has been adopted for calling out and arming the whole mass of the people, in case of emergency; and we are confident that our information is correct, when we say, that at *this moment* there are nearly 300,000 men enrolled in different Volunteer, Yeomanry, and Cavalry Corps, of whom at least a *third* may be considered as already disciplined and accoutred."

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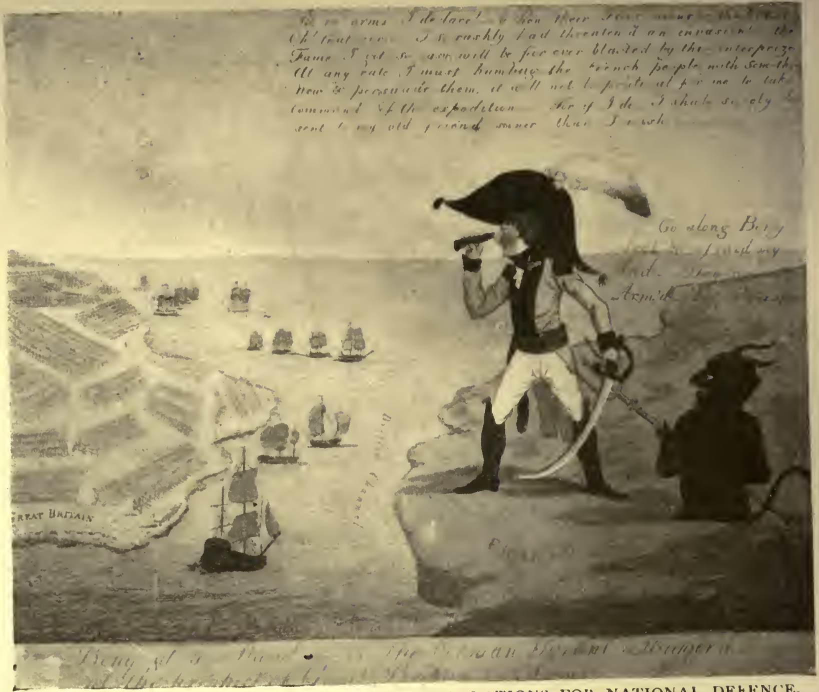
[1] *Anti-Gallican*, No. 2, pp. 37–8.

Patriotism was in the air. Men left the counting-house and the factory to snatch an hour at drill. Members of Parliament showed their appreciation by a resolution—

> "That the thanks of the House be given to the several Volunteers and Yeomanry Corps of the United Kingdom for the promptitude and zeal with which, at a crisis the most momentous to their country, they have associated for its defence.
>
> "Ordered, *nemine contradicente.*
>
> "That a return be prepared, to be laid before this House in the next Session of Parliament, of all Volunteers and Yeomanry Corps, whose services shall have been then accepted by His Majesty; describing each Corps, in order that such return may be entered on the journals of the House, and the patriotic example of such voluntary exertions transmitted to posterity."

The male population indulged in a universal game of follow-my-leader. Just as soon as it became known that a neighbour was making strenuous efforts to improve himself in drill by exercising privately, so others imitated his example. Not a few accidents occurred in the streets through enthusiastic citizens handling guns about which they knew very little. One man fired a musket loaded



to arms I declare
Oh! that ever I so rashly had threaten'd an invasion
Fame will be for ever blasted by the interprize
At any rate I must humbug the French people with some thing
new & persuade them, it will not be prudent for me to take
command of the expedition for if I do I shall surely be
sent to my old friend sooner than I wish
Go along Boy
Armed
GREAT BRITAIN
British Channel
France

BONAPARTE STAGGERED AT THE BRITISH PREPARATIONS FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE.
[CIR. 1803]

with six cartridges, with results fatal to himself and disastrous to several others. The military tendency of the day even influenced Dame Fashion. One of the ladies' dresses then much in vogue is described as "a short, round dress of white muslin, with a rifle dress of dark green velvet and a rifle hat to correspond."

On one memorable occasion the volunteers showed their usefulness in peace in averting what would have been a truly national calamity.[1] Some workmen engaged in repairing the roof of Westminster Abbey carelessly left their melting-pot unprotected while they were having dinner, and soon a portion of the venerable building was well alight. London was not then protected by a County Council Fire Brigade, and before sufficient water could be pumped on the burning mass the roof of the tower fell in. Soldiers, volunteers, and others, encouraged by the Duke of York, formed a line to the river and passed buckets of water to the firemen, who succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames after damage to the extent of some £5000 had been done.

Much information as to military and political affairs leaked out on both sides, but perhaps the most valuable capture in this respect was a mail-bag containing eighty-four letters found on the East India Company's ship the *Admiral Aplin*, bound for Madras, which was taken by a French squadron under Linois. There were communications from Lord Grenville to Marquis Wellesley, from Henry Wellesley, Sir Lionel Darell, the Marquis of Titchfield, and other more or less prominent men, all of which Bonaparte caused to be translated and inserted in an enlarged edition of the *Moniteur* of the 16th September,

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[1] July 9th, 1803.

1804. The letters themselves bear dates in July or August, 1803, and for this reason are inserted here. The all-absorbing topic is the invasion, followed by grumbles about Addington's lax administration, the bad state of business, the great increases in taxes, and the affairs of the East India Company.

Lord Grenville, writing to Marquis Wellesley, while admitting that his "difference with Addington becomes every day more marked, all the motives which made Pitt and me differ in opinion and conduct, daily decrease," is pessimistic, and remarks: "I hope nothing will prevent me from having the pleasure of seeing you next year, supposing at that period that you have still a country to revisit. . . . The papers, if you have them, will inform you that all our conversation at present turns on invasion, and that we at length begin to take measures for enabling us to face our enemies, if they should be able to effect a landing, which, though very improbable, is certainly not in any manner impossible." This is very different to the note already quoted.[1] Another correspondent says: "The preparations to repel the projected invasion are immense: it is better to be always ready to oppose such an enterprize; by an act of parliament, therefore, everybody is to become a soldier." A third writer avers that there is "such a demand for military accoutrements, that bear-skins have risen from £12 to £50 apiece, and sometimes we wait above two months before we can have our musquets from the hands of the armourer; it is thus comparatively with all the rest. We exercise in the morning and afternoon, two hours at a time. Government has long had the intention of throwing up entrenchments round

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[1] See *ante*, p. 37.

London, to commence at the River Lea, near Blackwall, pass through Hackney, Highgate, Wilden-green,[1] and return behind Holland House to Battersea Bridge; but I imagine there will be no occasion to put this plan in force. We are perfectly unanimous, and proceed heartily; and really we desire nothing so much as the arrival of the French." A Mr. Taylor, the author of several political works upon Egypt and India, says that "the pen and the sword rival each other; and military songs, defiances, proclamations of every kind, to animate the people in general in the good cause, would make a cargo for the largest ship that ever anchored in the Ganges." To the following letter the editor of the *Moniteur* added a note to the effect that "Mrs. —— seems to judge pretty well of the state of the country." "You learn by the public papers the difficulty in which we are; subscriptions are established for everything: all the articles of the first necessity are at a higher price than ever. I fear the people, in their discontent, would join the French if they should endeavour to come; all the world has become military; great preparations for defence are made throughout all England.—The times are sad indeed." No more optimistic is another writer: "No day passes without witnessing the ruin of the most opulent commercial houses; judge then of the situation of those possessing less brilliant resources." "The impending crisis is terrible." "When this reaches you the grand blow will have been struck," prophesies one correspondent. "Two hundred thousand men upon the coast of Calais wait only for the orders of the conquering Bonaparte. My hope and my confidence are in the arm of the Almighty. Our coasts are lined with soldiers, and the greatest consternation prevails throughout. . . ." "This terrible war coming so suddenly upon us, has given such a shock to the commercial world, that no one dares trust his neighbour, not knowing what may happen to-morrow," and so on. Less truthful but more amusing is the news that "the public papers of the day announce that the nephew and niece of Bonaparte are brought prisoners to Portsmouth."

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[1] ? Willesden Green.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RÔLE OF THE FRENCH NAVY, 1803

"They want to make us jump the ditch, and we will jump it."
NAPOLEON.

THE bewildering array of statistics dealing with the means of transporting his huge army and its necessary impedimenta to the fertile shores of England which the First Consul prepared would only tend to confuse the reader if quoted *in extenso.* Suffice it to say that on the 10th September, 1803, Bonaparte drew up a complete schedule of the flotilla which, while following in its general details his plan of the 22nd August, is infinitely more comprehensive, and abounds in that wealth of minutiæ which is the leading characteristic of all his military and naval correspondence.

Fifty-four *prames* in two divisions were to form a *flottille de grande espèce.* Each boat was capable of carrying three officers, twenty-five infantry, fifty cavalry, and two non-combatants, making a total of eighty men. The cargo would consist of a formidable array of munitions of war: twenty-seven muskets, twenty bayonets, 200 tools, 12,000 cartridges, 1200 rations of biscuit, 500 rations of oats and the same of bran, fifty horses, sixty saddles, and six sheep. In the fifty-four vessels 4320 men were disposed of.[1]

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[1] September 10th, 1803. Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 101.

The flotilla of sloops was to remain at 324 vessels, as already planned, and each was to be accompanied by a small pinnace. Three officers of a company, ninety-one officers and soldiers, two officers of the battalion staff, one officer of the general staff, three gunners, three waggoners, and eight surgeons, making a total of 111 men, was the complement of each *bateau*, or 35,964 in all. Twenty-seven muskets, twenty bayonets, twenty-seven pioneers' tools, 1200 flints, 12,000 cartridges, 1200 rations of biscuit, 150 pints of brandy, and four sheep were also to be stowed away in each sloop.

The gunboats, of which there were to be 432, were each to carry 130 men, making a total of 56,160 men, including 3456 surgeons, formed a third flotilla. A piece of field artillery in addition to the 24-pounder with which they were armed was to be carried, and a cargo similar to a sloop, plus two horses, ten bushels each of oats and bran, and 200 rounds of shot. As in the case of the sloops, a pinnace was to go with each gunboat. A further 2160 soldiers were to cross the Channel in 540 *caïques*, loaded with 216,000 cartridges, 21,600 rations of biscuit, 1080 rations of brandy, and 108 sheep.

A fifth flotilla of eighty-one corvettes, each holding forty soldiers, added 3240 men to the number already noted. These also carried the same kind of cargo as the *bateaux canonniers*, but without the artillery and ammunition. Fishing boats to the number of 108 were to transport 2160 horses and riders, with a double supply of saddles and bridles. Biscuits, brandy, sheep, and fodder also found a place in the hold.

The figures quoted above can only convey a crude idea of the enormous amount of munitions of war it was necessary to carry to England. The transport flotilla was to be composed of six distinct classes of fishing vessels, 464 of which were calculated to carry no fewer than nearly three million cartridges and 1208 horses, as well as food, guns, bridles, and the thousand and one things indispensable to a campaign. Canteen women to the number of 1760, and 3560 men and officers, in addition to the crews, were also to be accommodated. Moreover, from 100 to 150 large armed fishing vessels disposed of a further 200 horses, 1000 men, 10,000 biscuits, and 1000 rations of brandy, oats, and bran respectively, and 200 sheep. The army of invasion as then planned was to have a total strength of 114,554 men, including 76,798 infantry, 11,640 cavalry, 3780 artillery men, 3780 waggoners, and 17,467 non-combatants. It may be noticed that there were several thousand troops in excess of the number allowed for in the boats, but it was found that each vessel was able to accommodate from twelve to fourteen men in excess of their official complement.[1]

The two months following his return from Boulogne were spent by the First Consul on the project which was now the darling of his heart. So anxious was he to complete his armada that messengers bringing despatches relating to its progress arrived at all times of the day and night from the various ports of concentration. In some cases he sent half a dozen different orders under separate covers to the same man within twenty-four hours. His sea of correspondence was always at high tide, and additional secretarial assistance became necessary. But just as his work grew more arduous, so his powers of adaptability seemed to increase. He wore out the men under him and replaced them by others. From a thousand different sources he gathered information as to the progress of the work in hand. What one commander omitted to mention in his despatch Bonaparte found detailed in a communication from another officer. The soldier always had first claim on his sympathy; his well-being was his constant anxiety. An ill-clad, half-starved army is not a good fighting machine. The First Consul complains to Soult that he is told the provisions on the flotilla are bad, and especially the biscuits, "which make war." He asks to be informed as to the truth of this report, and remarks, "We shall have quite enough cold weather, and other inconveniences to combat, without making things worse by bad food." "Money shall not be lacking," he adds. "Let me know if you have received the 160,000 francs asked for. The 50,000 francs which you still request shall also be paid. All measures shall be taken to prevent any delay in the operations."[1]

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[1] These figures are based on Desbrière, Vol. III, pp. 98–105.

A letter he had written to Berthier, the Minister of War, two days previously, is particularly interesting because it shows the high state of efficiency he required of every soldier of France:—

> "As to the instruction of the gunners, General Sebastiani[2] . . . . must direct the practice of the four batteries every day, selecting some spot on the sea and there placing a white mark or other signal. If he himself is not sufficiently familiar with artillery practice he must take with him a captain residing at Havre, who will accompany him everywhere, and so the gunners will be well instructed. The 300

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[1] Dated September 30th, 1803. *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 7144, Vol. IX, p. 10.

[2] Sebastiani had previously been sent by Napoleon to inspect the condition of Turkey and the Levant. See *ante*, Vol. I, p. 277.

hussars whom he has with him can also serve the horse artillery batteries. They can rapidly be converted into horse artillery men, and General Sebastiani should see to this formation of the new service. He should take care that there are infantry cartridges for all the batteries, and that the hussars are always supplied with these so as to be able to protect with their carbines any forts that are disabled. He must remind the Hussars that *a French soldier ought to be at one and the same time a horseman, a foot-soldier, and an artilleryman;* that he must be competent to do everything. General Sebastiani should repair with all haste to the points that the enemy would attack, to encourage the inhabitants, and to use all needed means."[1]

The First Consul studied the tides and winds, endeavouring by this means to calculate how long it would take the flotilla to reach England, but he failed to arrive at a definite conclusion, the time varying from six hours to three days. He did not blind himself to the fact that the experiment was a risky one, and he discerned that if the enemy's vessels were to come up with his own, a conflict in which many lives and ships would be lost must certainly ensue. The soldiers were therefore taught to board a ship in case such a contingency should occur. A hand-to-hand conflict would decide the issue, provided the little boats were not swept clear by British broadsides.

Admiral Decrès drew the attention of Bonaparte to this matter, but his chief had already made allowance for such an eventuality. "By sacrificing one hundred gunboats and ten thousand men," said the naval officer, "it is not impossible that we may repel the assault of the enemy's squadron and close the Straits." "One loses that number in battle every day," the First Consul replied in his cold, calculating way. "And what battle ever promised the results which a landing in England authorizes us to hope for?"

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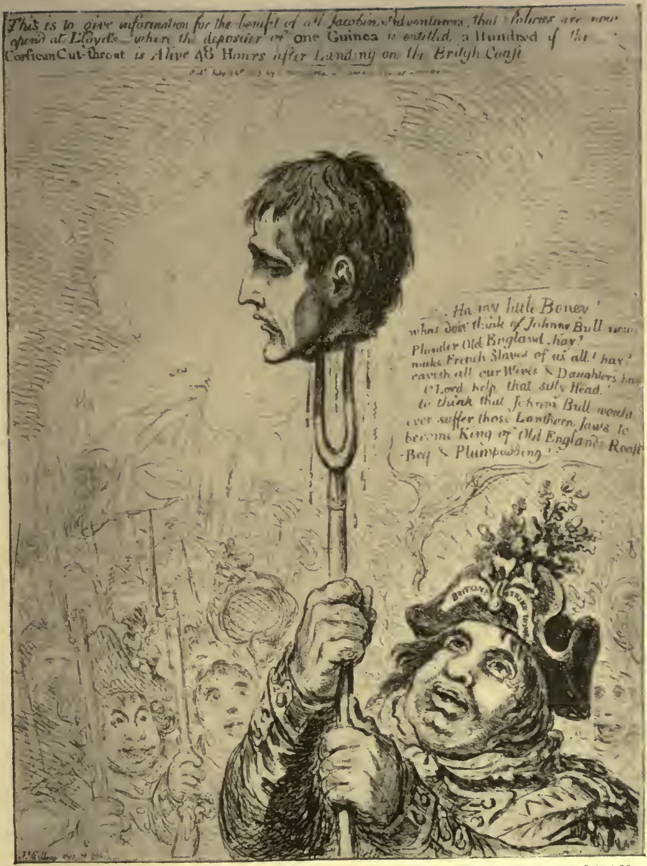
[1] Dated September 28th, 1803. *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 7137, Vol. IX, p. 5.

Anxious to win the approval of his exacting master, Bruix published the following proclamation at Boulogne. It bears the date July 30th, 1803, and is written in the style so much affected by Bonaparte himself. The Admiral calculated upon rousing the dormant powers of the laggards by his dramatic epistle, as well as encouraging those who had already entered heart and soul into the project:—

"The First Consul, when he signified to me your destination, honoured me with the title of your Admiral. He sends me to you to conduct your exertions in the career of glory, which his genius has prepared for you. What man, at this distinguished proof of the confidence of a hero, would not be raised above himself? Who would doubt of his own powers? Brave seamen! the choice of Bonaparte renders me worthy to march at your head. Your zeal and your bravery are pledges to me that we shall fulfil his expectations. Already you hear the cry of vengeance. Our towns and districts bring in their voluntary gifts in multitudes. All Frenchmen are ready to march to punish a Government which is an enemy of the peace of the world; and especially an enemy to the glory and welfare of our country. You are first called to this great enterprise. To you your country first commits the care of satisfying her just vengeance. Be assured that you will fulfil your noble destiny. Recollect that the victory begins in your docks, and in your navy and military exercises. Let those ships which insolently cruise along our shores, at sight of your labours, return and say to their Government, 'A fearful day is preparing; the winds of the sea, again favourable to the Conqueror of Egypt, may in a


This is to give information for the benefit of all Jacobin Adventurers, that Policies are now open'd at Lloyd's — where the depositer of one Guinea is entitled a Hundred if the Corsican Cut-throat is Alive 48 Hours after Landing on the British Coast
Ha my little Boney! what do'st think of Johnny Bull now? Plunder Old England, hay? make French Slaves of us all! hay? ravish all our Wives & Daughters hay? O Lord help that silly Head! to think that Johnny Bull would ever suffer those Lanthorn Jaws to become King of Old England Roast-Beef & Plumpudding!
BRITONS STRIKE HOME
J^s Gillray

THE PROBABLE END OF THE INVASION ACCORDING TO GILLRAY.
JULY 26, 1803

few hours bring him to our coasts, and with him the innumerable companions of his glory.' To hasten this result, it is my first duty to establish a severe discipline in the national flotilla. Subordination will regulate your efforts; that can alone add to the activity of your labours. Sailors, we are on the scene of action! To lose a moment would be criminal cowardice! Redouble, therefore, your zeal; multiply your services; and the nation which oppresses the seas will be conquered by terror, before it experiences the fate of arms, and sinks beneath the blows of our heroes.

"BRUIX."

In printing the above, under the heading of "Foreign Intelligence," the editor of the *European Magazine* makes some pertinent comments which must have been particularly pleasing to his subscribers at the time. He says:—

"The more the First Consul and his agents rage and storm, the more decisive proof they afford of their *impotence*. The Manifesto of Admiral Bruix is, in our mind, a proclamation of British security. While he treats us with a shower of words, our brave seamen are treating him with a shower of balls. His thunders may be as loud, but they are more innocent. The French themselves must feel their degradation, when their Admiral-in-Chief is announced as commanding *boats*, instead of *ships-of-the-line;* a flotilla, instead of a navy. We can assure him that he will be more happy in his effort to excite *ridicule* than to inspire *terror*. We know not where the First Consul has ever seen the terror of Englishmen. Perhaps at Acre—Perhaps at the Nile! Perhaps Menou can tell him how they were panic-struck at Alexandria—at Cairo! Perhaps he has lately heard of it from *Boulogne* and *Dieppe*. We can tell him, the only fear that Englishmen experience, is the *fear that he will not venture out of port*."[1]

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[1] *European Magazine*, September, 1803, p. 235.

About this time the First Consul organized a corps of *Guides-Interprètes*, consisting of 117 men who wrote and spoke the English language. Not a few of them had lived in England, and Irishmen were specially welcome. It was conjectured that they would be of the utmost value when the enemy's shore was reached. Shortly afterwards a marine guard was formed of soldiers who had distinguished themselves in former campaigns. These veterans were to form the crew of the vessel on which Bonaparte would embark. Lannes,[1] the hero of a hundred fights, was to have the honour of first putting foot on English soil.

Bonaparte was now wearying of the delays and mistakes which were continually reported to him, and a small château in a village called Pont-de-Briques, just outside Boulogne, was rented by his orders.[2] He wished to have a house in which to work and reside whenever it was possible for him to leave Paris. "The Little Corporal" was not unaware of the personal magnetism which he exercised on those about him, and he felt that flying visits to the scene of operations would be highly beneficial to all concerned, from conscript to general. This château he made his head-quarters, several members of his staff residing with him. Pont-de-Briques was about half a league from Boulogne, and setting out in his carriage or on his horse, he frequently put in an appearance at the port. In the evening he would return, usually accompanied by several men who played important parts in the project. When the ministers in Paris wished to communicate with him personally, they were obliged to make the tedious journey of one hundred and fifty-seven miles between the two places. He also had a wooden hut erected on the Tour d'Odre so that he might have a bird's-eye view of the town. Standing at the door of his abode, he watched the movements of the British ships which guarded the Channel. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, they would fire in the hope of damaging a batch of boats as they stealthily made their way to the point of concentration, hugging the shore as much as they dared, occasionally grounding in their efforts to escape. With the aid of a telescope Bonaparte could discern the white cliffs of Albion, which were in very truth "so near and yet so far." While that squadron appeared on the horizon there was little hope of embarking the troops and horses on board the flotilla and making a start, but if he could only succeed in decoying the most important divisions of the enemy's fleet by making them chase one or more of the French squadrons, the matter might be very different. The time for such a movement was speedily drawing near.

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[1] Jean Lannes, Marshal in 1804, and created Duke of Montebello in 1808. He was mortally wounded at Aspern, May 22nd, 1809, and died on the 31st of that month.

[2] This château is still in existence, and is used as an orphanage. The main parts of the building, including the privy apartments of the Emperor, have undergone no alterations.—Communicated by M. H. Hiance, Town Archivist of Boulogne.

No sooner had he taken up his residence on the Tour d'Odre than Admiral Bruix was expected to do the same. A lean-to close to Bonaparte's hut was hastily constructed, and the officer took up his quarters there. Worn out by over-exertion, exposed continually to inclement weather, walking, riding, or driving from one part of the camp to another, the "Admiral of the Flotilla destined to carry War to England" was wearing himself to death. But the ruler of France required ceaseless vigilance in all associated with him, and so it often happened that the two sat poring over documents and maps from sunset till dawn. As Decrès well said, "The First Consul requires so much activity, and what an extraordinary example he sets of it himself!"[1] A tiny house on a bleak cliff is not inviting at the best of times, and when winter approached it is not to be wondered at that Bruix felt the loss of ordinary comforts to no little extent. Decrès and Soult were also accommodated in wooden residences within a stone's-throw of the others.

A number of large guns with long range, and capable of hurling explosive shells, were fixed on the Tour d'Odre. The glass in the windows of the First Consul's *baraque* was frequently broken, and the shock and noise made by the firing brought blood to the ears of the unfortunate fellows whose duty it was to work these death-dealing batteries, which were the heaviest on the coast.

The autumn of 1803 had set in, and the soldiers were anxious for a start to be made. By constant practice on board the gunboats and pinnaces they had become expert sailors and rowers. The "Instructions for the Crews of Pinnaces," issued under Bonaparte's auspices, occupied seven printed pages, and dealt exhaustively with the art. His despatches teem with references to his personal work. "I spent part of last night in making the troops perform night evolutions, a manœuvre which well-trained and well-disciplined troops may sometimes employ with advantage against levies *en masse*," he writes to Cambacérès on the 9th November, 1803.[2] Mounted on his horse, he frequently rode along the sands from point to point in fair weather and foul. "I have passed these three

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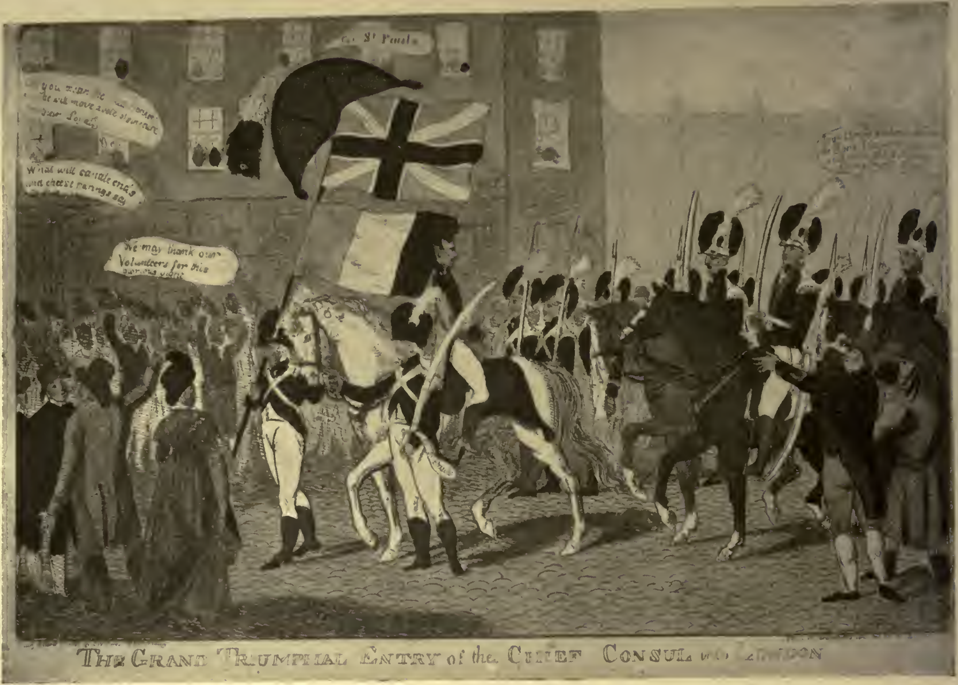
[1] Dated 7th January, 1804. Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*," Vol. I, p. 573 (ed. 1845).

[2] Thiers, Vol. III, p. 79 (ed. 1893-4).


St Pauls
We may thank our Volunteers for this
The Grand Triumphal Entry of the Chief Consul into London

BONAPARTE A PRISONER IN LONDON. OCTOBER, 1803

days amidst the camp and the port. From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen the coast of England, as one sees the Calvary from the Tuileries. One could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try."[1] The First Consul's latest campaign had become more popular than ever with the soldiers and the people. The clergy did their utmost to stir up the feeling and patriotism of the Church militant. "Choose men of good courage," wrote the Bishop of Arras, "and go forth to fight Amalek."[2] The excitement even spread to the Jewish portion of the population, the Chief Rabbi giving instructions that prayers for the success of the Army of Invasion should be said for forty days.

As soon as Bonaparte had discerned that it was impossible to concentrate the whole of his armada at Boulogne, notwithstanding the enlargement of that port, he decided that several smaller harbours should be used for the little boats. Wimereux and Ambleteuse, some five miles north of Boulogne, were therefore made over to the engineers under M. Sganzin. Étaples, twelve miles distant, was not forgotten, and the three ports together eventually contained no fewer than seven hundred vessels. Each one became a miniature Boulogne, and Dieppe, Havre, St. Valery, Caen, Gravelines, Dunkirk, Calais, and Ostend were filled with shipping. The two latter, with the Dunkirk flotilla, were to provide a reserve. This scheme was afterwards abandoned, and the ships helped to swell the continually growing number of gun-brigs and transports at Boulogne, Wimereux, Ambleteuse, and Étaples.

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[1] 16th November, 1803. *Ibid.*, p. 80.

[2] *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat* (London, 1880), Vol. I, p. 159.

Holland, although a Republic in name, was scarcely more than a province of France. The work on the flotilla which was being built at Flushing and Ostend did not proceed with the celerity desired by the First Consul. On September 28th we find him writing from Paris to General Berthier complaining that General Davoust reports to him that the commander of the artillery division of the *corps d'armée* has not yet appeared. Says Bonaparte:—

> "I cannot conceive whence this negligence arises: owing to which the artillery is in the greatest disorder. Six pieces of 36 have arrived from Luxembourg, but without carriages or ammunition; you yourself have ordered the latter to be made at Bruges where are neither workmen nor an arsenal. These pieces of 36 will therefore be useless. . . . The mortars which have been sent from Strasbourg to Ostend will only carry 21 lbs. of powder. I am told they are of the worst possible manufacture. The artillery at Ostend has no fuses for shells, indeed is without every needful accessory. Ten mortars have been sent to Ostend, but the carriages which accompany them do not fit and are much too light; consequently they are rendered useless."[1]

At this period he was exacting the utmost amount of work from himself and his secretaries, and it is evident that he was concentrating the whole force of his master mind on this gigantic effort. He demanded precise information on every detail connected with the flotilla. The letter quoted above shows in no mean manner that he required the highest state of efficiency in his generals, and that he would allow no instance of mismanagement to pass unnoticed.

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[1] Dated 28th September, 1803. *Correspondance de Napoléon.* Letter No. 7138, Vol. IX, p. 6.

"Get your information so that when you do answer me, there shall be no 'buts,' no 'ifs,' and no 'becauses,'" was the exacting rule laid down for the guidance of correspondents. The First Consul followed it himself in cabinet and camp. He had no precious minutes to squander in pandering to the insipid conventionalities of society, and he seldom did so unless it was to serve his own ends. After the field of battle his favourite place was the study, and it is absolutely impossible to assume that he could have achieved what he did had he not spent practically the whole of the day and frequently the greater part of the night in plotting and planning, scheming and thinking.

Bonaparte could not keep his fierce energy under restraint, for fogs often covered the Channel at this time of the year, and would afford him an opportunity of crossing to England. He urged zeal in everybody connected with the project. Even the ordinary soldiers received encouragement from him, for he made minute personal investigations, stopping at every place where work was in progress, and speaking to the men in those piquant sentences which thrilled his hearers whenever they were uttered. A born actor, he gave sufficient of the dramatic touch to his speeches, letters, and actions, without betraying too obvious an appearance of striving after effect.

As an instance of the true Napoleonic "touch," the following, taken from the *Moniteur*, is a very good example:—

"BOULOGNE, 18 *Brumaire, an XII*
[10*th November*, 1803].

"On Tuesday last, the First Consul reviewed the army and put it through several manœuvres. . . .

"It has been remarked, as a happy omen, that in digging the ground for the First Consul's camp, a battle axe was found, which belonged to the Roman Army which invaded England. In pitching the First Consul's tent also, at Ambleteuse, medals of William the Conqueror were found. It will be admitted that these coincidences are at least extraordinary; but they will appear much more singular if we recollect that GENERAL BONAPARTE on visiting the ruins of Pelusium in Egypt, found an engraved head of Julius Cæsar."

Work on the enlargement and deepening of the harbour at Boulogne had been deferred, but now began in earnest. Bonaparte was in feverish haste to provide sufficient accommodation for the flotilla. While one battalion of soldiers was excavating, another was carting the refuse away, and a third unloading stone for the strengthening of the banks, sawing timber, or driving piles for the quays, but the task was of such magnitude that progress was both slow and discouraging. A man less resolute than the First Consul would not have proceeded with the undertaking, but he had yet to meet any obstacle, either human or material, which could bar his way. With an extraordinary tenacity of purpose he ordered the enlargement of the harbours of Étaples, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse in his frantic effort to provide sufficient anchorage for his miniature fleets.

The already complex scheme became daily more complex. Not until the extreme difficulty of concentrating the scattered units of the flotilla at these ports was so obvious that it could not be evaded did he come to the conclusion that little could be expected from it unless the regular navy was also used. Ganteaume, the Maritime

Prefect at Toulon,[1] early realized the futility of the undertaking on its present basis, but both Forfait and Admiral Verhuell, who was in command of the Batavian section and the most able man in the Dutch service, held the opposite view, and were in favour of the boats fighting their way across the Channel. If only Bonaparte could gain temporary command of the sea! This was the biggest "if only" of his life, and he straightway set to work to remove it. The germ of the idea—a daring combination of fleets by means of which he hoped not only to out-manœuvre Nelson and evade his colleagues, but to cover the passage of the flotilla also—was gradually growing in his fertile brain; soon the time would come for him to make it known to the persons who would be responsible for carrying it out.

A long series of defeats sustained at the hands of

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[1] The following hitherto unpublished letter from the Minister of Marine to Ganteaume announcing that the First Consul had appointed the latter to the important post of Maritime Prefect at Toulon, is of special interest. It is from Mr. Broadley's collection of Napoleonic MSS., and was purchased in Paris, November, 1906:—

"PARIS, 5 *Thermidor*, *An XI* [24*th July*, 1803].

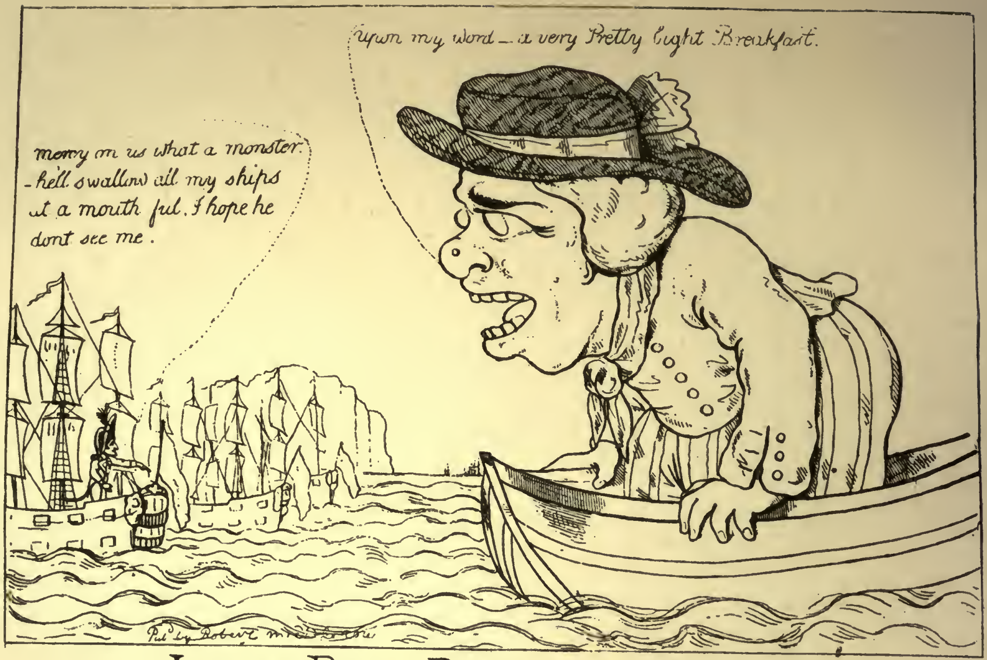
"The Minister of the Marine and Colonies to
Rear-Admiral Ganteaume at Aubagne.

"I inform you with the greatest pleasure Citizen General, that the First Consul has nominated you Maritime Prefect of the sixth *arrondissement*. This proof of confidence is the more flattering to you because you owe it to your excellent services, to your long experience, to your energy of character, and to your devotion to the Republic. The First Consul does not ignore the fact that after the arduous campaigns which you have undergone during the last war you have need of some rest; but he expects on your part a fresh proof of your zeal, and in appointing you to an administrative post he wishes to afford you an opportunity of being useful to the Government under conditions which will allow of your restoration to health. I beg you Citizen General to proceed to Toulon as quickly as possible to take charge of the Prefecture.

"I salute you.

"DECRÈS."

British admirals had left the French navy lamentably weak in both vessels and seamen. At the outbreak of war in May, 1803, the First Consul found that the naval force at his disposal was hopelessly inadequate to the situation. There were only five line-of-battle ships and ten frigates ready for sea in French ports, and the fleets in being totalled but twenty-three men-of-war, twenty-seven frigates, thirty-three corvettes, and twenty-four gun-boats, advice-boats, brigs, etc.; in all, 107 craft, to which may be added some forty transports scattered round the coasts. Bonaparte's finest vessels were thousands of miles away, either at or about to leave St. Domingo, Martinique, French Guiana, Senegal, and the Indian Ocean. They ran the grave risk of being captured or destroyed by any British squadron which might make its appearance at an inopportune moment. With a single exception the nine vessels ordered to leave the West Indies for France made a safe voyage, for two reached Rochefort, five put in at Coruña, and another at Cadiz. Such an escape from the hands of the enemy was looked upon as a happy omen. In addition to the three ships in the roads at Brest, four three-deckers, sixteen 74-gun ships, and four frigates were either under repair or dismantled in the harbour. A number of new vessels were on the stocks and would help to swell Bonaparte's disposable forces in the course of a few months, and he gave explicit directions that an *Escadre du Nord* of ten vessels should be proceeded with at once in the yards at Flushing, Ostend, Nantes, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. As to the Batavian navy of sixteen line-of-battle ships, six only were of modern construction, and had neither ammunition nor stores on board, six were in India or on the high seas, and the remaining



upon my word — a very Pretty light Breakfast.
mercy on us what a monster
- he'll swallow all my ships
at a mouth ful. I hope he
dont see me.
Pubd by Robert

IOHN BULL PEEPING into BREST 1803.

THE BRITISH FLEET BLOCKADES THE FRENCH COAST. 1803

four required urgent repairs. Out of twelve frigates two only were available, three were building, and seven were in the colonies. Not until Midsummer, 1803, was Bonaparte able to get together anything like an efficient navy in French ports, by which time he had thirty-two sail-of-the-line and twenty-six frigates.[1]

At Brest, the most important western naval station, the three ships under the command of Rear-Admiral Dordelin were of little immediate use, for each had at least 100 sailors short of their full complement. Dordelin was told that he must not allow the port to be blockaded by inferior forces—a remote contingency, seeing that Cornwallis had more than three times the number of vessels at his disposal. The Rear-Admiral's trio were to make frequent cruises, the sailors were to be exercised, and protection afforded to vessels making for the harbour, but on no account was he to engage the enemy. It is not a matter for astonishment that Dordelin replied that his outings would be "much too dangerous."[2]

The British Admiralty had immediately commissioned an adequate number of men-of-war to hold the actual and potential French fleets in check. In May, 1803, there were no fewer than fifty-two sail-of-the-line in service,[3] a force augmented from time to time as necessity arose. So great was England's superiority at sea that at Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, Rochefort, and Brest she "had about twenty-eight per cent more sail-of-the-line, about thirty per cent more frigates, but 600 per cent more of small vessels,"[4] than the enemy. Bonaparte, always inclined to underrate his opponent's strength in maritime warfare, and to exaggerate his own, immediately wanted to make use of the navy. As early as August, 1803, his thoughts were directed towards Ireland, and Decrès was told to offer to the agents of the United Irishmen then in Paris 25,000 men and 40,000 muskets, with artillery and ammunition, provided that 20,000 of their countrymen joined the French army on its landing. The First Consul was also willing that peace should only be concluded with England on condition of Irish independence.[1] The expedition was to be a diversion only, and could not be undertaken before the autumn or winter of 1803. Emmet's desperate attempt at revolution[2] was ill-timed and a failure, and Bonaparte thought so little of the men who continually endeavoured to persuade him to succour their country that he refused to see any of them personally. "They were divided in opinion and constantly quarrelled amongst themselves."[3] Twenty vessels were to be got ready at Brest by November 22nd, but by that date only eight sail-of-the-line, four frigates, and four corvettes were in the roads, under Admiral Truguet, who had superseded Dordelin. At the end of October the First Consul decided that the Brest and Rochefort squadrons should be united, and everything was to be completed by January 22nd, 1804. Berthier was to make it known to the Irish leaders that "the General in command of the expedition will be furnished with sealed orders, by which I shall declare that I shall not make peace with England until the independence of Ireland be recognized."[1] From its very inception the expedition was doomed. The French squadrons were too closely watched by "the ravening wolves of the sea," to use Bonaparte's own expressive term for British seamen, and the Irish Legion in France, who were to constitute the major part of the army of invasion, consisted of but forty-nine officers and thirteen soldiers. On December 2nd, 1803, the First Consul issued peremptory orders for sixteen sail-of-the-line and six frigates to be ready at Toulon by the middle of the following month. Even had it been possible with the scanty means at his disposal to fit out these vessels, the acknowledged superiority of the blockading squadrons made a serious attempt at invasion, if not actually impossible, at least exceedingly hazardous. Bonaparte's navy was as weak as his army was strong; it was now his task to bring the former to the same standard of excellence as the latter. All the ship-carpenters and boat-builders from the age of fifteen to sixty were requisitioned, and boatswains of the navy were placed over them. The whole country became an arsenal, and on moonlight nights the men continued to hammer and saw while the blast from the foundries threw a lurid light about the yards. Activity reigned, ceaseless, relentless, and untiring.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, pp. 36–41.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 43.

[3] *The Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. IX, p. 210.

[4] *Essays on Naval Defence*, by Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, p. 132.

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[1] To Rear-Admiral Decrès. Sedan, 8th August, 1803. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 25.

[2] See letter from C. J. Fox, *ante*, p. 43, and footnote p. 44.

[3] *Napoléon's Correspondance*, Vol. XXXII, p. 328.

The chief interest of the arduous naval campaign on which the First Consul was so soon to enter centres upon the personalities of the admirals who conducted it. Those who fought and won for Great Britain are dealt with in a later chapter, but at this stage it is well to deal with their French contemporaries, La Touche Tréville, Ganteaume, and Villeneuve. La Touche Tréville was appointed

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[1] 13th January, 1804.

Commander-in-Chief of the Toulon fleet on the 30th December, 1803. He was unquestionably one of the ablest and most daring commanders of his generation. Born in 1745, he saw action for the first time at the early age of twelve. After a short period of military service, he returned to the navy and never left it again, his life being spent chiefly in colonial and other expeditions. In 1780–2 this officer served with distinction in North American waters, but on the signing of peace in 1783 he returned to France and gave his attention to politics, his activity being crowned by a seat in the States-General of 1789. In 1792 he was promoted to Rear-Admiral, and led expeditions to Cagliari, Nice, and Naples, exacting from the latter court a tardy apology for a slight put upon the French Ambassador. Disgrace and imprisonment followed in 1793–4, but with the advent of the Consulate he was restored to his rank and position, and entrusted with the command of the Brest Squadron. At the end of 1801, after serving as naval commander at Boulogne, as we have already seen, he set sail for the West Indies, where he captured Port-au-Prince, and managed his ships with the utmost ability in the face of great odds. La Touche Tréville returned to France in 1803, and was shortly afterwards given the important post mentioned above.[1]

Honoré Joseph Antoine Ganteaume, the Maritime Prefect at Toulon, and who was to supersede Truguet at Brest in May, 1804, had also seen much active service. He came of naval stock, and when scarcely more than a boy sailed in a merchant vessel of which his father was captain. At twenty-two he had seven voyages to his credit, five in the Levant and two in the West Indies. When the

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[1] Hoefer's *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, Vol. XXIX, p. 815.

American War was waging he took part in the last fights sustained by the frigates *Surveillante* and *Apollon*. During the peace Ganteaume sailed in one of the East India Company's ships, and reached Suez *via* the Red Sea. When war broke out in 1793 he returned to the French navy as lieutenant. The following year saw him in command of the 78-gun ship *Trente-et-Mai*, and under Villaret-Joyeuse he took part in the great engagement of June 1st, 1794, in which he received three wounds. Ganteaume's chief sphere of activity after this was the Mediterranean, where, at the request of Bonaparte, he was appointed to the command of the naval forces off the Egyptian coasts, and was present at Jaffa and Acre, Gaza and the Nile. In 1799 he brought back the future Emperor from the Land of the Pyramids, but two years later he signally failed to relieve the French army there. In 1802 Ganteaume was successful in reinforcing St. Domingo, and he seems to have curried a certain amount of favour with his exacting master.[1]

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[1] "*Personal.*

"[Stamp, Minister of the Marine.] To General
Ganteaume, Prefect Maritime of the 6th
Arrondissement at Toulon.

"No date [*August*, 1803].

"The First Consul has received your letter and will probably reply to it, for I believe he is extremely pleased with you. I was yesterday with him from one end of Paris to the other. He spoke of you during our peregrinations in the most flattering manner, he even made certain comparisons, and the pretensions of certain people would have been considerably shaken if they had heard him. Put quickly two other vessels on the stocks. Press on the increase of the squadron. He has a grand object in view. You shall know it. I embrace you and your wife, Tabelle, as well.

"DECRÈS.

"Villeneuve is called to the command of the Rochefort Squadron by the immediate will of the Hero. Your Captain Martin has come to me to cry misery. You told me he was a smart fellow. He certainly is able to disguise that fact. Madame B.P. informed me that you had strongly recommended him."[2]

[2] Mr. Broadley's collection of Napoleonic MSS.

Vice-Admiral Pierre Charles Jean Baptiste Silvestre de Villeneuve, who was to bear the brunt of the actual fighting when the British and Allied fleets met at Trafalgar, lacked initiative rather than personal bravery. Born on the last day of the year 1763, he went to sea at an early age, and like the commanders of the Brest and Toulon squadrons, took part in the American War, when he became acquainted with Decrès, who, at a later period, shielded his friend from Napoleon's charge of incompetence. Villeneuve became Rear-Admiral in 1796, but adverse circumstances prevented him from taking part in the expedition to Ireland, which was then about to sail, and he and his ships were left behind.[1] He went with the conqueror of Italy to Egypt, however, and commanded the French rear at the battle of the Nile. Far from distinguishing himself on this occasion, he made no attempt to come to the aid of Brueys, and thinking only of his own skin, beat an ignominious retreat. In the words of Captain Mahan, he "culpably failed."[2] In August, 1803, Villeneuve was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Rochefort,[3] and twelve months later succeeded the far more able La Touche Tréville at Toulon.[4]

The same year that had seen the downfall of Holland had also witnessed the signature of an offensive and defensive alliance between France and Spain. By a secret article in the Treaty of St. Ildefonso, signed on August 19th, 1796, it was agreed that if either ally were attacked the other should come to her assistance within three months. By the terms of this understanding Spain made herself responsible for the supply of a minimum of 18,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and artillery in proportion. A call was also to be made in the event of war upon the resources of the Spanish navy to the extent of fifteen sail-of-the-line, six frigates, and four corvettes, manned for one year and provisioned for six months. Added to these conditions was a clause with reference to commerce. The Prince of the Peace, the power behind the throne, showed a tendency to temporize. An armed threat in the nature of a camp of 40,000 French soldiers at Bayonne probably did more to make him "reasonable" than all the efforts of Beurnonville, the Ambassador at Madrid, skilful diplomatist though he was. Truth to tell, the state of the Spanish armaments, both military and naval, was worse than bad; it was disgraceful. There was scarcely a vessel that did not need repair, the arsenals were empty, and the number of men in the two services was considerably below normal strength. On paper the army stood at 130,600 men, but the actual force was between 60,000 and 70,000 men, including troops on duty in the colonies. Obviously the First Consul could not make a demand upon such scanty resources with any good results. So Spain was to pose as a neutral, to serve two masters; but such double-dealing did not last for long.

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[1] See *ante*, Vol I, p. 9.

[2] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution*, Vol. I, p. 272.

[3] Desbrière, Vol. III, p. 576.

[4] We are told by the author of *Seadrift* (p. 253) that Villeneuve was "a tallish, thin man, a very tranquil, placid, English-looking Frenchman." When he surrendered at Trafalgar "he wore a long-tailed uniform coat, high and flat collar, corduroy pantaloons of a greenish colour, with stripes two inches wide, half-boots with sharp toes, and a watch-chain with long gold links." The Admiral died at Rennes in April, 1806. He was found dead in bed with several stabs in his chest. Foul play was suspected, but the facts of the case point rather to suicide.

A movement of Spanish troops to Valladolid and Burgos disturbed the hitherto unruffled temper of Bonaparte, who ordered Beurnonville to leave the country unless satisfaction was given. The First Consul had now abandoned the idea of making use of the Spanish navy for the present, and would take nothing but cash for her withdrawal from actual participation in hostilities. The price of her "fettered freedom" was 6,000,000 francs per month, dating from the beginning of hostilities.

In the Spanish ports of Cadiz and Coruña six French sail-of-the-line, two frigates, a brig, and a corvette, all under the orders of Rear-Admiral Bedout, had taken refuge. Not only had the town authorities refused to render assistance to the half-starved crews of these vessels, but the Governor of Algeciras had allowed the enemy to capture two French vessels without so much as firing a gun from the batteries. Eventually King Charles, seeing that Bonaparte was not to be trifled with, signified his assent to a secret treaty[1] which stipulated that the Governors of Cadiz and Algeciras were to be dismissed, and the King of Spain undertook to see to the safety of all French ships then in Spanish ports, or any that might put in later. He also guaranteed to repair such vessels, provision them, or render any assistance necessary, the cost of which would be defrayed by the French Government. A third of the Spanish subsidy was to be kept back in payment or part payment of any disbursement made by that country on behalf of French vessels, and towards compensation after the cessation of hostilities. Furthermore, Spain in her anxiety to prevent the violation of her territory consequent upon any Franco-Portuguese conflict, undertook to make the sister kingdom provide a subsidy of 1,000,000 francs a month to the Republic. Article 6 of this treaty

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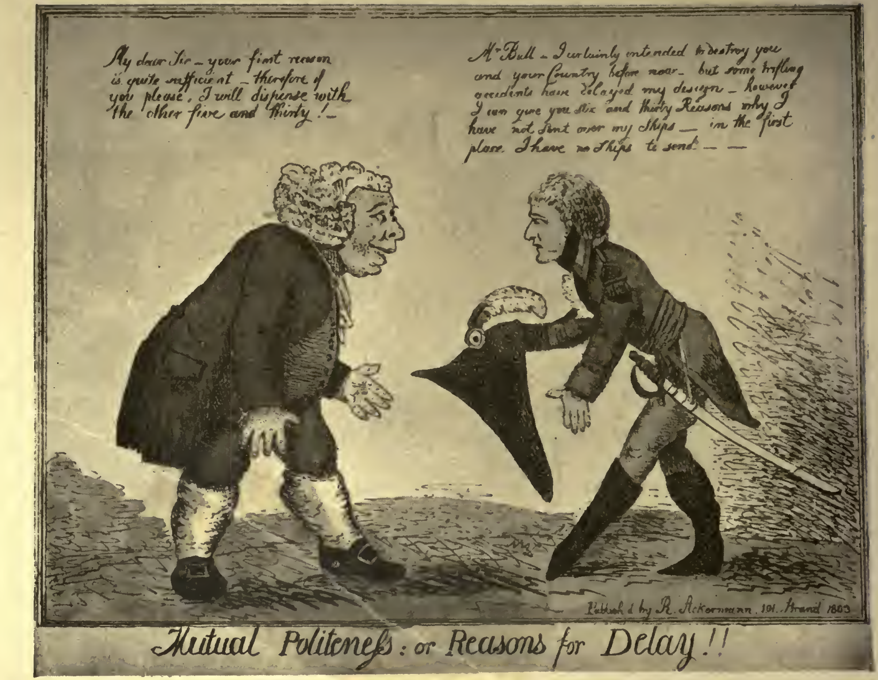
[1] Dated Paris, 19th October, 1803.


My dear Sir – your first reason is quite sufficient – therefore if you please, I will dispense with the other five and thirty !–
Mr Bull – I certainly intended to destroy you and your Country before now – but some trifling accidents have delayed my design – however I can give you six and thirty Reasons why I have not sent over my Ships — in the first place I have no Ships to send — —
Publish'd by R. Ackermann. 101. Strand 1803
Mutual Politeness: or Reasons for Delay!!

THE INVASION DELAYED, 1803

provided that "France will recognize the neutrality of Spain, and promises not to oppose any of the measures of neutrality which may be taken." A remaining article was inserted with a view to fostering commerce, and allowed cloths and other French manufactures to be sent to Portugal without duty.

The expense of maintaining the French army of nearly half a million men was alone enormous, but to this had to be added the pay of the mechanics and other labourers engaged in preparing the flotilla. Spain's subsidy helped to replenish the war chest of the Republic, as did that of Portugal later. But men were wanted even more than money, and Genoa was to be called upon to furnish 6000 sailors. Switzerland was to supply half her army, and nearly the whole of it if France was attacked. The modern Alexander was steadily and surely getting his grip on Europe, and then he would close her doors and shut out Great Britain's commerce. He would conquer the sea by the land if he could not achieve his object in any other way.

After Bonaparte had gone carefully through the mass of detailed information which, in accordance with his desire, had been sent to him from the various commanders, he found that it would be quite impossible to invade England for some months to come. Many of the vessels which had been put on the stocks at the time of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens were still incomplete. The Batavian flotilla, as well as the Brest and the Texel squadrons, were specially backward, and as the navy was now to play an important part in the *modus operandi*, delay was inevitable.

At the beginning of November, 1803, only one *prame*, four sloops, eighty-six *bateaux* of various kinds, and seven *caïques* were at Boulogne, fifty-seven were on the way, and thirty-five at other ports—a grand total of 190, to which must be added 416 vessels acquired by purchase. Either on the stocks or ordered were 2453 boats of various kinds.[1] The Head of the Army was again at the sea-shore, and spent the whole of one day superintending the internal arrangements of a gun-sloop and a gunboat. "Everything is beginning to take a satisfactory turn," to use his own words, but the above figures as regards concentration at the chief port of departure do not seem to justify the statement. He asks for Ganteaume's opinion as to the practicability of the flotilla. "Do you believe it will carry us to the shores of England? It is capable of transporting 100,000 men. Eight hours of a night favourable to us will decide the fate of the universe."[2]

Although we find the First Consul writing in the early days of 1804 that "the season is advancing; whatever does not reach Boulogne in the course of January can be of no use to us,"[3] the projected invasion was postponed. No amount of persuasion could possibly complete the organization in so short a time. Bonaparte was bitterly disappointed, for he had even chosen the boat, *Le Prince de Galles,* in which he intended to cross the Channel personally, and 100,000 troops were massed on the coasts; but State duties at once important and urgent precluded his giving quite so much personal attention at the camp as formerly. The work, however, continued with great activity, but the misfortunes which frequently happened to detachments of the flotilla when at sea, and the confusion which arose owing to the multiplicity of orders, forces the First Consul to admit that, if it continues, "We shall no longer know where we are!"[1]

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. III, pp. 236–237.

[2] Bonaparte to Ganteaume, Paris, 23rd November, 1803. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 39. "It is absurd," says Dumouriez, "to suppose that a flotilla of from 1200 to 1500 small boats could cross the Channel in perfect order even in calm weather and never break its formation; but even if it did, then on the English coast it would have to fight another flotilla of rowing boats, backed up by block-ships, land batteries, and troops: disorder would ensue, and the vessels and frigates would catch the invading flotilla in the rear and smash it between two fires against the coast it was seeking to land on."—Dumouriez MS., p. 5.

[3] Bonaparte to Citizen Daugier, 12th January, 1804. Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*, Vol. III, p. 81.

Bonaparte, the young Corsican democrat of a dozen years before, was now within sight of the crown of Charlemagne.

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[1] Bonaparte to Decrès, Paris. 6th February, 1804. *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 7528, Vol. IX, p. 239.

CHAPTER XV

FURTHER BRITISH PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE, 1803 AND 1804

"All men of sense in England confessed that England had never been so near her ruin."—NAPOLEON.

MANY contemporary writers, statesmen, poets, and humorists amongst them, have left interesting accounts of the social condition of England in the warlike days of 1803 and the two succeeding years, when the name of the "Corsican Ogre" was on every one's lips, and false alarms of his arrival an everyday occurrence. One of these authorities lived far into the "seventies" of the last century, forming as it were a living link between the alarm excited by Bonaparte and that occasioned more than fifty years later by Napoleon *le Petit.* George Cruikshank witnessed the marching and counter-marching of the volunteers of the Great Terror. He lived to be one of the pioneers of the national defence movement of 1859–60. He has bequeathed to us a delightful glimpse of those stirring times when "Good King George" was ready to take the field against the foe, of whom the three Cruikshanks made so many ludicrous portraits.

"Every town," writes George Cruikshank,[1] "was, in fact, a sort of garrison—in one place you might hear the 'tattoo' of some youth learning to beat the drum, at another place some march or national air being practised upon the fife, and every morning at five o'clock the bugle horn was sounded through the streets, to call the volunteers to a two hours' drill, from six to eight, and the same again in the evening, and then you heard the pop, pop, pop, of the single musket, or the heavy sound of the volley, or distant thunder of the artillery, and then sometimes you heard the 'Park' and the 'Tower' guns firing to celebrate some advantage gained over the enemy. As soon as these volunteers were taught (by the *regulars*) how to load and fire, they were set to practise 'ball-firing,' and when these regiments were thought to be pretty well instructed in all points, they were inspected by general officers, and if the inspecting officer thought them sufficiently advanced, a day was appointed, and they were marched off to a 'grand review.' I was but a boy, a little boy, at that time, but I had a sharp, critical eye for all those military movements, and used to be much amused at the occasional blunders of the 'awkward squads'; and as I often had the opportunity of witnessing the regulars 'exercise,' I judged of and compared the evolutions of 'my father's regiment' by this standard; and I remember feeling considerable pride and pleasure when I saw the 'Loyal St. Giles's, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, Volunteers' wheel out of the old gate of 'Montague House' (then the British Museum, and the site of the present building) to march to Hyde Park to be reviewed, where they acquitted themselves in so soldier-like a manner as to gain the approbation of the reviewers, and, of course, of themselves." Cruikshank specially remarks on the excellence of the City Light Horse. "I once saw this regiment go through their exercise on a field-day on Finchley Common. A finer regiment of cavalry I never saw, nor have I ever seen regulars more perfect in the evolutions."

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[1] *A Pop-Gun fired off by George Cruikshank, in defence of the British Volunteers of 1803*, etc., p. 11.

The martial wave spread until it engulfed the whole country, children and all. Says the caricaturist: "Not only did the men in 1803 form themselves into regiments of volunteers, but the boys of that day did so likewise, and my brother . . . who was my elder by three years, formed one of these juvenile regiments, and appointed *himself* the colonel. We had our drum and fife, our 'colours' presented by our mammas and sisters, who also assisted in making our accoutrements. We also procured small 'gun stocks,' into which we fixed mop-sticks for barrels, kindly polished by 'Betty' with a tinge of black-lead, to make 'em look like *real* barrels. The boys watched their fathers 'drill'; and, 'as the old cock crows the little one learns,' so we children followed in the steps of our papas, and we were ready for inspection quite as soon as our elders, and could march in good order, to have *our* 'Field-day,' from Bloomsbury Church to the fields, where Russell and Tavistock Squares now stand."[1]

And so another trait of the nursery can be put down to heredity, and the little mobs of children who marched along the city streets and the country lanes at the time of the Boer War were only following the instinct implanted in them by their forbears of a century before.

Madame Vigée Lebrun, whose portrait of herself and her daughter is still one of the favourite pictures in the Louvre, was staying in England in 1803, and found her

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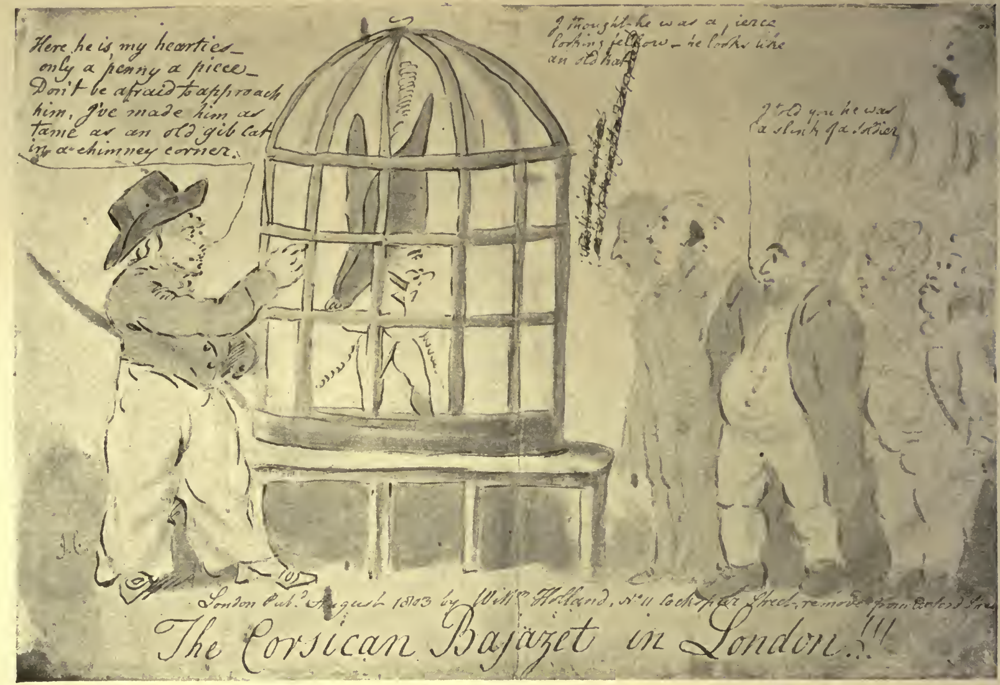
[1] *A Pop-Gun fired off by George Cruikshank, in defence of the British Volunteers of 1803*, p. 19.



Here he is my hearties_
only a penny a piece_
Don't be afraid to approach
him, I've made him as
tame as an old gib cat
in a chimney corner.
I thought he was a fierce
looking fellow _ he looks like
an old hat
I told you he was
a sham of a soldier
I.C.
London Pub.d August 1803 by Will.m Holland, No. 11 Cockspur Street, removed from Oxford Str
The Corsican Bajazet in London!!!

BONAPARTE RECEIVES A WARM WELCOME IN LONDON

From an original drawing by Isaac Cruikshank, August, 1803

visit to Brighton scarcely conducive to her peace of mind or an incentive to work. "At the time I was there," she says, "the English feared a descent by the French. The generals were perpetually reviewing the militia, who were for ever marching about with drums beating, making an infernal din."[1]

This display of patriotism was not confined to the poor and lowly. A man's social standing had nothing whatever to do with it. The squire forgot "caste" and stood shoulder to shoulder with the ploughman. Pitt, as Colonel of the Cinque Ports Volunteers,[2] drilled his troopers at Walmer Castle every day, Fox became a private in the Chertsey Volunteers, and the Duke of Clarence commanded a corps near his seat at Bushey, thereby setting a splendid example to others in high places. Even the peace-loving Addington put in an appearance at the House of Commons wearing a military uniform. In a letter written at Walmer Castle, the probable date of which is August 8th, 1803, Pitt tells Wilberforce: "We are going on here most rapidly, and in proportion to our population, most extensively, in every species of local defence, both naval and military, and trust I shall both add very much to the security of essential points on this coast, and set not a bad example to other maritime districts."[3]

The following day the recipient of the above, who knew Pitt intimately, although he often "agreed to disagree" with his friend on political matters, confesses that he is uneasy about Pitt's command. "He does not engage on equal or common terms," he says, "and his spirit will lead him to be foremost in the battle; yet, as it is his proper post, one can say nothing against it."[1]

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[1] *Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun*, p. 195.

[2] Pitt was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1791.

[3] *Private Papers of William Wilberforce*, p. 35.

Nor was Pitt's activity confined to military measures, for the patriotic inhabitants of Deal made him an offer of fifty gunboats, which was not despised by the Government when he brought the matter to their attention. Fifty more were forthcoming from other places, and subsequently the number was increased to one hundred and seventy, stationed between Margate and Hastings. For the moment those in authority congratulated themselves on securing a small but valuable addition to the means of defence at little cost. Lord Hobart went so far as to privately communicate with the former Premier as to the probability of his being able to secure further additions, but when Pitt wrote to the Admiralty requesting them to fit up the second batch of vessels which he had already in hand, he was surprised to receive an answer to the effect that there were no carronades to spare, and that other arrangements were being made for the supply of gunboats. In other words, they were about to adopt Chaptal's plan of appealing for these ships to be fully equipped and complete in every respect.

At a dinner given by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, every one present enrolled himself as a volunteer. "The sight," notes Rose[2] in his Diary, " was really an extremely affecting one; a number of gallant and exceedingly good old men, who had during the best part of their lives been beating the waves, now coming forward with the zeal and spirit of lads, swearing allegiance to the King with a determined purpose to act manfully in his defence, and for the protection of the capital on the river."[1] Pitt threw himself heart and soul into the preparations made in his district, and constantly drilled and inspected his various battalions. Writing to Rose, with whom he often corresponded, he apologizes for not visiting him at Cuffnells, "but I do not like at present to go so far from my post, though we have certainly no immediate indication of any intention from the other side of the water to give us employment. Before the long nights we hope to be very well prepared to receive them, both afloat and ashore."[2] Writing a few weeks later to the same correspondent, Pitt shows his belief in the flotilla on the south coast which was prepared to do battle with that of the French. He thinks it "will contribute not a little to giving the enemy a good reception whenever they think proper to visit us. By the intelligence I collect, and by the orders for extraordinary preparations which are received from London by this post, I am much more inclined than I have ever been hitherto to believe that such an attempt will be made soon. In this situation I am likely to have my time very completely occupied by the various concerns of my regiment and my district. . . . I wish the arrangements for defence were as forward everywhere else as they are in Hythe Bay, under General Moore. We begin now to have no other fear in that quarter than that the enemy will not give us an opportunity of putting our preparations to the proof, and will select some other point which we should not be in reach of in the first instance."[1]

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[1] *Rose's Diaries*, Vol. II, p. 68.

[2] The Rt. Hon. George Rose (b. 1744) held several Government positions, which enabled him to follow with keen interest the political events of this stirring time. He was appointed Keeper of the Records at Westminster in 1772; Secretary to the Board of Taxes, 1776; Secretary to the Treasury, 1782. He was in turn M.P. for Launceston (Cornwall), Lymington, and Christ Church. In Pitt's second ministry Rose became Joint Paymaster-General of the Forces and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. On Pitt's death he was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, in which position he continued until his decease in 1818.

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[1] *Rose's Diaries*, Vol. II, p. 64.

[2] Walmer Castle, September 8th, 1803. *Ibid.*, p. 69.

After another short interval Pitt is able to report further progress, but there is a certain hesitancy as to the ultimate issue. He speaks of the "unaccountable negligence and inactivity" of the Government. Of his own district he is able to say that "our state of defence is certainly (comparatively speaking) very complete, though still, in many respects, very far short of what it ought to have been, and what it easily might have been. On the whole, I think there is very good ground to expect that we shall be able to give a very good account of any force that seems likely to reach any part of this coast, and shall be able to prevent its penetrating into the interior. But if, by any accident, we were to be overpowered in the first instance, I am by no means satisfied that any adequate force could be collected in time to stop the enemy's further progress till they had arrived much nearer the capital than one should like, I have been turning my thoughts a good deal to the object of rendering the volunteer force throughout the country permanently more efficient than it seems likely to be (except in a few instances) under the present arrangements. . . .

"Till within these two days I had persevered in the intention of going to town for the 22d,[2] but the state of the preparations on the opposite side, and the uncertainty from day to day whether the attempt may not be made immediately, makes me unwilling to leave the coast at present. I have, therefore, nearly determined to give up attending the first day; but I am still inclined to think

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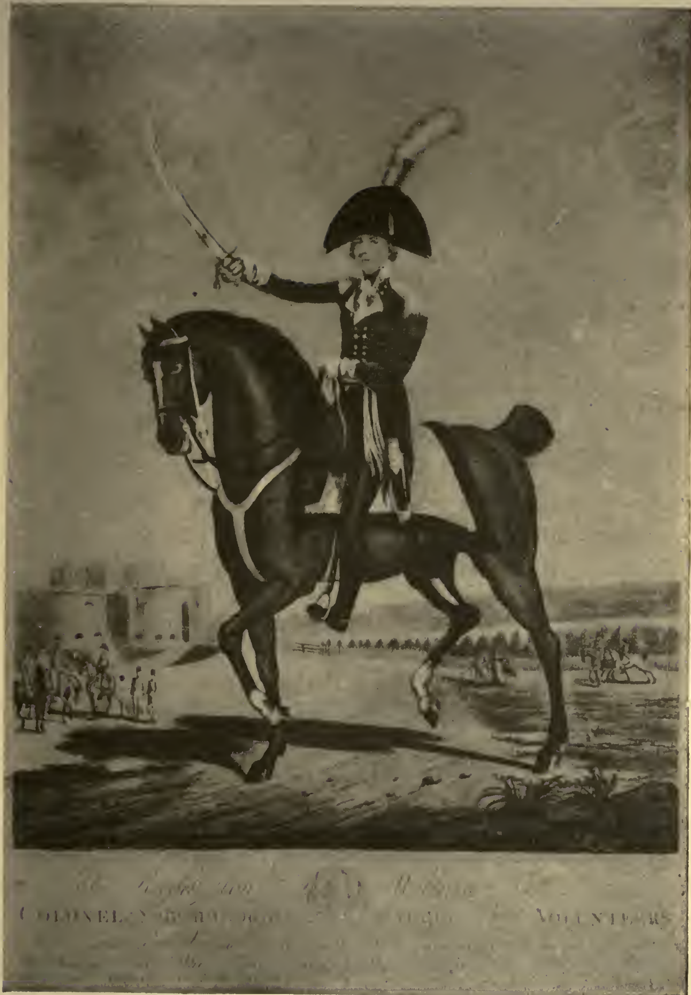
[1] Margate, October 18th, 1803. *Rose's Diaries*, Vol. II, p. 70.

[2] The opening of Parliament.


COLONEL
VOLUNTEERS

WILLIAM PITT AS COLONEL OF THE CINQUE PORTS VOLUNTEERS

that it may be right (if I can find an interval of two or three days) to take some opportunity before the recess to notice the principal omissions of Government in providing for our defence, and to suggest the measures which seem still necessary towards completing it."[1] Not until the wind was in a wrong quarter to allow the passage of the French flotilla did he attempt to leave the coast. He even gave up going to Bath for fear of not being able to assist in the defeat of Bonaparte's army.

A flood of oratory greater than that which submerges the country at the time of a general election followed in the wake of the volunteer movement. Politicians, soldiers, and bishops vied with each other in their endeavour to stir up the military ardour of their fellow patriots. From a thousand platforms and pulpits the gospel of war was extolled. County people convened meetings, men were enrolled, and ladies of quality presented them with colours. Many a gallant little speech is laid to the credit of noble British gentlewomen at this period. The veterans of the army were in great demand as chairmen and speakers. At a big meeting held at Leicester on Friday, the 1st August, 1803, Lord Moira[2] delivered an animated speech of some length, but full of good points, during the course of which he said:—

"There was an hour when I thought danger (but even then danger of a limited nature) very possible; it was whilst an erroneous belief appeared to be entertained that it was impossible for the enemy to make any landing at all, under which fallacious security it seemed to me very feasible for the French to throw ashore five or six thousand men, upon some part of the coast not remote from London, and by a forced march to push for the capital, in the hope of being joined by that profligate rabble, which must be found in greater or less number in every debauched metropolis, and which, having no real national attachment, must be ever ready to seize any opportunity for riot or pillage. That danger you perceive exists only on our refusing to believe invasion impracticable, and consequently our being unprepared for it; now that we are upon our guard, the hazard is dispelled; still, as some attempt will almost certainly be made, it is right to be prepared, not only to meet it, but so to meet it as that the foe shall be crushed before he can have had time to do much mischief.

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[1] Walmer Castle, November 10th, 1803. *Rose's Diaries*, Vol. II, pp. 71–2.

[2] Earl of Moira (b. 1754–1826). Fought in American Civil War; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, 1803; Master of Ordnance, 1806–7; Governor-General of Bengal, 1813–22; defeated Mahrattas, 1817–18; d. 1826.

"Were Bonaparte (though the supposition is beyond the possibility of realisation) in the heart of this country, at the head of 40,000 men with all the stores, artillery, and appendages he could wish, I should not have a moment's uneasiness as to the result; for, I should be confident that, before the end of the month, that army would be annihilated: that confidence, however, is built upon the assumption, that the enemy would be judiciously encountered; but to enable any General so to encounter them, you must put yourselves into a state of discipline, such as would render you capable of comprehending and fulfilling the orders of your leader. Observe this too, that, although it appears to me impracticable for the enemy ever to have any very serious force united in this country, you must always in war provide against dangers that seem beyond ordinary calculation. . . . It is not probable that it would ever be thought requisite to lead you in battalions against the enemy: this I mention that the short time you have for discipline may not be unprofitably employed in learning evolutions, which you are not likely to be called upon to practise in the field; a ready habit of priming and loading, and a facility of understanding and obeying the orders of your immediate officers, are the points which I deem the most essential for you to attain; I should imagine that the General under whom you serve would wish to detach you in small bodies, to hang upon the flanks and rear of the enemy, bidding you avail yourselves of every little bank or inequality of ground behind which you would cover yourselves, whilst your shot would do execution at its utmost range in the columns of the enemy, unavoidably obliged to keep in a compact body, instructing you to retire whensoever the enemy should advance in considerable strength against you, and to return to harass them whensoever that detachment fell back to its main body; you must not think this is unworthy of your courage. If the safety of your country demanded the sacrifice of your lives, I should be the last to check the devotion which I know you would deliberately feel; but if that necessity did not really exist, it would be absurdity to prefer even a dignified death to the honest triumph of consciously participating in the glory of having crushed the invader of your country: were I to propose to you a principle for your conduct, it should be that which was held so praiseworthy by the Greeks of old, and which has been thus happily described:—

> They fought, but not as prodigal of blood,
> Or thinking death itself was simply good;
> But in their country's weal they plac'd their pride,
> And as that bade, they either liv'd or died."[1]

The Church was militant in thought, word, and deed. The clergy were exempted from bearing arms, but as the Bishop of Chester shows in a letter to a correspondent who asked him "how far it would be expedient for clergymen to enrol themselves in volunteer associations, at the present crisis," there were many and varied ways of helping in the defence of the country other than by wearing a red coat and shouldering a musket. "If the enemy," he says, "should effect an invasion, or internal commotion require that the male inhabitants of parishes should march to a distance from home, the clergyman would then be most actively and suitably occupied, in my judgment, in the general superintendence of the property and female parishioners and children left behind; by his weight and influence he might, in some measure, protect the former from abuse or alienation, while he would be constantly at hand to administer comfort and assistance to the latter. In this situation, if the necessity of the country should require it, he will do far more good than if he exerted his individual bodily powers in the ranks of an army; he will keep himself more at liberty to apply to those studies, which the proper discharge of his duties require; and, above all, preserve that ascendancy over the minds of the people, which is of so much importance to the effectual discharge of the sacred office he has sworn to execute."[1]

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[1] *Anti-Gallican*, Vol. I, p. 135.

Another eminent prelate of the time, Dr. R. Watson, F.R.S., Bishop of Llandaff, issued a stirring address to the clergy of his diocese. He certainly held no brief for the common enemy, as is certified by this brief extract from his somewhat lengthy epistle:—

> "You will not, I think, be guilty of a breach of Christian charity in the use of even harsh language, when you explain to your congregations the cruelties which the French have used in every country they have invaded; for no language can reach the atrocity of the fact. They everywhere promise protection to the poorer sort, and they everywhere strip the poorest of every thing they possess; they plunder

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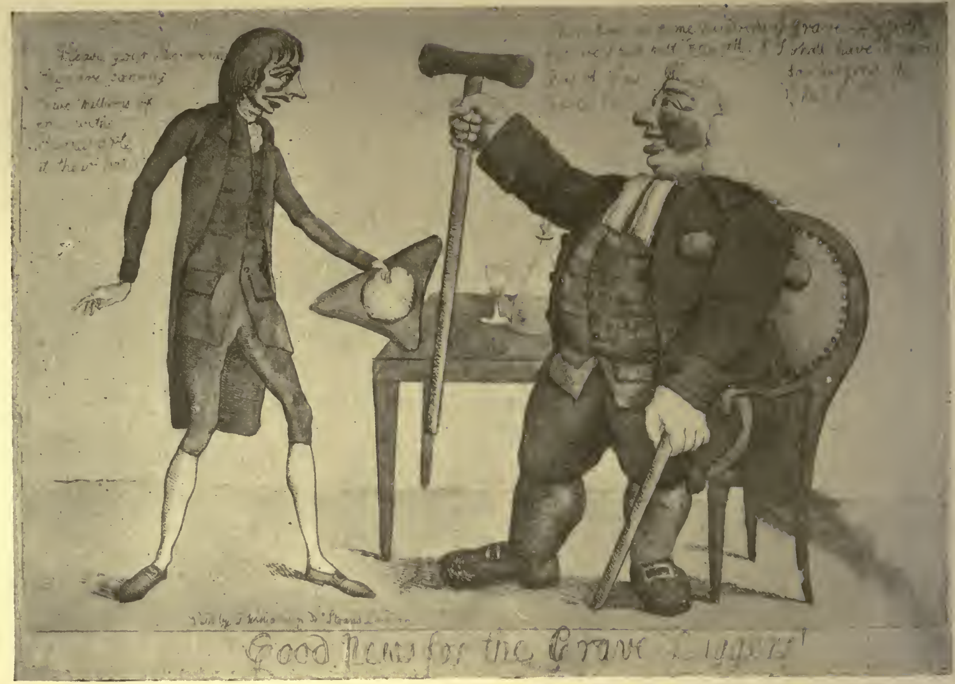
[1] Dated August 6th, 1803. *Anti-Gallican*, Vol. I, p. 112.


Good News for the Grave

THE BRITISH PARSON AND HIS SEXTON IN HIGH GLEE AT THE PROSPECT OF BURYING THE INVADERS. 1803

their cottages, and they set them on fire when the plunder is exhausted; they torture the owners to discover their wealth, and they put them to death when they have none to discover; they violate females of all ages; they insult the hoary head, and trample on all the decencies of life. This is no exaggerated picture; whoever has read the account of the proceedings of the French in Swabia, in Holland, in Italy, in Switzerland, knows that it is not. And, can there be men in Great Britain, of so base a temper, so maddened by malignity, so cankered by envy, so besotted by folly, so stupefied as to their own safety, as to abet the designs of such an enemy? It is said there are such men; but I have too firm a confidence in the general good sense of the people of Great Britain to believe, that such men are either many in number, or respectable for character, or formidable for connexion. The men of this principality, at least, have nobly shown, in a late instance,[1] that they inherit the spirit of their ancestors, and have too ardent a love of their country to submit to a foreign yoke, under whatever specious promises of supporting 'the rights of men,' of introducing 'liberty and equality,' the invaders may attempt to deceive them. . . .

"Are the French coming hither to enrich the nation? Will they pay attention to the poor of this country, when they have so many thousands of infinitely poorer persons in their own? Will they reward their seditious adherents amongst us? Yes, they will reward them, as all history informs them, with contempt, pillage, beggary, slavery, and death. The nation will be ruined by exorbitant impositions—our naval policy will be destroyed—our commerce transferred to France—our lands will be divided (not amongst those who wickedly covet their neighbour's goods), but amongst French soldiers, who will be everywhere stationed, as the Roman soldiers were of old, to awe the people and collect the taxes—the flower of our youth will be compelled to serve in foreign countries, to promote the wicked projects of French ambition—Great Britain will be made an appendage of continental despotism. . . .

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[1] The Fishguard Invasion. See Vol. I, chapter ii.

". . . I am sincerely of opinion, that few of us will live to see such a system established in France as will procure to its inhabitants half the blessings which our ancestors have enjoyed, which we do enjoy, and which it is our interest to take care that our posterity shall enjoy, under the constitution of Great Britain."[1]

A special prayer was written invoking the aid of Divine Providence "for the protection of this Country and Government against foreign violence, and for the preservation of unanimity at home, in defence of our liberties, laws, and religion."[2]

The Press played a not unimportant part in the formation of public opinion, and although the days of colossal circulations had not yet arrived, it is probable that in a restricted sense the stirring exhortations penned for the benefit of readers carried as much weight as the less dogmatic utterances of modern leader writers. "If you have qualities for a soldier," writes the editor of the *Bath Herald*,[3] "you are imperiously called upon, by everything valuable to man, to be a Soldier. Honour and Pride urge you to it, and your Country demands your exertions. Serve it then in the manner most consonant to your station and to your feelings, and be—a *VOLUNTEER!* Since writing the foregoing we are happy to find that the enrolment at the Hall is rapidly increasing. Sixteen honest Sons of St.

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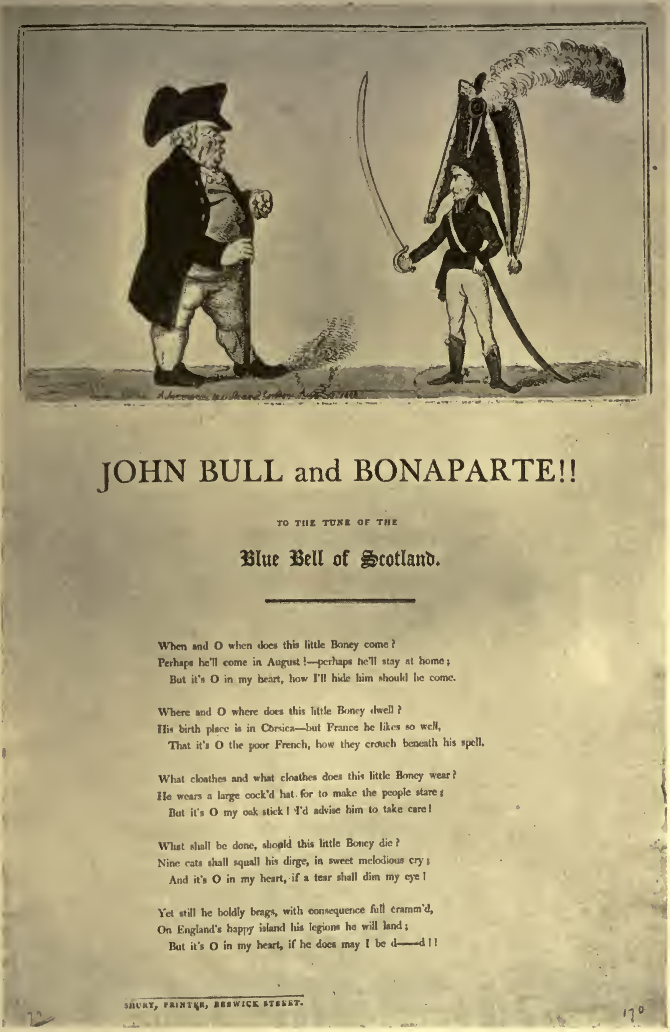
[1] *Anti-Gallican*, Vol. I, pp. 55–56.

[2] *European Magazine*, 1803, p. 76.

[3] July 23rd, 1803.



JOHN BULL and BONAPARTE!!

TO THE TUNE OF THE

Blue Bell of Scotland.

When and O when does this little Boney come?
Perhaps he'll come in August!—perhaps he'll stay at home;
But it's O in my heart, how I'll hide him should he come.

Where and O where does this little Boney dwell?
His birth place is in Corsica—but France he likes so well,
That it's O the poor French, how they crouch beneath his spell.

What cloathes and what cloathes does this little Boney wear?
He wears a large cock'd hat for to make the people stare;
But it's O my oak stick! I'd advise him to take care!

What shall be done, should this little Boney die?
Nine cats shall squall his dirge, in sweet melodious cry;
And it's O in my heart, if a tear shall dim my eye!

Yet still he boldly brags, with consequence full cramm'd,
On England's happy island his legions he will land;
But it's O in my heart, if he does may I be d——d!!

SHURY, PRINTER, BERWICK STREET.

170

AN INVASION BROADSIDE OF AUGUST, 1803

Crispin have been just taken down by their employer, Mr. James Phipps,[1] of St. Margaret's buildings, and entered as Volunteers—each man determined to sacrifice his all, and to stand up to the *last* in support of his Country, and wishing from his soul for a speedy opportunity to *leather* the FRENCH and well *strap* their quarters." The same issue also contains the announcement that "we are informed on good authority that Government has accepted the patriotic offer of Mr. Lye,[2] of this City, in offering for their use in case of invasion, 20 filled waggons and 150 horses!!"

The spring poet had the satisfaction of seeing his effusions printed in and out of season. The journal quoted above published a long poem by Samuel Whitchurch, ironmonger, of Market Place, Bath, entitled "The True Briton to his Country," which contains apt allusions to Acre and the Nile, Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of the former battle, being an old Grammar-school boy, while Nelson was a frequent visitor to this great resort of fashionable folk. The finishing lines are:—

> For Hark! the thunder of the NAVY roars—
> Strong beats the pulse for WAR—loud sounds the drum,
> And our brave Sons invite the Foe to come;
> For they remember *Acre's* famous fight,
> When Britons put the vaunting Gaul to flight;
> Remember too the Battle of the Nile
> And at the threats of rash invasion smile.[3]

A motion brought forward in the House of Commons by Colonel Crawford for a further increase in measures of national defence received, strange to say, less attention than would have been expected, but Pitt ably supported the officer in a speech which is not without its significance for the present day. "We are told that we ought not to fortify London because our ancestors did not fortify it," he said. "Why, sir, that is no argument, unless we can show you that our ancestors were in the same situation as we are. We might as well be told that because our ancestors fought with arrows and lances we ought to use them now, and that we ought to consider shields and corselets as affording a secure defence against musketry and artillery. If the fortification of the capital can add to the security of the country, I think it ought to be done If by the erection of works such as I am recommending you can delay the progress of the enemy for three days. these may be the difference between the safety and the destruction of the capital. It will not, I admit, make a difference between the conquest and independence of the country, for that will not depend upon one nor upon ten battles; but it may make the difference between the loss of thousands of lives, with misery, havoc, and desolation, spread over the country, on one hand, or on the other of frustrating the efforts, of confounding the exertions, and of chastising the insolence of the enemy." As some kind of concession to these arguments, the truth of which could not be refuted, several block houses were built at the entrance to the Thames.

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[1] Mr. J. Phipps was a bootmaker, and in 1812 issued silver tokens for 4s., 2s., and 1s. in conjunction with Culverhouse and Orchard.

[2] Mr. Lye was a carrier, and the holder of what had been Wiltshire's business.

[3] *Bath Journal*, July 30th, 1803.

That all was not well with the method of defence taken as a whole is shown by the speech already quoted, although in isolated places, as in Pitt's own particular district, good progress was being made. Windham, a bitter critic of the Government, and one of Pitt's ablest supporters, betrays his anxiety as to the general want of sound military measures in a long note to Wilberforce. Its importance warrants its reproduction.

"The breaking up of Parliament," he says, "advanced as the season is, I can hardly help regretting on another account. One wants a means of publishing the abominable backwardness in which things are with respect to defence: so as literally to put it in the situation described by some writer in the *Moniteur*, namely that if fifty thousand men can anyhow get on shore, they must conquer the island. What shall we say to the fact, that at the end of now more than five months since the King's message not a single ball cartridge (I suppose) has been fired from one end of the country to the other, unless perhaps a few that I have desired to be fired just by me in Norfolk, and some that I hear Grey has been using upon the same principle in Northumberland?—that the corps, which have been raising, such as they are, remain to this moment for the greater part, without arms?—that excepting, I am afraid, a very few thousand men to the army of reserve, not the smallest addition has been or can be made to a force truly regular, such as can alone be opposed upon equal terms to the troops by which we shall be invaded?—and that the whole assistance, that would be received from works, of whatever sort, is all yet to be begun, and even settled? When men talk of the difficulties and impracticability of invasion, of the impossibility of conquering a country such as this, they say what may be true, but which is certainly not so for any reasons which they can, or at least which they do, give. It is all a kind of loose, general vague notion founded on what they have been accustomed to see and to conceive, to which the answer is that so was everything which we have seen successively happen for these last fifteen years. Considering things not in much detail, but upon principles somewhat less general than those which I have been alluding to, I can see no impossibility in the supposition of two armies landing in different places of from twenty to thirty thousand men each, of their beating, severally, the troops immediately opposed to them, and that having nothing seen to encounter but volunteers and yeomanry, and other troops of this description, in the midst of all the confusion and panick which would then prevail, that they might advance to London, or wherever else they pleased. What the further consequences might be, one has no pleasure in attempting to trace; but I should be obliged to anyone who would show me some distinct limits to them. The persons to do this are, I am sure, not those who talk so glibly of crushing and overwhelming, and smothering, and I know not what all, without the least idea how any of these things are to be done, while the persons attacking us know how these things are, sometimes at least, not done, by the example of the numerous countries which they have over-run in spite of all such threatened opposition. I shall go from here, that is from London, as soon as I have settled some necessary business, and see whether I can be of any use in Norfolk, though I do not perceive how, with the aid of only a single regiment of militia (all our present force) we are to stop a body of even one thousand men, or how for the present, anything at all can be done, when there is not as yet a provision for even the delivery of arms. All the firelocks which they have as yet got immediately about here have been sent down at my own expense. My chief hopes are, I confess, that Bonaparte may, for some reason or another, not come, or at least for some time; but what foundation there is for any such hope I confess I do not know. Forgive my running on at this rate. The importance of the subject would certainly warrant me if I had anything new to say."[1]

Writing to Wilberforce, who seems to have been a sort of political father confessor, Lord Chatham, Pitt's elder brother and at that time Master-General of the Ordnance, takes up the cudgels in his own defence. He states that after the restoration of peace he endeavoured to replenish the supply of "the old Tower musquet, which our troops used to have," and of an improved pattern, but admits that owing to the "naked state of our arsenals" an inferior weapon had to be manufactured. No sooner had he "nearly surmounted" this difficulty than "this sudden and unprecedented demand for arms took place." But he is forced to admit a still more humiliating fact. "Had it not been with a view to improvement, and intending gradually to dispose of those of inferior quality through the medium of the India Company, we should not have been, previous to the war breaking out, carrying on any manufacture of arms, our arsenals being overflowing, calculating on the extended scale the Department had ever been called upon to furnish. I have, however, in consequence of the extraordinary calls of the present crisis, determined to use every effort to meet it, and directions have been given to the Board of Ordnance to revert to the same arm as was made last war, and to manufacture to the utmost possible extent the musquets of the India pattern. You will easily believe I must have felt some reluctance in being obliged to take this step after all the pains I have bestowed, but I hope I have judged for the best. I have great satisfaction in thinking that the stock of arms we possess will enable us in the first instance to arm to a considerable extent perhaps all that is really useful, and as arms come in, which with the exertions of the manufacturers they will do quickly, and with the aid of what we expect from abroad, the remainder will be provided before long. We have already one hundred thousand pikes, and can increase them rapidly, but in general there is an indisposition to take them. I should like much to talk over with you not only the subject of arms, but the whole question of volunteering, which I contemplate as a most serious one. . . ."[1]

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[1] *Private Papers of William Wilberforce*, pp. 134–6. The letter is dated from Beaconsfield, August 18th, 1803.

One cannot help speculating what would have been the fate of England had the disciplined and well-armed soldiers of Bonaparte's legions landed in the autumn of 1803, when one-third of her volunteers were armed with obsolete weapons. The following hitherto unpublished letter from Lord Brougham to Charles Henry Parry, No. 27 Circus, Bath, while it minimizes this danger, supplements the evidence against Addington's Government:—

"EDIN., *Septr.* 8, 1803.

"Dear Parry,

"I am the worst correspondent in the world, otherwise I should have answer'd your kind letter, which *made me happy* by its appearance in course of post. The dullness of the life I am now leading, is admirably fitted to prepare me for another and a better world beyond the Tweed. The alarm of Invasion was extreme for a few weeks and tended to enliven this stupid place—but it is now quickly dispelling itself—(how it should be otherwise driven away, I know not) so that Bonaparte will probably come when we are less prepared to receive him. The students here, as you may probably have heard, formed an association for a corps of sharpshooters, but like all the other plans of this description here, it has been received by Government as coldly as possible, that is to say, no answer has been given, and there can be no doubt that a refusal is meant, unless the plans of the wisest of Ministers should be again changed.

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[1] *Private Papers of William Wilberforce*, pp. 137–8. The letter is dated from St. James' Square, September 2nd, 1803.

"You desire me to say what is become of Galiffe. You have probably heard before now that he has settled in London with a partner in trade. I saw a good deal more of him after you left Edin., for as ill luck would have it, he was taken so very ill on board the smack that he was forced to have himself sent ashore at Dunbar. He wrote me a line to this effect and I (with Eyre) went out to see him. He recovered soon and arrived in London safe and well. He is in my opinion a most excellent little fellow—good-hearted—extremely clever—very imprudent (I should imagine) and, what Mrs. F. would call *very interesting*. Mr. Brudenell after taking a Highland wife and returning the most amusing creature in the world—left Edin. with old Fletch [torn] (not in the marriage line) and he returned a few days ago, but I have not seen him. Mrs. F. remained here, but has been so much occupied with her little girl's illness that I have only seen her twice since your departure. Both times she asked particularly about you.

"Of Percy, I have heard lately. He is a volunteer at Manchester, as I learn you are at Bath. My plans are as uncertain as they were last time I saw you. I shall endeavour to keep the *copy of Fuseli*, but Jeffrey having been out of town constantly since I got your's, the chance is he may have destroy'd the MS. with the rest. You have read No. IV of course and may easily guess the authors.

Moore's Anacreon is by Eyre and does him in my opinion very great honor. It is in many respects reckoned *capital* and has had the *κυδος* of being taken for Jeffrey's more than once.

"Pray write me a *soon and speedy* letter, as long as you can find time to make it, and believe me

"Very sincerely your's,
"H. BROUGHAM."[1]

Circulars giving very explicit directions were issued by the commanders of some of the corps as to the behaviour of their men when face to face with the enemy, but of the many examined by the present writers none deals more thoroughly with every phase of the subject than that issued by Lieutenant-Colonel Hope, of the 1st Regiment of Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, of which the following is an extract:—

"EDINBURGH, 18*th October*, 1803.

". . . . In the view of the regiment being called into active service, the Lieutenant-Colonel thinks it necessary to issue orders applicable to that event. As it is the first duty of a commanding officer to attend to the health of those under his charge, the Lieutenant-Colonel assures the regiment that he will not permit a single gentleman, officer or private, to march out of Edinburgh on service unless he is provided with a flannel under-dress. This is at all times the best clothing for a soldier; but for a winter campaign, in such a climate as this, and with constitutions not accustomed to hardships, it is essentially necessary, and on no account will be dispensed with.

"In this regiment the officers cannot be permitted to have any indulgencies or accommodation beyond the privates. They must therefore march with their whole baggage on their backs, of which the Lieutenant-Colonel shall set the example, never mounting his horse but for the purpose of command. In camp or quarters no distinction of tents or rooms will be permitted. . . .

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[1] Henry Peter, Lord Brougham (1770–1868), Lord Chancellor of England. Mr. Broadley's collection of MSS.

"Every officer and private, therefore, will immediately provide himself with the following articles, and keep them constantly packed up in the neatest and most compact manner: One worsted or flannel night-cap to tie under the chin; two flannel under-waistcoats, with sleeves, or at least half sleeves to the elbows, and to come well down over the loins; two pair of flannel drawers; two pair of thick worsted stockings or ankle socks; two pair of strong shoes—one of these to be on the body, and the other in the knapsack; one pair of worsted gloves; one good warm blanket—one blanket easily covers two men, and to be so used if the cold requires it. Comb, brush, and implements for shaving, but as few as possible; a piece of pipeclay, and blacking ball, a few needles, and worsted, and thread. Each gentleman may also bring with him his ordinary great-coat, as the blanket renders it less necessary to have proper watch-coats.

"Each officer and private will also provide himself, and repair to the alarm post (on the north side of St. Andrew Square, unless differently ordered), with 4½ lb. of biscuit or bread. Haversacks, canteens, camp-kettles, and billhooks are to be issued to the regiment from the King's stores. Knapsacks will be furnished out of the regimental fund.

"On halting for the day or night, the Lieutenant-Colonel earnestly recommends that no gentleman shall lie down to sleep while warm, or with wet feet, but however fatigued, always to take time to cool gradually, and to put on his dry stockings and shoes. In case of being very wet, it is highly useful to rub the body and limbs with spirits, warm if possible, taking at the same time a mouthful, and not more inwardly, diluted with warm water, if to be had.

Gentlemen will see the propriety of not taking too much money with them. One or two guineas at most, partly in silver.

" As to the field, the Lieutenant-Colonel has little to say. Much will be expected by their country from such a regiment. The Lieutenant-Colonel has no anxiety on the subject, except from its impetuosity. If the regiment were acting singly against another small body, this might produce no bad effect. But acting in combination with other troops, perhaps in the centre of a line or chain of posts, all movements must be relative, and by rushing forward prematurely the line may be broken, other regiments or posts exposed to be taken in flank, and the whole plans of the commander disconcerted by the necessity of supporting a body which has improperly rushed forward, or reinforcing the post it has quitted. The regiment, therefore, will recollect that true courage consists as much in suffering as in acting—as much, or more, in coolly facing danger, as in furiously rushing on it. There is little probability that the general will allow young and high-spirited troops to be long galled by distant fire. The regiment may be assured that they will be allowed to close with the enemy wherever it can be done to advantage.

"When the moment comes, the Lieutenant-Colonel reminds the regiment of the instructions he has been inculcating on them at drill, to make their charge with the utmost steadiness and precision, so that all parts of the line, by coming in contact with the enemy at the same instant, may support one another. The leading company will take care not to hurry too much, but to carry on the line, so that each individual may preserve the entire command of his person, that he may be able freely to use his bayonet, not only to thrust, but to parry. If the charge is made with too great rapidity, the line will be broken—one part of the regiment will be cut to pieces before another comes up, and the whole will rush on to certain destruction; whereas, if the charge is made steadily and correctly, the superior strength and impetus of this regiment must bear down whatever is in the way.

"If the force of the enemy in immediate contact with this regiment be broken, the pursuit is by no means to be made without orders. It may be necessary to wheel to the right or left to support other parts of the line.

"In firing, the regiment will see the folly of and danger of firing at random. If their fire is ineffectual, they may as well stand to be shot at with ordered arms. Every individual must take a steady aim, so as to be certain that his shot will take place in some part of the platoon opposite to him. If the smoke prevents the regiment from seeing the enemy's lines distinctly, they will always see the flash from the muzzles of their muskets, by which the regiment can direct its own fire. In short, let the object rather be to keep up a well-directed than a very quick fire—always remembering that as little time be lost in loading as possible. It will be the business of the supernumerary ranks in the rear to look over the shoulders of the ranks in front, and to correct any error in the aim.

"When prisoners are taken they are to be immediately disarmed and passed to the rear.

"If the regiment (which is not likely) should be charged in front by cavalry, they will on no account fire till ordered, and then only the two front ranks; the front rank taking aim at the horses, the centre rank at the men. If the fire is reserved and then given within a few yards, in the faces of the cavalry, one half will drop, and the horses, in all probability, will carry the other half to the right-about, and, at all events, if the regiment will receive them steadily, without breaking, though the whole may be overthrown, very few will be killed or hurt. Receiving a charge from cavalry, each rank will charge [with] their bayonets, one over the other. The supernumerary rank to close well up to the rear, so that the cavalry may have no time to cut at them.

"Should the regiment be drawn up on a beach to oppose the landing of the enemy, it will probably be ordered to reserve its fire, as the horizontal fire of musketry against men well covered in boats must be very ineffectual. In such cases it is only cannon which can play on the enemy with effect. The battalion, therefore, will reserve its fire till the boats take the ground, when each officer commanding a platoon will pour in his fire on the boat opposite to him, at the instant the enemy expose themselves, by rising up in the boat in order to leap on shore—a well-directed fire against men so huddled together must be destructive, and the battalion will instantly give them the bayonet, before they have time to form and recover from their confusion. It is hardly possible that any troops can withstand this mode of attack; whereas, if met only by a distant fire from the heights, they will suffer little—will infallibly land and form, and press on with all the spirit and advantage which usually attend the assailants. This was precisely the error which the French committed when opposing the landing of our troops in Egypt.

"Should the boats of the enemy be fitted with guns in their bows, the battalion will endeavour to shelter itself behind sand-hills, walls, or broken ground, while the enemy pull for the shore; and it will not be advanced to the beach till the boats are nearly aground, when, of course, the enemy cannot give above one discharge of their guns, which becoming useless the moment they attempt to land, the regiment will attack them as already directed.

"Adhering to these hints, steadily obeying orders, restraining their impetuosity, and fighting with the cool, determined courage of their native minds, instead of imitating the intoxicated and blind fury of their enemy, and above all calling on the God of Battles to aid them in the preservation of those blessings which He has conferred upon them, this regiment may hope to render essential service, and to merit a large share of that glory which shall be acquired by all the forces of their country in repelling the threatened invasion.

"By order of the Commanding Officer,

"BAIN WHYT,
"Captain and Adjutant 1st Regt. R.E.V."

The ominous cloud which hung heavily over the land grew darker. "Preparations, vast and various, are going forward in every quarter to repel the invasion. Troops marching in every direction, and the volunteers perfecting in discipline. On the coast, every officer is at his post. Lord Cavan, in the Isle of Wight, ordered not to sleep out of the Island. No military officer is for the future to be permitted to leave his camp or barracks for more than two hours on any pretence whatever. The three Military Divisions of Essex[1] are under the following command: Colchester, General Sir James Craig, K.B.; Chelmsford, Hon. Major-General Finch; and Danbury, Major-General Beckinth."[2] Working parties of the Guards were busily engaged in erecting a line of batteries on the heights of the park in which stood Moulsham Hall, for the defence of Chelmsford. Every thoroughfare in Essex was to be broken up, with the exception of the turnpike road, directly intelligence was received of a French landing. Breastworks to begin at Blackheath, and comprising Nun's Hill,[3] Penge Common, and Norwood, passing between Wandsworth and Battersea, were also contemplated. The instructions issued by General Wolfe in 1755, when England was menaced by the French, were reprinted, and it is doubtful if any officer could have proffered better advice. One pregnant sentence reads thus; "While a man is able to do his duty, and can stand, and hold his arms, *it is infamous to retire.*"

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[1] "Essex . . . has the means of defence far beyond any other part of the kingdom within itself, which is not the case of the Kentish coast."—From Admiral Lord Keith to Admiral Markham, 12th August, 1803. *Letters of Admiral Markham*, p. 107, edited by Sir C. Markham, K.C.B.

[2] *European Magazine*, 1803, p. 324.

[3] ? Nunhead.

October the 19th, 1803, was appointed for a general fast, and the volunteers trooped to places of worship throughout the length and breadth of the land to invoke the aid of the God of Battles. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London attended the service at St. Paul's Cathedral in state, the congregation including the Honourable Artillery Company and several volunteer corps. The bandsmen were seated in the choir and the organ loft, and afforded a picturesque relief to the cold vastness of the metropolitan church, dressed as they were in a new uniform of striking design. After the sermon the various companies of the Third Regiment assembled under the dome and took the oath of allegiance, an example followed all over the kingdom. Every church in the City had a congregation of which it might be proud; every parson exhorted the church militant to a lively sense of its responsibilities to God and man in resisting the threatened peril. Divine service was held at the drum-head in Westminster Hall, the Temple Church was crowded, and the Duke of York and the Guards went to the Almonry Chapel, Westminster. On the 26th of the same month the King held a grand review of volunteers belonging to the London district in Hyde Park, at which Monsieur, "dressed in green, with red facings, the Prince de Condé, in white, faced with blue, the Duke de Bourbon, in white, faced with red, and the Duke de Berri, in green,"[1] were present. A scarcely less conspicuous figure was General Dumouriez, then about to undertake the compilation of the scheme of national defence so frequently alluded to in these pages, and specially summoned to England for that purpose.[2] A sea of red covered the natural green of the Park; the salutes and the cheers were deafening; the crowd 200,000 strong, including 12,401 volunteers. "It was altogether a day on which we have to congratulate London and the Empire at large: it was a day which afforded the most glorious sight we ever witnessed, without a single thing to excite the smallest regret."[3]

Two days later the Westminster, Lambeth, and Southwark corps to the number of 14,676 men were inspected in the Park by His Majesty, who set a most commendable example to his subjects by the unwearied attention he gave to all matters connected with the military preparations. These regiments by no means represented the total number of volunteers in or near the metropolis, which it was computed reached the respectable number of 46,000[4] men. In the General Orders issued on the following day, the Duke of York took occasion to remark that "His Majesty perceives, with highest satisfaction, that the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, on which the system of the Armed Volunteers throughout the kingdom was originally founded, has risen with the exigencies of the times, and at this moment forms such a bulwark to the Constitution and liberties of the country, as will enable us, under the protection of Providence, to bid defiance to the unprovoked malice of our enemies, and to hurl back, with becoming indignation, the threats which they have presumed to vent against our independence, and even our existence as a nation. His Majesty has observed with peculiar pleasure, that, amongst the unprecedented exertions which the present circumstances of the country have called forth, those of the Capital of his United Kingdom have been eminently conspicuous. The appearance of its numerous and well-regulated Volunteer Corps, which were reviewed on the 26th and 28th instant, indicates a degree of attention and emulation, both in officers and men, which can proceed only from a deep sense of the important objects for which they have enrolled themselves, a just estimation of the blessings we have so long enjoyed, and a firm and manly determination to defend them like Britons, and transmit them, unimpaired, to our posterity."[1]

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIII, part ii, p. 975.

[2] See Introduction, p. xxvii.

[3] *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIII, part ii, p. 977.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 978.

The King had already declared his intention of taking the field personally[2] should necessity arise, and the Prince of Wales, "a mere Colonel of a regiment, the Major-General commanding the Brigade, of which such a regiment must form a part," used all his powers to persuade his father to give him higher rank. A voluminous and somewhat acrimonious correspondence ensued, but the King was as adamant where the Heir Apparent was concerned. "Since no event in my future life," writes His Royal Highness to Addington, "can compensate me for the misfortunes of not participating in the honours and dangers which await the brave men destined to oppose an invading enemy, I

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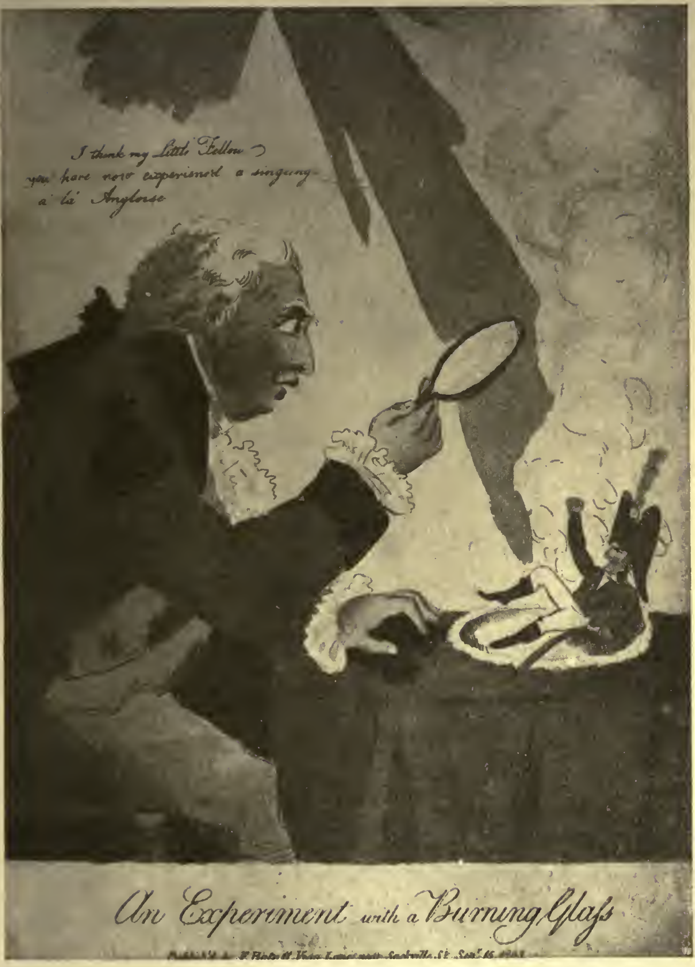
[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXIII, part ii, p. 978.

[2] See letter to Bishop Hurd in Introduction, p. xvii.


I think my Little Fellow
you have now experienced a singeing
a' la' Anglaise
An Experiment with a Burning Glass

GEORGE III GETS THE BETTER OF BONAPARTE. SEPTEMBER 15, 1803

cannot forego the earnest renewal of my application."[1] The Prime Minister replied that the King "desired that no further mention should be made to him on the subject." This called forth a lengthy rejoinder from the Prince and a curt answer from his royal father. "Should the implacable Enemy so far succeed as to land," says the letter, "you will have an opportunity of showing your zeal at the head of your regiment. It will be the duty of every man to stand forward on such an occasion; and I shall certainly think it mine to set an example in defence of everything that is dear to me and to my people."[2] Further letters to the King, the Duke of York, and Addington meeting with no better response, the matter was allowed to drop, although the Prince was not shaken in his determination: "If there be reason to imagine that Invasion will take place directly, I am bound, by the King's precise order, and by that honest zeal which is not allowed any fitter sphere for its action, to hasten to my regiment."[3]

On being presented with the freedom of the city of Chichester, the Prince of Wales took occasion to make the following public statement as to his intentions: "I am much gratified with this mark of your attention to me personally, and still more with the attachment you express to the King and my Family, which have been called to the Throne for the protection of the liberties of these Realms. I shall strive to merit both, by making the glory and prosperity of my Country my primary object in whatever situation I may be placed. In this struggle, my duty and zeal prompts me to seize every occasion which circumstances will allow me of coming forward, and of shewing my anxiety to stand and fall with my Country."[1] No less patriotic was the speech made by the Duke of Clarence to the Teddington Corps: "My Friends and Neighbours! wherever our duty calls us, I will go with you; fight in your ranks; and never return home without you."[2]

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[1] The Prince of Wales to the Rt. Hon. Henry Addington, dated from Carlton House, July the 18th, 1803.

[2] "G. R." to "My Dear Son." Dated from Windsor, August the 7th, 1803.

[3] The Prince of Wales to the Rt. Hon. Henry Addington, dated from Carlton House, October the 24th, 1803.

Commander-in-Chief the Duke of York and Mr. Addington planned to pay soldiers in cash in view of the probability that paper currency would depreciate on Bonaparte's landing. The Government stored sufficient flour in or near London to supply the metropolis for a fortnight, while there was sufficient in the hands of the millers to prevent famine for a further three weeks.[3] The King began to fear for the safety of his dominions, and to make plans for the removal of his family and treasure.[4]

Fire beacons[5] were to be used to signal the approach of the French flotilla. They were made of "a large stack, or pile, of furze, or faggots, with some cord-wood—in all, at least, eight waggon-loads, with three or four tar barrels, sufficient to yield a light unmistakable at a distance of two or three miles. These were to be used by night; by day, a large quantity of hay was to be wetted and set alight, in order to produce a smoke."[6] The premature

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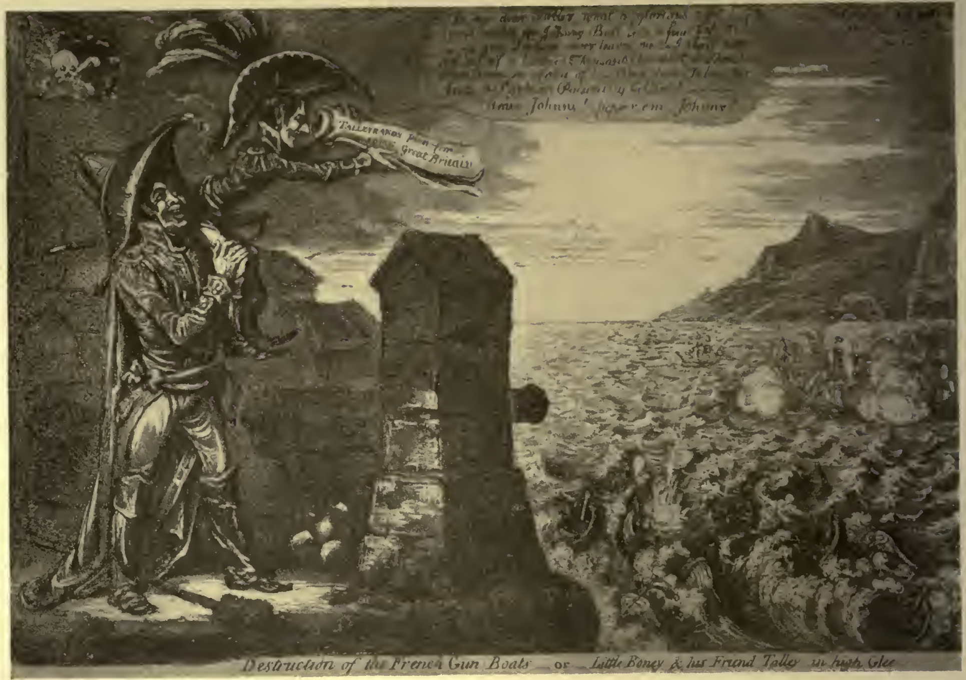
[1] *European Magazine*, 1803, p. 325. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 326.

[3] *The Life of Lord Sidmouth*, Vol. II, p. 227.

[4] See letter to Bishop Hurd in Introduction, p. xvii.

[5] Some interesting information as to the operation of these beacons in Dorsetshire will be found in *The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar*, p. 5. The subject has been most dramatically treated by Thomas Hardy, both in *The Dynasts* and his charming novel *The Trumpet Major*.

[6] *English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I*, p. 128, by John Ashton.


TALLEYRANDS plan for
Great Britain
Johnny
Johnny
Destruction of the French Gun Boats — or — Little Boney & his Friend Talley in high Glee

BONAPARTE AND TALLEYRAND UNDISMAYED AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR GUNBOATS.
NOVEMBER 20, 1803

firing of a beacon at Hume Castle, Berwickshire, proved that the volunteers of the southern district of Scotland were by no means dismayed when they were summoned to resist the supposed landing of the invaders. They flocked from all quarters to their respective rendezvous; one might have thought that they belonged to a regular Highland regiment, so eager were they to defend hearth and home. Sir Walter Scott, who writes with the authority of an eye-witness, has left a brief record of this amazing display of devotion to a common cause:—

"The men of Liddesdale," he says, "the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own county they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got safely back to their own stables. The Selkirkshire Yeomanry made a remarkable march, for although some of the individuals lived at twenty or thirty miles distant from the place where they mustered, they were, nevertheless, embodied and in order in so short a period that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm post, about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle."[1]

In October, 1803, the poet Crabbe was staying in Aldborough, his native town, when alarm signals were fired. His son "burst into his father's room and awoke him with some difficulty, saying, 'Do not be alarmed, but the French are landing, and the drum on the quay is beating to arms'; to which Crabbe replied, 'Well, you and I can do no good, or we would be among them; we must wait the event.' Such was his indifference to these warlike rumours and his resignation to the inevitable that he soon afterwards fell fast asleep."[1]

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[1] Note to *The Antiquary* (ed. Black, 1891), p. 521. This false alarm occurred on the evening of the 2nd February, 1804.

Of a less philosophical turn of mind was Thomas Twining, who in a letter dated Colchester, October 13th, 1803, says: "I suppose you will not ask me why I leave Colchester. I leave it because I am afraid to stay in it. Many have left, more are preparing to leave it; though I myself think there is very little danger, yet I should be very uneasy to stay here and run the risk. And if I stay till the moment of alarm upon the coast, I may not be able to get away at all unless I walk away with a knapsack on my back."[2]

Scares were not confined to the United Kingdom alone. The report that a number of infected bales of cotton had been thrown from British cruisers in order to spread the plague amongst the military inhabitants of Boulogne caused much anxiety. General Villatte went so far as to issue a circular on the matter, which read as follows :—

"*To the Ports Along the Coast.*

"BATTERY OF ST. FRIEUX, 25*th Ventose, XII.*
[16th March, 1804].

"Remain at your posts, Citizens, and increase your vigilance.

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[1] *George Crabbe and His Times, 1754–1832*, p. 198, by René Huchon. Translated by Frederick Clarke, M.A.

[2] (Ed. Murray, 1882, pp. 235–6). Quoted in above, p. 198.

"The English, unable to conquer us by force, are employing their last resource : *the Plague.*

"Five bales of cotton have just been thrown upon our coast.

"All are hereby forbidden to approach any boats or objects that may be cast on shore. Let patrols be instantly on foot; let them be accompanied by custom-house officers.

"VILLATTE, General of Brigade.

"P.S. These presents shall pass from port to port, from the battery of Petite-Garonne to the entrance of the harbour at Boulogne."

At the First Consul's instigation searching inquiries were made, with the result that the source of this alarming report was found to be an old hammock which had been washed up on the beach.

Invasion now being thought imminent, the following instructions were issued by the General commanding the Southern District of England :—

"As it is most desirable and essential on the near approach of the expected enemy, or his actual landing, on the coast of Kent, that the quickest intelligence of such an event, should be diffused over the whole county, it is judged expedient, for this purpose, to establish fire beacons on the fifteen or sixteen most conspicuous and elevated points of the county, which successively taking up the signal, beginning from Canterbury, (headquarters) in consequence of intelligence received there, will, in a very short space of time, communicate it to the most distant part of the county; and, on which signal, every one is immediately to assemble at his known place of rendezvous, and there expect and receive orders for his further proceedings, from the General Officer, under whose command the several Volunteer and other Corps are placed."

During the course of a debate on military matters at St. Stephen's on the 9th December, 1803, Charles Yorke, whom George III said was the best Secretary-at-War he had ever had,[1] stated that the army "had been nearly doubled since the last session, having been augmented from 60,000 to nearly 120,000 men. As to the system of the Army of Reserve, it was similar to that which was almost universally followed abroad, that of having battalions in *depôt.* The militia were in excellent order, and amounted to 70,000 men in England, and 14,000 in Scotland. The volunteers amounted to 380,000 men, 340,000 of whom were infantry, and were disciplined almost as well as it was possible for any equal number of men in the same time. Although they might not be able to meet the enemy in line, yet there were many situations in which they might and with the greatest advantage. As to their clothing, he thought it much better that they should be dressed like the regular soldiers, as the enemy, at a short distance, might take them for regulars."[2]

Pitt, who was the next speaker, said that he wished to see the volunteer forces of the country "brought to the utmost possible pitch of perfection." He suggested that volunteers, instead of receiving pay for twenty days, should be remunerated for forty or fifty days.

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[1] *Rose's Diaries,* Vol. II, p. 165. Yorke became Home Secretary in August, 1803.

[2] *Annual Register,* 1804, p. 17. A list of yeomanry and volunteer corps accepted and placed on the establishment in Great Britain issued from Whitehall, 9th December, 1803, thus sums up the force: Total of effective rank and file, 341,687; field officers, 1246; captains, 4472; subalterns, 9918; staff officers, 1100; serjeants, 14,787; drummers, 6733; making a grand total of 379,943 men. Devonshire returned the largest number of volunteers, with 15,212; followed by Lancashire, 14,278; West Riding of Yorkshire, 14,006; London, 12,460; Westminster, 10,684; and Kent, 10,295. Of these some 8000 were artillery, and 33,000 cavalry. See also *ante,* Vol. I, p. 52, note.

Mr. T. Grenville went further. He abused the Government roundly and pointed out that, although the army consisted of 120,000 men, "70,000 were to be deducted from that number for the militia, which would leave 50,000 only, who deserved the name of regulars; and a great proportion of which was in the army of reserve."

The conduct of Addington's administration was ably defended by Lord Castlereagh, who went into elaborate statistics in an endeavour to make a good case. "The state of the army of the United Kingdom," he averred, "was this: there were 130,000 men in Great Britain, and 50,000 in Ireland on permanent pay; of this total of 180,000 men the militia amounted to 84,000, and the regulars to 96,000; of which 27,000 are for limited service, and 69,000 disposable for general service. The volunteer force consisted of 340,000 in Great Britain, and 70,000 in Ireland, making a total of 410,000. The sea-fencibles were 25,000. The gross force of the United Kingdom might then be considered as 700,000 men in arms. . . . The total force in Ireland consisted of 120,000 when all armed, and the number could be considerably increased. In Great Britain there were about 120,000 of the volunteers yet remained to be armed with muskets, the arms that could be spared having been first given to the volunteers of the metropolis, and of the counties on the sea coast. As to the navy, the number of ships of war amounted to 469, and an armed flotilla of small craft, to the amount of 800, could be speedily added. The ordnance and every other branch of the public service had been considerably augmented."[1]

Fox threw in his lot against the Government. "As they professed to know that the peace of Amiens could not be lasting," he said, "and called those people 'nature's fools' who thought otherwise, they should have made greater exertions, and have had more than 300,000 muskets ready."[1] This was the beginning of the end. No party could hope to cling to office in face of a continual onslaught on the part of so keen an opposition, backed by public opinion, which was clamouring for more vigorous measures of defence in a voice daily gaining in strength.

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[1] See *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, Vol. II, p. 235–6.

Towards the end of 1803 the Volunteer Amendment Bill was brought before the House of Commons. Many commanding officers had been unable to send in their returns of the number of volunteers as required by the Army of Reserve Act, for want of the arms being distributed, and the reports had to state that they were "fully equipped." "The present Bill," said Mr. Secretary Yorke on the 19th December, 1803, "was to remedy those defects. The number of days which it would be necessary to have attended, for the purpose of claiming an exemption from service, in the army of reserve, or militia, would be twenty-five." The Bill provoked a flood of oratory on both sides of the House. Addington admitted that there had been "several defects and inconveniences." Pitt, who was splendid in power, but superb in opposition, retorted by saying that "Ministers could hardly claim the merit of originating any of the measures which had hitherto been taken for the defence of the country. They had rather retarded and enfeebled the volunteer system, than contributed anything to its force and efficiency."

In a particularly strong and forceful speech made in the

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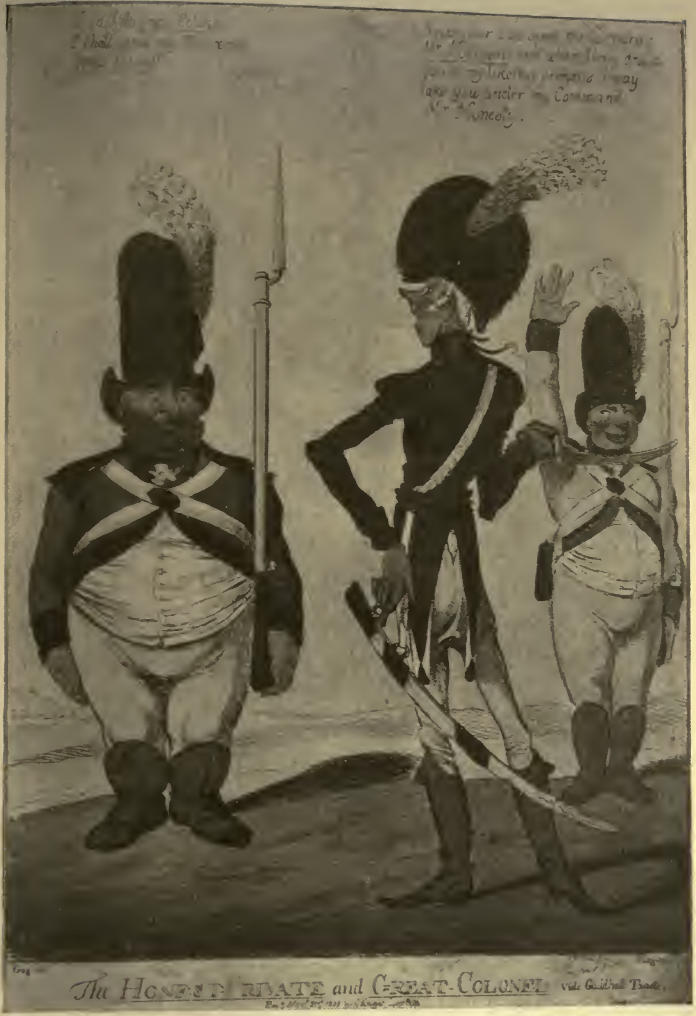
[1] *Annual Register*, 1804, p. 19.



The Honest Private and Great-Colonel
Vide Guildhall Trade.

PITT BRINGS FOX AND SHERIDAN INTO LINE. NOVEMBER, 1803

House of Commons on the 15th March, 1804, Pitt showed his open hostility to the Addington Ministry by asking for an inquiry into the condition of the navy, prefacing his remarks by stating that only twenty-three gunboats had been built since the beginning of 1803, while in the same period the enemy had launched nearly one thousand. Pitt was warmly supported by the usually pacific Wilberforce. Fox voted for the inquiry because he "imagined that the result of such a proceeding would be to clear the character of Lord St. Vincent from all kinds of censure and suspicion."

Addington turned on Pitt by averring that the small craft which had been built by the previous Administration were "utterly unserviceable, and could not go, without danger, from Plymouth to the Eddystone lighthouse." Mr. Tierney waxed wroth and descended to personalities. "The country was much indebted to Mr. Pitt for his exertions as a volunteer, but he thought the land service was enough for him, and that he might leave the sea service to abler hands." There were, he said, 511 ships-of-the-line, frigates, sloops, and smaller vessels, nine block ships, 373 lighters and small craft, fitted out in the King's yards, and 624 boats of the flotilla, completely equipped and ready for service. The motion for inquiry was lost by a majority of 71, but shortly afterwards it came out that the Army of Reserve was 14,000 short of its full strength, and Mr. Secretary Yorke admitted that the total of the regular force on the 1st March was 267,043 men, including the militia and artillery, which was a decrease of 12,000 on the returns of the 1st October, 1801.[1] A more damaging admission could hardly have been made.

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[1] *Annual Register*, 1804, p. 65.

The economies practised during Earl St. Vincent's term of office at the Admiralty, although made in good faith and with a view to ultimate benefits, afford a particularly glaring instance of the failure in certain quarters to realize that with Bonaparte a peace was usually a means to an end, and that end was war with an augmented army. James, the naval historian, records that "many old and useful officers and a vast number of artificers had been discharged from the King's dockyards; the customary supplies of timber and other important articles of naval stores had been omitted to be kept up; and some articles, including a large portion of hemp, had actually been sold out of the service. A deficiency of workmen and of materials produced, of course, a suspension in the routine of dockyard business. New ships could not be built; nor could old ones be repaired. Many of the ships in commission, too, having been merely patched up, were scarcely in a state to keep the sea."[1]

At a later date Pitt poured the vials of his wrath on the Government for not exerting itself more in the way of increasing the usefulness of the army. He accused the Ministers of "contradictions in the plans, repugnancies in the measures, and imbecility in the execution: nothing in which every step has not been marked by unnecessary delay." It is clear that Pitt was no mere seeker after office, and when Addington resigned[2] it became perfectly obvious that Chatham's son would have to be a modern Atlas, supporting the world on his already enfeebled shoulders. At the time Fox was not in the good graces of George III, and although Pitt was anxious to have his Cabinet strengthened by so able a statesman, the King refused. As a consequence Lord Grenville, "that proud man" who had already served as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was Pitt's first cousin, "with many talents and some qualities,"[1] would not accept office. Four future Prime Ministers sat at the table of Pitt's second Administration, and Lord Melville (Henry Dundas) succeeded St. Vincent, an appointment which, in the light of after-events, was singularly unfortunate.[2]

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[1] James's *Naval History* (1878 edition), Vol. III, p. 212.

[2] Addington sent his resignation to the King on the 26th April, 1804, but it was not made public until the 12th May.

So far as the internal condition of England is concerned, her state was far from satisfactory. For thirteen years—that is, from 1789 to 1802—agriculture had been going from bad to worse, and it was only now beginning to show slight signs of improvement. As a consequence the farmer and the labourer, never too optimistic at the best of times, grumbled louder than ever. Nevertheless, allowing for the usual proportion of people who in times of war either think that armed force should never be resorted to, or that if it is the Empire is bound to suffer defeat "this time" for tempting Providence, the men showed good public spirit. They answered the appeals for volunteers as Britishers always have done in times of crisis, but when

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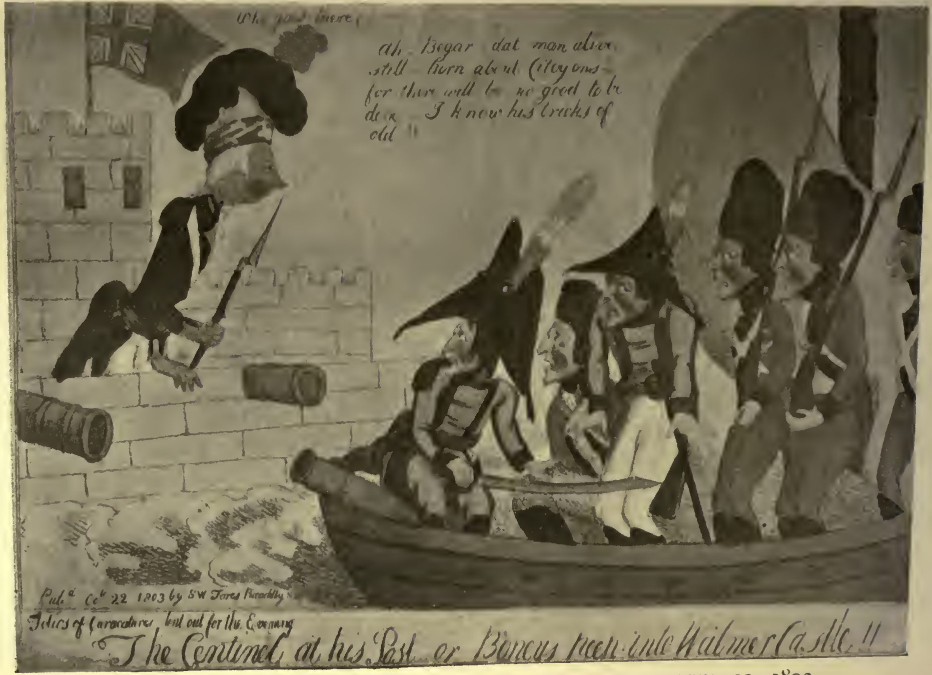
[1] *Pitt*, p. 115, by Lord Rosebery.

[2] In the Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry, appointed under Mr. Addington's *régime*, mention was made of various malpractices, and suspicion was thrown on Lord Melville. The matter was brought before Parliament on the 13th February, 1805. The opposition seized upon this exposure with avidity, and a division took place, resulting in 216 votes to 216. The Speaker gave his casting vote against the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Melville was censured as "guilty of a gross violation of the law, and a high breach of duty." The unhappy statesman resigned, and on the matter being brought up again he was impeached of high crimes and misdemeanours, but was ultimately acquitted.

Mr. Secretary Yorke blandly stated that they might be considered as armed if they carried pikes, the patriots very justly considered themselves slighted.

On May 18th, 1804, the day on which Pitt took his seat on the ministerial bench of the House of Commons as Prime Minister, and Napoleon became Emperor, London was *en fête*, the occasion being the presentation of colours to the Loyal London Volunteers at Blackheath. The Duke of York, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, proceeded from the Tower in the *Lord Nelson* barge followed by the regiments in the river fencible boats and many hundreds of smaller craft. Father Thames perhaps never bore a more stately pageant as the flotilla slowly made its way down-stream. Salutes from temporary batteries and volleys fired by corps of volunteers lining the banks mingled with the music of regimental bands. Nearly all the ships lying at anchor were decorated. At Greenwich the veterans of a hundred fights welcomed the men who were to defy Bonaparte, and the ten regiments then marched to Blackheath. There they were met by Princess Charlotte and a large party of notable people, the colours being presented by the Lord Mayor. "It was reserved for the present age," he said in the course of a lengthy speech, "to prove the falsehood of the imputation that the genius of commerce had subdued the fire of freedom in our breasts; and to evince that those, who by civilization and industry best learn to acquire wealth, by their intrepidity and exertions best know how to preserve it." The whole of the volunteers then passed before the Duke of York and the Princess, and fired a royal salute.

The King certainly did not minimize the responsibilities of his position, and was fully alive to the impending crisis.


Who goes there,
Ah Begar dat man alive still turn about Citoyens for there will be no good to be done. I know his tricks of old !!
Pub.d Oct.r 22 1803 by S W Fores Piccadilly
Folios of Caracatures lent out for the Evening
The Centinel at his Post or Boneys peep into Walmer Castle !!

BONAPARTE FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OLD ENEMY PITT. OCTOBER 22, 1803

The following communication to the Duke of York[1] is yet another proof of his keen personal interest in all that appertained to the welfare of his troops. His Majesty's anxiety as to the vulnerability of Dorsetshire was doubtless aroused by its comparative proximity to Brest, and shows that Napoleon was right in his belief that the fleet in that important roadstead would be one of the chief concerns of England.

"QUEEN'S PALACE, KEW.
"*June* 15, 1804.

"My Dear Frederick,

"The removing Genl. Bertie from the 9th to the 77th Regt of Foot on the death of Genl. Marsh meets with my thorough approbation as well as Lieut. Genl. Hunter's succeeding to the 9th and Lord Charles Fitzroy to the 3rd Battalion of the 60th. This I trust will very naturally give the other Coldstream the advantage of a promotion on the next vacant Regt of Infantry by removing M. Genl. Cowell to a Battalion of the 60th or a Black Regt by advancing the excellent Adjutant from one of these Corps to an Old Regiment of Foot.

"I cannot deny I am rather hurt that there is any objection made to forming so large an Army of Reserves in Dorsetshire where, or in Cornwall, I think an attack more likely than in Essex, Kent or Sussex; but as I am not obstinate, I will agree to lessen the demands from other districts, by only calling for M. Genl. Finch's brigade from the Eastern District, the Royal Reg. of Horse Guards from Canterbury to be replaced by the 4th Dragoon Guards and the 15th Light Dragoons from Hampshire, the Battalions and Artillery of the German Legion in addition to its Cavalry now at Dorsetshire to be encamped at Radipole, the 25th Foot from Ireland, and the Stafford and Somerset

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[1] Mr. Broadley's collection of Invasion MSS.

Regiment of Militia. I fear the reduction of force will not be sufficient reason for your absenting yourself entirely from the Capital though I trust you will, when the Regiments are in sufficient order to begin the Manœuvre with effect together, come to Weymouth where your apartment and rooms for Taylor and another Aide de Camp shall be ever aired and ready for your reception. In this case the Duke of Cumberland as Genl. of the South West district must naturally command the Troops; the Duke of Cambridge my German Legion; Lieut. Genl. Manners at [blank] as Lieut. Genl. of the English Infantry; M. Genl. Garth command the whole cavalry having Col. Dorien as Senior Officer to lead the Heavy Regiments and Colonel Linsinger the light Regiments of Cavalry, M. Genl^{s} Finch and Fitzroy the two Brigades of British Infantry and Brigadier Genl. Whetham the Batt^{s} of Infantry of the German Legion, if Col. Levisson from Plymouth could be spared [he] would make an admirable commander of the flank companies acting as light troops: this little corps would then render Dorsetshire safe and might be useful in moving either towards Portsmouth or Plymouth if the attempt is made on either of those great naval arsenals. The Adjutant and Quartermaster Generals had best remain in the Capital for the use of Head Quarters and the assistance of their departments of the District will fully answer what may be required. If one of those Brigades under Jarret could be added for the occasion notice should be given for the attendance of the 6th named Aide-de-Camp; thus and your own secured [*sic*] and their horses may be placed at Radipole Barracks.

"I remain my dear
"Frederick
"Yours
"George R."

No less interesting is a communication in which the King gives further instructions for the defence of the same county, indeed Dorsetshire seems ever to have been in his thoughts :—

"ON BOARD THE 'ROYAL SOVEREIGN.'
"*Monday, Sept.* 10*th*, 1804.

"My Dear Frederick,

"I return the Lists of Commissions which having all met with my approbation I have signed and return that the Subsequent Steps may be taken for preparing the Commissions; the Arrangements for the Volunteers and Lieut. Gen^{s} to be called forth in case of actual Invasion meet with my fullest approbation.

"I have seen the Assistant Barrack Master Gen^{l} and fully approved of the Plan He has proposed for additions to the Barracks, and erecting a Riding House; which will render it one of the best Cavalry Barracks in the Kingdom and a Regiment at least must ever be placed here, as also a Batallion [*sic*] in the Foot Barracks, for Dorsetshire is one of the most vulnerable parts of the Kingdom. I ever remain

"My Dear Frederick,
"Your most affectionate Father,
"GEORGE R."[1]

Pitt's return to power put a strong hand at the helm of Government. Bent on "setting Europe to rights," he was the only British statesman at that time strong enough to grapple with the double-dealings of Napoleon. Once a man of peace, and if not actually an upholder of the French Revolution, he was for allowing that nation to work out its own destiny, he now felt convinced that war, long and protracted though it might be, must continue the policy of Great Britain until either that country or France finally triumphed. Pitt and the King were never any too cordial. Each regarded the other with a certain amount of suspicion. The "obstinate upper lip" of the Minister did not admit of the complacence which made Addington so beloved of His Majesty. Pitt's character is almost as complex as that of Napoleon. Never were two great men so like and yet so unlike. Had Pitt possessed the robust constitution, the indomitable perseverance, the sleepless energy of Napoleon, Waterloo might have been fought a dozen years earlier. Despot he unquestionably was, and while the Man of Destiny intrigued, Chatham's son plotted with those Governments of Europe which were not under the domination of France. During his administrations £9,024,817. 10s. 6d. in the form of direct gifts were taken from the coffers of Downing Street to replenish the war-chests of Continental Powers.[1]

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[1] Mr. Broadley's collection of Invasion MSS.

In Pitt's dictionary "delay" was printed in capitals, while with Napoleon time was "everything," although in diplomatic affairs the latter knew the value of temporizing when it was necessary.[2] Pitt's was a vacillating policy when compared with his antagonist's progressive one, and it cost his country millions in consequence. If Pitt had faults, his good points were equally evident. At this great crisis in our national history he plunged into the struggle with the desperate energy of a man who had so much to do and so little time to do it in. Death had marked him for his own, and his lamp of life was already flickering. Notwithstanding this, his wonderful ability was placed at the nation's service unremittingly, and it never failed until he was laid by the side of Chatham in Westminster Abbey. "What sepulchre," exclaimed Wellesley, "embosoms the remains of so much excellence and so much glory!"

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[1] Rosebery's *Pitt*, Appendix A.

[2] As in 1806, after Pitt's death, when Fox, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, proposed a cessation of hostilities. Coquelle gives it as his opinion that it was always Napoleon's policy to be "unwilling to break off negotiations with England, for he was unwilling that public opinion should hold him responsible for the continuation of the war. In all the negotiations he carried on up till 1814, he kept this principle clearly before him; to arrange matters in such a way as to make his opponents bear the odium for which he alone was responsible."—*Napoleon and England*, *1803–1813*, p. 90.

Much of Pitt's time was now taken up with his scheme for adding to the military strength of the kingdom. To this end he introduced the Additional Force Bill, which was calculated to revitalize the regular army and add considerably to its ranks. Doubtless the new Chancellor of the Exchequer would have liked to introduce those plans for reform which had ever been his first love, but this was impracticable. Everything had to bow before the one great subject which filled the public mind, and that was how best to repel the invasion which, from all continental accounts, every day brought nearer.

The dying statesman faced the problem, but in the early days of 1805 confessed that his plan of defence had not come up to his expectations, the number of men joining the regular army being very small. Six hundred thousand troops, militia, and volunteers were now ready to take the field,[1] however, and the King in his speech from the throne expressed himself as being well satisfied with "the unabated zeal and improved discipline of a vast volunteer force, and the general ardour manifested by every class of his subjects, which, in their united effort, had completely checked, and had been abundantly sufficient to deter the enemy from so desperate and hopeless an enterprise." At the same time His Majesty urged upon his subjects the necessity for not relaxing their efforts. The crisis was not yet over.

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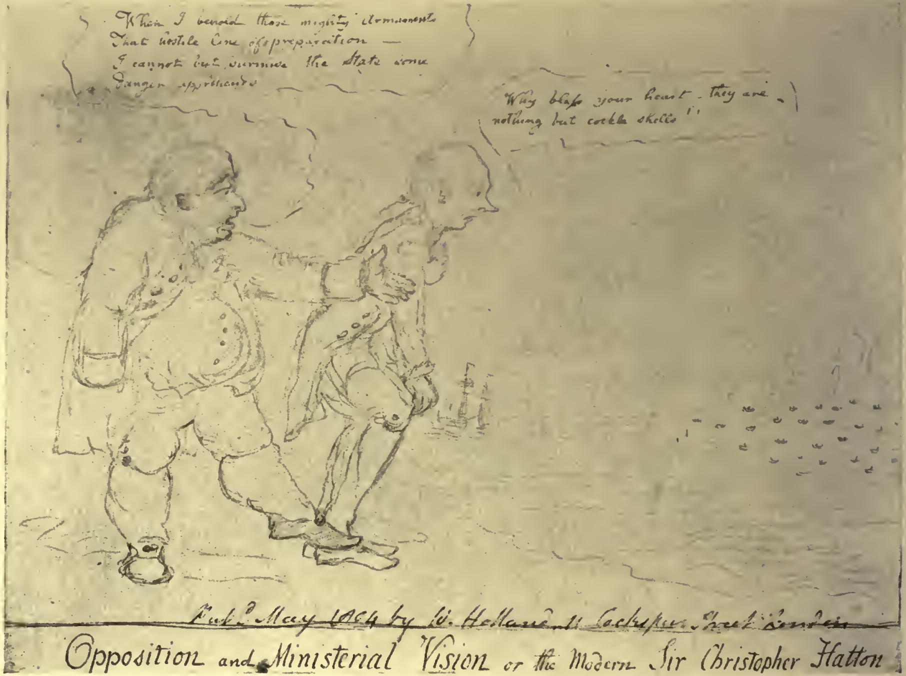
[1] According to the official returns of January 1st, 1805, the effective strength of the army, rank and file, was 139,491, exclusive of 22,375 foreign and colonial troops. The militia numbered 89,809, and there were 360,814 enrolled volunteers, making a grand total of 590,114 armed men for internal defence.

Seventy-four martello towers were erected round the coast, and many of them are still standing, silent witnesses to England's peril at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They are circular in form, the diameter being about forty feet at the base and thirty feet at the top, with a height of thirty feet. The brick walls vary in thickness from nine feet to seaward to six feet on the landward side. The buildings are of two stories, the lower one designed for a powder magazine and warehouse, and the one above for additional accommodation. The flat roofs are bomb-proof, surrounded by a breastwork four feet high. A swivel gun and two howitzers comprised their armament. These peculiar fortifications, which closely resemble an inverted flower-pot on a mammoth scale, cost from £7000 upwards. During the last few years a large number of them have been disposed of, but of those retained some are still used by the War Office and the Admiralty for various purposes other than defence. Of the two martello towers at Felixstowe, for instance, one has been converted into a shelter for cattle, and is the property of a private person, while the other serves for an Admiralty Marconi station. As an additional means of defence it was proposed to flood the low-lying portions of Kent and Sussex by damming the sluices which drained the water from the land, but the scheme was abandoned. A more practical measure was the excavation of the Royal Military


When I behold those mighty armaments
That hostile line of preparation —
I cannot but surmise the State some
Danger apprehends
Why bless your heart - they are nothing but cockle shells!!
Pub.d May 1804 by W. Holland 11 Cockspur Street London
Opposition and Ministerial Vision or the Modern Sir Christopher Hatton

CARICATURE OF FOX'S ATTITUDE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE THREATENED INVASION.
MAY, 1804. *From the original drawing.*

Canal from Hythe to Rye, thus cutting off Romney Marsh, one of the districts likely to afford a landing-place for Bonaparte's legions.

The veteran General Dumouriez very ably sums up the question of the defence of the British Isles a little before Trafalgar. If Napoleon landed in Lincolnshire, the former Governor of Cherbourg was confident that Spalding camp would stop his march on London, "whilst the army corps assembled round Lincoln would surround him, starve him, and compel him to surrender." Should Yarmouth be the chosen spot, the town had adequate defences. There was a camp at Gorleston, and an army to defend such important centres as Norwich, Beccles, and Bungay. Suffolk was also well protected, while the Colchester camp was admirably placed to resist an incursion in Essex. Kent and Sussex were plentifully supplied with armed men, and the Western and Midland divisions could be hurriedly marched to any point attacked. The camp on the Isle of Sheppey was the pivot of the defence of the Thames, and there was a second large body of soldiers at Canterbury. "Romney and Rye have a prescribed defence, backed up by the excellent camp at Oxney." Dumouriez concludes that now the Emperor will not put his scheme into execution. "Bonaparte will be only too glad very shortly, under pretext of continental wars, to break off all his immense and puerile preparations, and take his troops off to Italy or Germany. . . . The English must never relax their defence so long as this demonstration lasts, if only to keep up the martial energy of the nation to full pitch, and possibly use it during the continental war that is without doubt on the eve of breaking out."[1] As events proved, the foresight of

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[1] Dumouriez MS., August, 1805, pp. 280–9.

Dumouriez was phenomenal. If he was not treated as a prophet in his own country, he certainly deserved to be so esteemed in that of his adoption, where he elected to spend the remaining twenty years of his life, and where his bones now rest.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ADMIRALS WHO WATCHED, 1803 AND 1804

> "I never did, or never shall, desert the service of my country; but what can I do more than serve till I drop?"—NELSON.

THE day following the renewal of war saw Admiral Cornwallis,[1] with ten sail-of-the-line, on the way to his station off Ushant, there to mask the Brest fleet, which Bonaparte had ordered to be put in a thorough state of repair and armament. At a later period the blockading fleet was increased to twenty sail and a number of frigates, and in the year of Trafalgar it reached a total of thirty-four vessels. Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson commanded in the Mediterranean, which was now assumed to be of some importance, and was soon to prove all-important; Admiral Lord Keith[2] was in the Downs, while at Portsmouth was Lord Gardner,[3] and at Plymouth Admiral George Montagu,[4] succeeded on June 8th, 1803, by Admiral Sir John Colpoys.[1] At the immediate outbreak of hostilities Lord Keith was given the Plymouth station, but he declined it and went to the Downs. From these fleets various squadrons were detached at different times to watch all ports in which the enemy had vessels; Pellew[2] cruising off Ferrol, Collingwood[3] off Rochefort, and Thornborough[4] off the Texel. With the disposal of ships for the protection of British colonies we have nothing to do. Suffice to say that North America was guarded by Vice-Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell;[5] the East Indies by Vice-Admiral Peter Rainier;[6] Jamaica by Rear-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth;[7] and the Leeward Islands by Commodore Sir Samuel Hood.[8] It was absolutely necessary to prevent the squadrons at Brest, Toulon, Rochefort, Ferrol, and in the Texel from putting to sea, or, to be strictly accurate, from escaping without giving fight. St. Vincent, who was still at the head of the

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[1] The Hon. Admiral William Cornwallis (b. 1744). Commander-in-Chief of the Channel fleet from February, 1801, to February, 1806; Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, May 14th, 1814; d. 1819.

[2] Admiral Lord Keith (George Keith Elphinstone), b. 1747. He was made a peer of Great Britain in 1801 for his services in connection with the Egyptian Expedition. Lord Keith continued on the active list until 1815; d. 1823.

[3] Admiral Lord Gardner (b. 1742). Commander-in-Chief on the Irish station, August 30th, 1800; on December 23rd, 1800, he was made a peer of Ireland; d. 1809.

[4] Admiral Sir George Montagu, K.G.C. (b. 1750). Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, June, 1803, to January, 1809; K.G.C., 1815; d. 1829.

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[1] Admiral Sir John Colpoys (b. *circa* 1742). Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, June, 1803; made a Lord of the Admiralty, 1804; Admiral of the Red, 1809; d. 1821.

[2] Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth (1757–1833).

[3] Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood (b. 1750). Rear-Admiral of the Red, 1801; Vice-Admiral of the Blue, April 23rd, 1804; promoted to Vice-Admiral of the Red and created Baron Collingwood, November 9th, 1805; d. at sea, 1810.

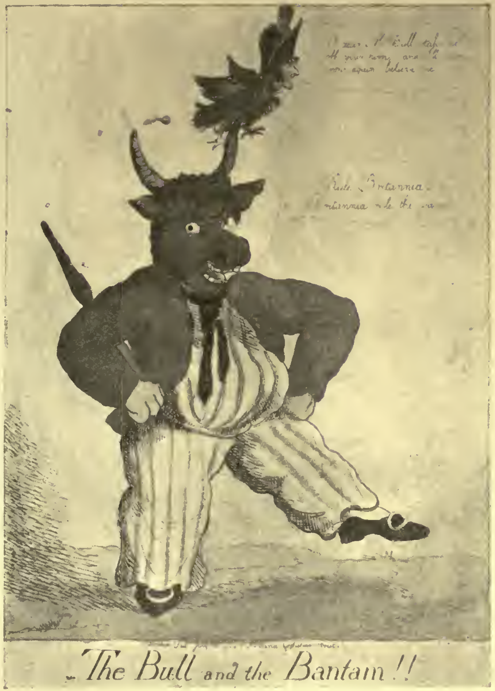
[4] Admiral Sir Edward Thornborough, G.C.B. (b. 1754). Commander of a division in the North Sea under Lord Keith, March, 1803, to October, 1804; Vice-Admiral, June 9th, 1805; Admiral, December 4th, 1813; K.C.B., January 2nd, 1815; G.C.B., January 11th, 1825; d. 1834.

[5] Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.B. (b. 1757). Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, 1802; Rear-Admiral of the Blue, 1805; d. 1806.

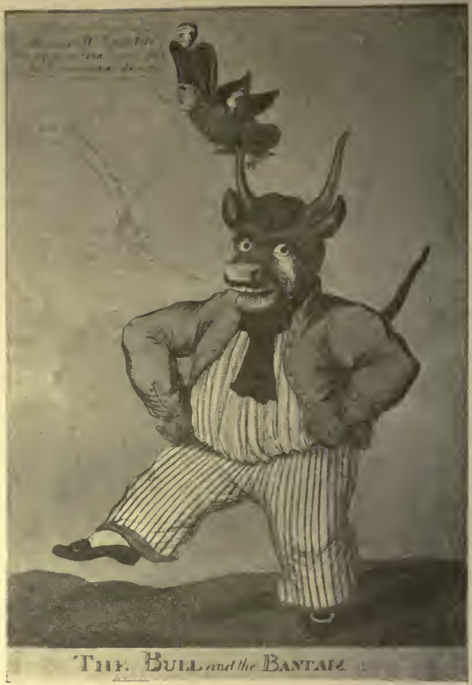
[6] Admiral Peter Rainier (b. *circa* 1741). Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, 1793–1804; Admiral, 1805; d. 1808.

[7] Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth (b. 1747). Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica, 1803; Admiral of the White, 1813; d. 1817.

[8] Vice-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. (b. 1762). Died Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, December 24th, 1814.


The Bull and the Bantam !!

ENGLAND MAKES LIGHT OF BONAPARTE AND HIS THREATS. JULY, 1803


The Bull and the Bantam

JOHN BULL DEFIES BONAPARTE. CARICATURE OF 1803

British Admiralty, had imprisoned the French fleet in Toulon a few years before, thus proving his system of blockade to be strategically sound so far as it went. This plan was to be followed now. "Lord St. Vincent's defence of the Island," says Tucker,[1] "was a triple line of barricade; fifty gun-ships, frigates, sloops of war, and gun vessels, upon the coast of the enemy; in the Downs opposite to France, another squadron, but of powerful ships-of-the-line, continually disposable, to support the former, or to attack any over their coast; and a force on the beach on all the shores of the English ports to render assurance doubly sure. This force for the defence of the Island was entrusted to Lord Keith, having under him Admirals Thornborough, Vashon,[2] Russell,[3] Louis,[4] and Patton."[5] Unfortunately few of the vessels belonging to the various blockading and defence squadrons were in first-class condition, and Nelson complained bitterly, even going so far as to state that some of them were unseaworthy, and that "It is not a store-ship a week that would keep them in repair."[6] Again, "We are in the right fighting trim," he says, "let them come as soon as they please. I never saw a fleet altogether so well officered and manned; would to God the ships were half so good! The finest ones in the service would soon be destroyed by such terrible weather . . ."

Collingwood's ship, the *Venerable*, was in much the same condition as the *Victory*, and his crew were "almost worked to death." "We began by discovering slight defects in the ship," he remarks in one of his outspoken and entertaining letters, "and the farther we went in the examination, the more important they appeared, until at last it was discovered to be so completely rotten as to be unfit for sea. We have been sailing for the last six months with only a sheet of copper between us and eternity. I have written to Lord St. Vincent," he concludes, "to ask him for a sounder ship; but it deranges me exceedingly to be thus for ever changing."[1] The exchange was made, and the *Venerable* foundered the following year. The *Culloden* flew Collingwood's flag until he shifted it to the *Dreadnought*, which in turn gave place to the *Royal Sovereign*. On the other hand, Sir Edward Pellew's experience was not so unpleasant. "I know, and can assert with confidence that our navy was never better supplied, and that our men were never better fed or better clothed."[2] It follows that life in the British navy at this period was not particularly enviable. The furious gales played havoc with the ships, and the ships played havoc with the men. No wonder that Nelson prophesied he would live to fight one more battle only.

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[1] *Memoirs of the Earl of St. Vincent*, Vol. II, p. 205.

[2] Admiral James Vashon (1742–1827).

[3] Admiral Thomas Macnamara Russell (*circa* 1740–1824).

[4] Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Louis, Bart. (1759-1807).

[5] Admiral Philip Patton (1739–1815).

[6] *Nelson's Despatches*, Vol. IV, p. 175. Mahan's *Life of Nelson* deals very thoroughly with the condition of the admiral's fleet at this time.

Upon Admiral the Honourable William Cornwallis, who commanded in the Channel, and Admiral Lord Keith, who held a similar position in the Downs, rested mainly the responsibility of protecting the English coasts. The former cruised off Ushant and blockaded the Brest fleet in its own harbour, at the same time keeping in touch with Lorient and Rochefort, and convoying merchant vessels when necessary. Keith had not only to safeguard the trade routes and the fishing interests of the North Sea, but also to keep an eye open for any of the enemy's vessels which might elude the vigilance of his colleagues, Rear-Admiral Thornborough and Sir Sidney Smith,[1] who "held tight" off the coast of Holland.

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[1] *Correspondence of Lord Collingwood*, p. 95.

[2] Parliamentary Debates, 1804, p. 892.

This chapter will deal as concisely as possible with the minor work—if such a term is allowable in warfare—of these officers, whose courage was no less than their responsibility, leaving the big events to be dealt with in chronological sequence in the chapters which follow. To do anything like adequate justice to these defenders of "England's home and beauty" would require a dozen chapters if treated in detail, and might tend to obscure rather than to elucidate the narrative. The sense of proportion is lost when the lesser lights of history, however faithfully they may have served the principal actors, are allowed to have the stage to themselves for too long a time. In this particular drama Nelson is the master player.

The name of Cornwallis conjures up no romance in the public mind, although recent historians have not failed to show their keen appreciation of his sagacity and seamanship. He is a much underrated hero still, partly because no great sea-fights are associated with his command, and in a lesser degree because his personality is neither aggressive nor inspiring. "He seemed quiet and reserved in his deportment—elderly, and rather short and stout in person—and, if habited in a suit of brown and a round hat, instead of blue with a three-cornered one, would have looked more like a sober citizen or simple country gentleman than one of England's naval demi-gods. He was particularly abstemious both in meat and drink, scarcely touching wine, and living for the most part on pulse and vegetables."[1] It is quite right that Nelson should be the "darling hero" of England. Trafalgar was so overwhelming a victory that it not only precluded Napoleon from ever using his mosquito fleet, but crippled his navy and put a seal upon British supremacy at sea. From that day to this no one has cared to dispute the fact. But the value of Cornwallis's blockade of Brest cannot be overestimated in studying the plans of the Admiralty for the circumvention of Napoleon's deeply laid strategy. Had the Brest fleet put to sea instead of the allied fleet, the probability is that Cornwallis would have given it as severe a drubbing as was received by Villeneuve and Gravina off Cape Trafalgar. Good Fortune and Giant Circumstance gave the men and ships of France and Spain into the hands of Nelson.

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[1] Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, G.C.B. (1764–1840).

The story of how Cornwallis watched his quarry at Brest, the determined way in which he hugged the coasts of France in fair weather and foul, and the skill with which he directed operations—marred only by one strategic error of importance, namely, the detachment of Calder to Ferrol in the later stages of the campaign—makes a fascinating chapter in the history of the development of sea power. Cornwallis never left his station on any pretext whatever if he could possibly avoid doing so. Anything short of a hurricane he rode out, and sheer necessity alone made him seek the calmer waters and shelter of Torbay, to return on the slightest abatement

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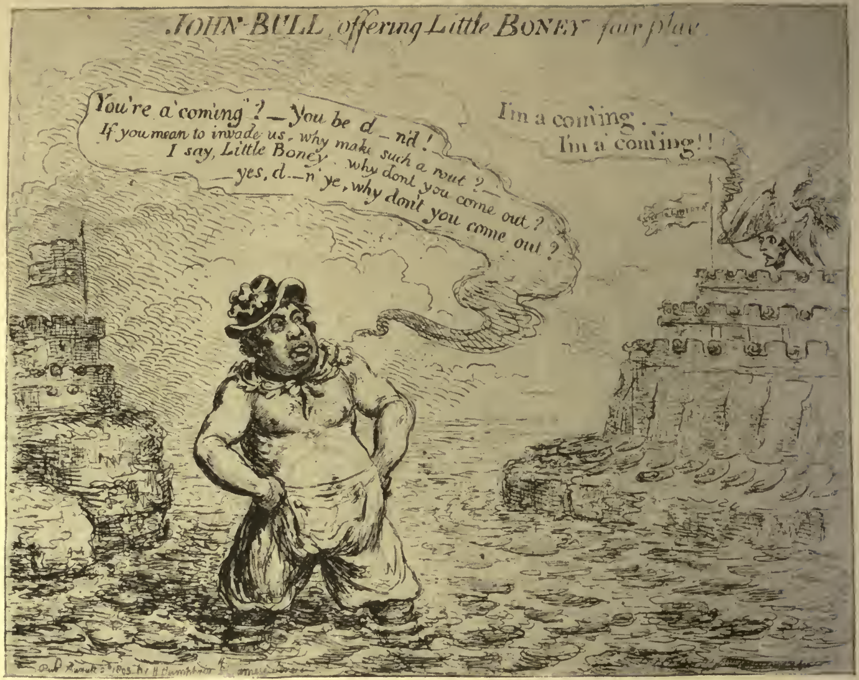
[1] *Reminiscences of a Naval Officer during the Late War*, Vol. I, p. 49, by Captain A. Crawford, R.N.


JOHN-BULL offering Little BONEY fair play.
You're a'coming"?—You be d—n'd! If you mean to invade us, why make such a rout?— I say, Little Boney, why dont you come out? —yes, d—n' ye, why don't you come out?
I'm a coming.— I'm a' coming!!

JOHN BULL DEFIES THE INVADER. GILLRAY, 2 AUGUST, 1803

of the weather.[1] The Admiral, as well as the officers and men under him, must have had constitutions of iron. One wonders whether modern steel-clads and their crews could stand the buffeting and strain that was imposed upon those wooden ships and the sailors who worked them, during the long years before and after Trafalgar, presuming that such a protracted blockade became necessary, probably an exceedingly remote contingency. Cornwallis kept more strictly to the literal interpretation of St. Vincent's plan of "sealing up" the enemy than Nelson. It must not be inferred, however, that he did not give them an opportunity to come out "into the open." As a matter of fact, he offered them every encouragement to fight, but he took good care that neither his inshore squadron nor the heavy ships under his immediate command should be too far off to admit of the French Admiral eluding him, although he was obliged to weaken his forces on more than one occasion.

"First blood" was drawn on the 18th May, 1803, by the crew of the *Doris*, commanded by Captain Pearson. The *Doris* was a frigate attached to the fleet which had left Plymouth under Admiral Cornwallis the day before, and was then off Ushant. After a desperate resistance on the part of her crew of ninety-two men he secured as a prize *l'Affronteur*, a French lugger of fourteen guns. Her captain and eleven seamen were killed and fourteen wounded, while the only casualty on the British ship was one man wounded. Another vessel of small tonnage, the *Jeanne*, was also captured.

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[1] "In the day of sailing-ships the English fleet operated against Brest making its base at Torbay and Plymouth. The plan was simply this: in easterly or moderate weather the blockading fleet kept its position without difficulty; but in westerly gales, when too severe, they bore up for English ports, knowing that the French fleet could not get out till the wind shifted, which equally served to bring them back to their station."—Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power*, Vol. I, p. 30.

Homeward-bound merchant vessels looked to Cornwallis for some measure of protection from privateers and the possibility of any of the enemy's ships having escaped other blockading squadrons, and in 1803 the Admiral was so severely handicapped for want of frigates that two sail-of-the-line had to be requisitioned for this purpose. The Lords of the Admiralty admonished him for running so hazardous a risk. "It is important to His Majesty's service that you should keep your squadron more collected off the ports of the enemy, to watch their proceedings."[1] A day later he is told that "it appears to them [the Lords of the Admiralty] to be essentially necessary, from accounts received of the state of the enemy's force, that you should not detach any of your line-of-battle ships on services of that nature."[2] The boot fitted on the other foot, and had misfortune occurred the moral blame would have rested on the authorities at home who stinted him of frigates.

"The great want of small vessels I have several times pointed out to the Admiralty," Cornwallis informs Collingwood.[3] Even when St. Vincent's administration was a thing of the past and Melville reigned in his stead, he was unable to meet the Admiral's wishes in this respect. His fleet was increased to sixteen sail-of-the-line it is true, but he could not get frigates, owing to "a deficiency of means to supply what you suggest. No exertion shall be omitted, and I hope with success, to bring forward additional ships of war; but, till that can be done, it is necessary to make the most of those we have, by a judicious arrangement and distribution of our forces. Nobody is better competent to judge of the truth of what I allude to than yourself, for you know perfectly how many of the ships I found in commission when I came into office have been sent in such a condition as to require to be broken up or put into dock; and it is physically impossible that, by any means in my power, I could, as yet, have been able to bring forward substitutes for them."[1]

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[1] From Sir Edward Nepean, 25th July, 1803. *Despatches and Letters relating to the Blockade of Brest*, 1803-5, Vol. I, p. 82. Edited by John Leyland (Navy Records Society), 1899.

[2] 26th July, 1803. *Ibid.*, p. 83.

[3] 30th August, 1803. *Ibid.*, p. 138.

Referring to the principles of blockade, Collingwood made some pregnant remarks when the French squadron at Rochefort evaded Sir Thomas Graves in the later stages of the war. Brest was believed to be their destination. "If they are arrived there, it will be a proof of how little practicable it is to block up a port in winter. To sail from one blockaded port, and enter another, where the whole fleet is, without being seen, does not come within the comprehension of the city politicians. Their idea is that we are like sentinels standing at a door, who must see, and may intercept, all who attempt to go into it. But so long as the ships are at sea they are content, little considering that every one of the blasts which we endure lessens the security of the country."[2]

Rear-Admiral Campbell,[3] commanding the inshore squadron of three sail-of-the-line and two frigates, took up his position at the entrance of Brest Harbour in June, 1803, but he was shortly afterwards succeeded by Collingwood, "the last to leave and the first to rejoin me,"[1] as Cornwallis said of him. A letter written by the junior officer shows a dim light upon the anxieties and hazardous nature of his duties. There was no feather-bed work at Brest. "We have no news here," he says, "and cannot be in more complete seclusion from the world, with only one object in view—that of preventing the French from doing harm. The Admiral sends all the ships to me, and cruises off Ushant by himself; but with a westerly wind it is impossible with one squadron to prevent ships getting into Brest Harbour; for it has two entrances, very distant from each other—one to the south of the Saints, but which, off Ushant, where we are, is entirely out of view. I take the utmost pains to prevent all access, and an anxious time I have of it, what with tides and rocks, which have more of danger in them than a battle once a week.... I do not expect to go into port until the conclusion of the war."[2]

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[1] Melville to Cornwallis, 2nd November, 1804. *The Blockade of Brest*, Vol. II, p. 118.

[2] Dated *Dreadnought*, off Ushant, February 4th, 1805. *Correspondence of Lord Collingwood*, p. 99.

[3] Admiral Sir George Campbell, G.C.B. (b. 1761). Rear-Admiral of the Blue, January 1st, 1801, and attached to the Channel fleet; K.C.B., January, 2nd, 1810; Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, May 21st, 1818; d. 1821.

Collingwood did not long remain in command of the inshore squadron. "It was a station of great anxiety," he writes on the 10th October, 1803, "and required so constant a care and look-out, that I have often been a week without having my clothes off, and was sometimes upon deck the whole night." The duties were so arduous and the strain so great that frequent changes were made in the officers. "I was there longer than was intended for want of a proper successor, and saw all my squadron relieved more than once. . . . I think that Bonaparte's experiment of the invasion will soon be made, and hope that it will

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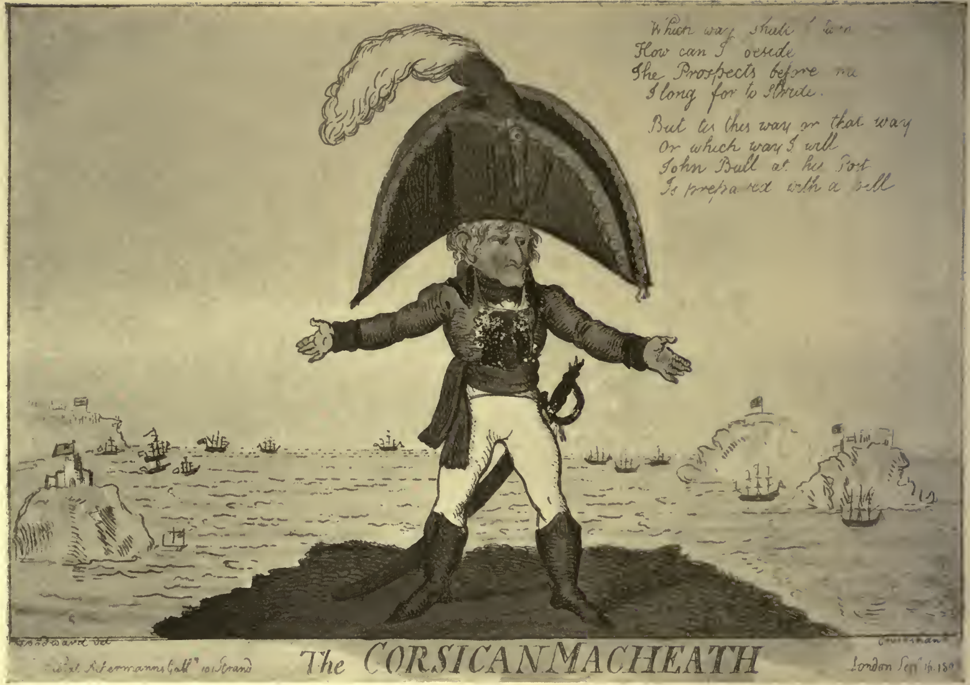
[1] *Correspondence of Lord Collingwood*, p. 91.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 92.


Which way shall I turn
How can I decide
The Prospects before me
I long for to Stride.
But be this way or that way
Or which way I will
John Bull at his Post
Is prepared with a pill
Woodward del
Cruikshank
Pub. at Ackermanns Gall^y 101 Strand
The CORSICAN MACHEATH
London Sep^t 16. 180

BONAPARTE PERPLEXED AT ENGLAND'S NAVAL STRENGTH. SEPTEMBER 16, 1803

not be held too lightly; for in that consists the only danger. They should not merely be repulsed, but with such exemplary vengeance as will deter them from any future attempt to subjugate our Country, and will give an example to all other nations how they may also preserve their independence."[1]

Collingwood did not agree with his senior officer's instructions to continually subject the enemy to a hail of fire. "I do not know that this firing and bombing upon their coast is of any essential benefit, or whether it may not rather do harm by accustoming them to a great fire with little injury."[2]

Considering the frequency of gales in the autumn and winter, comparatively little damage was done to Cornwallis's fleet by tempestuous weather. The first trouble of importance was occasioned by the *Boadicea* and *Sirius*, which came into collision "working up between Bertheaume and Camaret Bays, with a moderate breeze," on the 27th July, 1803. The *Sirius* sustained bad injuries, the rudder being "broken off about five feet from its head and entirely torn from the stern-post, part of the quarter galleries and the upper part of the stern frame materially damaged."[3] The *Boadicea* seemed to be dogged by disaster, for she struck on a rock later, necessitating her putting into Portsmouth for repairs. In the gale at the end of November, 1803, the *Dreadnought*, *Rambler*, *Atalanta*, and *Fox* were obliged to make for the same shelter "from losses and having sustained some damage, the *Dreadnought* without her foreyard."[4] Navigation was so dangerous during the short voyage home from the French coast that the *Rambler* had to "throw ten of her guns overboard."[1] The following month the *Impétueux*, while riding out a severe gale, injured her mizen mast, and "the mainsail, main topsail, the mizen and fore storm staysails were blown to pieces; one of the starboard main chain plates drawn; and the ship laboured so excessively in the trough of the sea, and shipped so much more water than the pumps would carry off, that it became absolutely necessary for her safety to bear away for this port"[2] [Cawsand Bay]. All these happenings weakened Cornwallis's power of resistance, of course, and on the 28th December, 1803, we find him writing to the Admiralty that the ships which had put into Cawsand Bay had, "from bad weather and other circumstances, been much longer absent than before, and perhaps than their Captains could wish. But it has reduced the force under my orders watching the port of Brest very considerably. . . . There are now only the *Impétueux* and *Culloden* of the inshore squadron." He demands sails, "as many of them have been destroyed in the late gales,"[3] and the return of the ships immediately. In the following January (1804) Pellew writes to the Admiral that "the ships have suffered considerably for the last twelve days in one continued gale. . . . We have none of us a second topsail fit to bend. . . . The people have been worn out, and our sick list upon an average above 60."[4] "The loss of a main topmast and mainyard, with almost all the principal sails of the ship,"[5] necessitated Captain de Courcy putting into Cawsand Bay the same month. The following May the *Magnificent* met her doom on a submerged rock, and in September another vessel, the *Indefatigable*, also came to grief from the same cause during a fog, necessitating considerable repairs.

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[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 93–4.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 94.

[3] *The Blockade of Brest*, Vol. I, p. 104.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 208.

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[1] *The Blockade of Brest*, Vol. I, p. 208.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 224.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 229.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 237.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 255.

Intelligence as to the state of the French navy and of Bonaparte's intentions reached Cornwallis from a number of sources. Men taken from captured vessels were sometimes persuaded to speak. In October, 1803, a Dane boldly put out from Brest with news, while the master of a British ship which had been detained at Ferrol for sixteen months eluded the vigilance of the sentries and escaped in a small boat to one of Pellew's ships. Mr. John Hookham Frere, *Chargé d'Affaires* at Madrid, rendered invaluable service until his recall in August, 1804, at the instance of the Prince of the Peace. The most notable exploit in this direction was performed by Hamon, a French pilot attached to Cornwallis's fleet, who in June, 1803, volunteered to disguise himself, land near Brest, gather first-hand information as to the condition of the enemy's ships, and return within three days. He successfully carried out his enterprise, and his report shows that the Brest fleet was not sufficiently advanced to put to sea, to say nothing of engaging the blockading squadron. In the road, ready for sea, were four sail-of-the-line, four frigates, four sloops, two brigs, and six gunboats. In the harbour, ready for sea, were two line-of-battle ships, while four were building, as well as five gunboats, which had only just been laid down. The plucky pilot nearly paid for his daring with his life. It had been arranged that a boat should meet him at a certain time and place and take him back to his ship. Unfortunately for Hamon the orders were not carried out. After being fired at—presumably by the patrols—he was obliged to return to Brest, where he remained until the following Sunday—the fifth day of his stay on shore. He then hired a boat and two boys to take him "on board a certain vessel" in the harbour. The tiny crew found themselves unable to make headway against the boisterous wind, and put back to land. The spy then set out for his distant ship alone.

"About four o'clock the next morning," he says, "they saw me from the *Culloden*, and sent a cutter which picked me up about two miles from the ship; and I verily believe but for this fortunate circumstance I should have died of thirst and fatigue, for the boat, being leaky, had occasionally to be baled with one of my boots, and what with that, my anxiety, and sailing upwards of fourteen hours without as much as a drop of water to refresh me, I dare say my being nearly exhausted will not surprise you. . . ." Hamon was presented with £50 by the Admiralty for his services.

So many deeds of daring were performed by British sailors at this trying period of our naval history, when the very existence of Great Britain as a nation depended upon their vigilance and seamanship, that it is almost impossible to single out an instance for separate mention. But in the maritime annals of this country there can be no more stirring incident than the amazing performance of the crew of the *Sheerness*, one of the smallest of the look-out cutters stationed off Brest Harbour. Lieutenant Henry Rowed, a man after Nelson's own heart, and as youthful as he was brave, commanded the tiny vessel, and the men under him were worthy of so valorous an officer. On the morning of September the 9th, 1803, he saw two *chasse-marées* hugging the French coast, as was their way, in an effort to reach the Brest fleet. With that absence of hesitation which is an essential characteristic of the true commander of either soldiers or sailors, he told off seven men and a mate to launch a boat and cut out one of the enemy's craft, while he directed the course of the *Sheerness* towards the other. Setting every shred of canvas the ship possessed, he almost succeeded in overtaking his adversary under the very walls of a heavily armed battery some nine miles east of Bec-du-Raz. Then the wind fell, and the case seemed desperate, if not altogether hopeless.

Rowed crowded four men and himself into a dinghy built to hold two, and they pulled towards the *chasse-marée*, which by this time was beached. Thirty soldiers stood on the shore ready to defend it. Slowly the tiny boat with its load of heroes approached the French ship, but progress was difficult. When they reached the deck of the *chasse-marée* it was to see her crew wading ashore as fast as their legs could carry them. Bullets began to patter on the deck, and the Englishmen hoisted one of the sails so that their movements should not be too evident, cut the cables, and succeeded in getting the ship afloat. Desperate men are human beings exaggerated, and the crew towed their capture behind their cockle-shell a third of a mile before they noticed that they were being chased. One man promptly boarded the prize, and shouted defiance to the ten men in the rapidly approaching French boat. He was followed by Rowed and the others, who were on the defensive almost before the assailants could believe their eyes. As though by a special dispensation of Providence, the wind came from the right quarter at the right moment, and the fire of the enemy's guns and the cannon of the fort did no more harm than if they were loaded with blank shot and were saluting the gallant little band of Englishmen as they sailed away with their prize in the direction of their station. Such an incident served to relieve the dreary monotony of the seemingly endless blockade of Brest,[1] for Cornwallis's work did not end with Trafalgar, but continued until the end of February, 1806.

When it became known that some of the ships of the St. Domingo expedition were on their way home, Rear-Admiral Campbell was sent to intercept them. He failed to do so, and they stole into Spanish ports as already mentioned. Sir Edward Pellew—afterwards Lord Exmouth—was therefore obliged to blockade Coruña instead of taking up his station off Rochefort, as it had been originally intended. This weakened Cornwallis's squadron by three line-of-battle ships and a frigate, and when the enemy's vessels which were fitting out at the ports were completed it became necessary to considerably strengthen the line of wooden walls without. Pellew himself failed to stop a number of Dutch ships, under the command of Vice-Admiral de Winter, which escaped from Ferrol. Although every British captain was on the *qui vive* and prepared for surprises, no French squadrons were captured, a few small fry alone falling into their hands, but one sail-of-the-line was taken in the West Indies. In this matter Bonaparte was singularly fortunate; there were no scattered units of his fleet on the high seas. The later

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West

[1] Although the fortifications of Brest, the Gibraltar of North-~~East~~ern France, are as remarkable in 1907 as they were in 1807, the relations between that picturesque portion of the French littoral and Plymouth, on the opposite English coast, are of the most pacific character. In early summer the whole country around Brest is one vast strawberry-garden, from which an almost inexhaustible supply is exported to the English market. The enterprise of the Great Western Railway is rapidly making Brest a popular travel-centre, and their steamers now carry large numbers of English holiday-makers over the waters which witnessed the deeds of prowess of Lord Howe and the Hoods, as well as those of minor heroes like Lieutenant Henry Rowed.

movements of the other British naval officers who so ably championed Britain's cause during this trying period of her history, will be detailed as events develop.

Keith's plan of defence was similar in some respects to that of Nelson in 1801. His ideas are clearly stated in his comprehensive letter to the Admiralty of the 7th June, 1803:—

"... A considerable number of small gunboats or barges will in case of necessity, be extremely useful," he says, "and should be kept in constant readiness; but in bad weather these could not possibly ride among the banks. They ought, therefore, to lie at Harwich, in the Swale, Colne River, Sheerness, and other places which may be recommended for convenience and security. The great difficulty with respect to them will be bringing them out promptly to act when occasion shall require. Perhaps their lordships may approve of their crews, except the officers and two trusty hands, being kept in the blockships on the stations to which they may be attached, and of arrangements being made for the boats being carried to them at the shortest notice, by some people of the description of the sea fencibles, under the direction and superintendence of intelligent officers, when occasion shall require. It would appear necessary that a complete system of land communication by signal-posts or telegraph, should be established along the coast. Due attention will be paid by me to an arrangement by signals in Horsley Bay, Goldermire's Gate, the King's Channel, and the Wallet, whence the signals (which should be some of the same that are used on shore) might be communicated by land till they reach Sheerness. . . . I am of opinion that the possibility of the ships and vessels stationed in one or more of the channels being attacked by a superior force should be held in view; and that in such case, as well as in case of this being discovered that the enemy in a great number of small vessels were passing over the sands, out of reach of their fire, that both block-ships and gun-vessels should retire as expeditiously as possible to the Warp, and form a line of defence under the direction of the flag officer commanding at Sheerness, who should hold himself in preparation for such an emergency—from the Nore Light to Shoeburyness, or towards the Blackstail Beacon—a position which I apprehend it would be nearly impossible to force. It would appear advisable that the block-ships should be particularly well provided with fire-booms, and keep boats in readiness with grapnels to tow off fire-vessels, should the enemy make use of such means to force them from their station on the approach of any embarkation of their troops.

"Such is the general system I presume to recommend; but, greatly distrusting my own capacity for such arrangements, and fully confiding on the discernment, judgment, and ability of their lordships, and on the various and superior sources of information to which they can refer, I shall thankfully receive and punctually attend to the execution of any alterations they may be pleased to direct."[1]

A month later Keith augmented the above plan of operations, and suggested to the Admiralty the advisability of arming a large number of boats propelled by oars for use in a calm, when his sailing vessels would be useless. He also saw that small vessels mounting a mortar or howitzer would be valuable for the protection of the coast of Essex, Suffolk, Kent, and Sussex. Both suggestions were acted upon,[2] and the sea fencibles, whose ability had been questioned by Nelson in 1801, were again embodied to the number of some 14,000. These men were placed in charge of the various craft under the command of Sir E. Nagle.[1] In Pitt's opinion, Keith's arrangements were "remarkably able, and very zealously executed."[2] The old policy of bombarding French ports containing divisions of the flotilla was again put into force, and although it often effectually prevented the *prames* and gun-sloops from uniting at Boulogne, the naval records of the time are by no means convincing anent the amount of damage done on land or to the shipyards. Captain A. Crawford, whose *Reminiscences* are of special value in this respect, because their writer served in a ship belonging to the Downs squadron from the 23rd May, 1803, until after Trafalgar, certainly shows that the "continual bombing" was anything but effective in many instances. Tréport, Dieppe, Fécamp, Havre, and other ports received attention in turn, and the damage done was speedily repaired.

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[1] *Memoir of Admiral Lord Keith*, p. 323, by Alexander Allardyce.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 326.

The British Admiralty officials were not slow to avail themselves of any contrivance to defeat Bonaparte's ends which had the germ of practicability in it. "Some sapient blockhead," to use the expressive term of a contemporary officer in the King's service, suggested that Boulogne Harbour should be rendered unserviceable by sinking several vessels heavily weighted with huge masses of masonry at the entrance. By towing the three merchant ships which were set apart for this purpose into a satisfactory position at night, and then setting fire to them, it was thought that the flotilla would be temporarily blockaded by artificial means. After several abortive attempts, the plan was relegated to the graveyard of defeated hopes along with Fulton's torpedoes.

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[1] *European Magazine*, 1803, p. 75.

[2] *Rose's Diaries*, Vol. II, p. 59.

Nelson, whose aptitude for maritime warfare was to transcend the consummate genius of the man whose achievements were the talk of Europe, had not been idle since the rupture. On the 18th May, 1803, the greatest sea captain of all time joined the *Victory*,[1] and he sailed as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet two days later, accompanied by his beloved Hardy. Nelson did not station his fleet close to Toulon, although his frigates kept their eyes on the port, and this caused no little discussion among his junior officers.[2] By being out of sight he hoped to be out of mind. The enemy did not, at this juncture, take advantage of the opportunity afforded them, for instructions regarding the combinations Bonaparte was planning had not yet been received by his lieutenants. The British Admiral, growing weaker every day, paced his quarter-deck and cursed the French and the Government which starved him of ships. His was by far the most important station, and yet Admiral Cornwallis off Brest had a larger fleet. Once let him lose sight of the enemy, should they see fit to sail from Toulon, and there would be no knowing when he might come across them again, or what mischief they might not do in the meantime. So the long months rolled by and Nelson's feeble frame became feebler. His eyesight caused him much anxiety, and he averred that in a few years he would be "stone blind." The physicians advised his return to England, but he

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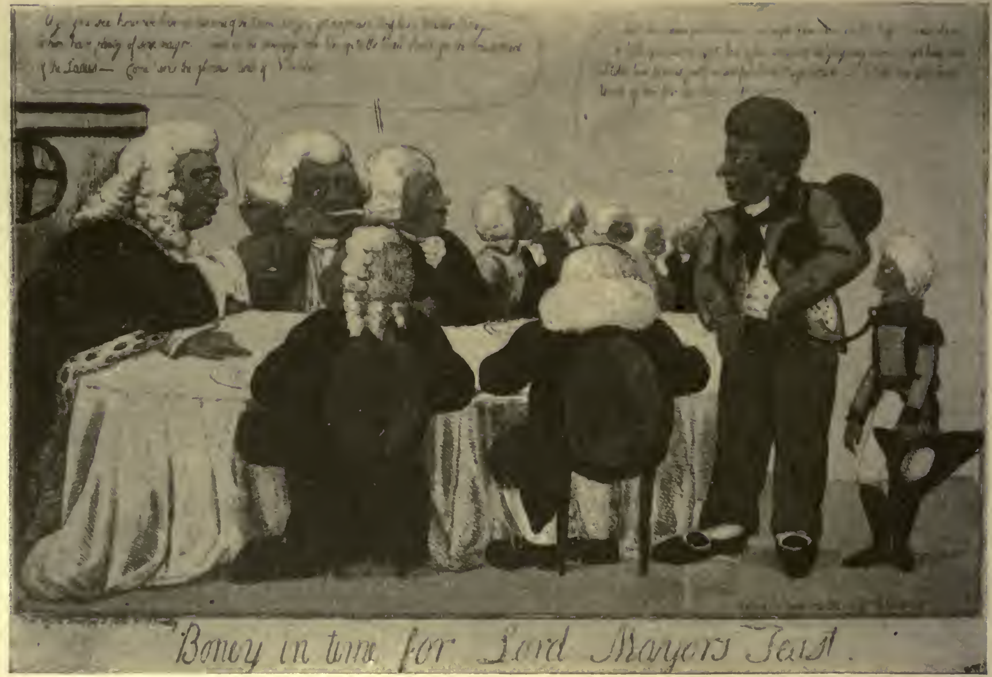
[1] Nelson left the *Victory* with Cornwallis on his way to the Mediterranean, hoisting his flag on the *Amphion*. This was in accordance with instructions received from the officials at the Admiralty, who were of opinion that the Commander-in-Chief off Brest might require the ship. Cornwallis sent the *Victory* to Nelson two months later.

[2] See Captain Whitby's letter of the 11th June, 1804, to Cornwallis, *post*, p. 181.


Boney in time for Lord Mayors Feast.

JACK TAR BRINGS IN HIS PRISONER BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR. NOVEMBER, 1803

steadfastly refused to entertain such a proposition. "I must not be sick until after the French fleet is taken." What a splendid example of British bulldog tenacity, and of Nelson's personal and practical exemplification of the practice of his immortal maxim on the subject of duty!

The following communication from Lord Hood, addressed to "Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronté," has but recently come to light, and is now published for the first time. It in no way minimizes the danger which was so evident should any of the Admirals who watched be caught napping:—

"ROYAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH.
"*Oct.* 13*th*, 1803.

"My dear Lord Duke,

"I give your Lordship a thousand thanks for your very affectionate letter of the 21st August. I am happy to hear you enjoy health and flatter myself the day is not far distant when we shall be informed of your having taken or destroyed the greater part of the Toulon fleet. . . . Your Lordship will hear from all quarters that Bonaparte threatens us hard, and perceive that his Majesty's Ministers, and in consequence the nation in general, believe he will certainly make the attempt to carry his threats into execution, but I am very confident he will fail. At the same time, however, I am bound to confess that should he by good luck make a landing with any considerable force either in England, Ireland, or Scotland, the country would be thrown into such confusion there is no saying to what extent the evil might go. We are, I am happy to tell you, well prepared and are improving daily."[1]

With the dawning of a new year Nelson's opinions on the destination of the Toulon fleet underwent several changes.

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[1] Mr. Broadley's collection of MSS.

He came to the conclusion, after much deliberation, that it was either bound for Ireland or the Levant, probably the former. On hearing in February, 1804, that the enemy's squadrons were about to sail, he was equally positive that the "ultimate object of the Corsican tyrant" was Egypt.[1] This difference of opinion is not surprising. The First Consul had done everything possible, by feints at Brest, suggesting that the Emerald Isle was threatened; and by the establishment of a camp under General St. Cyr at Taranto, to make believe that an expedition to the East was contemplated, in order to deceive the "ravening wolves of the seas," as he persistently called the English "sea dogs."

On January 30th, 1804, we find Nelson writing to Sir John Acton at Naples that he is sadly in want of frigates, "which are the eyes of a fleet,"[2] a complaint re-echoed in the correspondence of Cornwallis, as has already been noted. Owing to the terrible stress of weather, he had been compelled to send three frigates into port to be refitted. The dearth of ships was indeed a very serious matter. There were now ten fewer sail-of-the-line in the British navy than had been available in the previous campaign. This was largely due to St. Vincent's economical turn of mind. By his "penny wise and pound foolish" policy[3] he had cut down expenses to such a low ebb that old vessels were not even patched up. Collingwood, who

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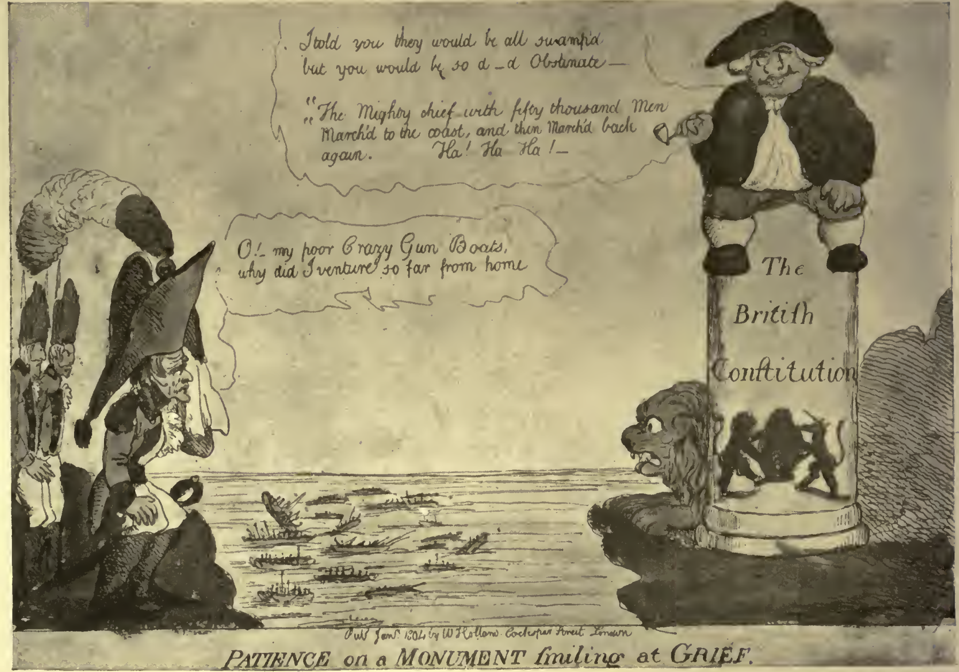
[1] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. V, p. 411.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 396.

[3] In these days when it seems likely that reduction and retrenchment will once more become the motto of those responsible to the Empire for the efficiency of the navy, it would be well if the position of our fleet at this period of the Great Terror be brought to mind. History has repeated itself very often in the past. It is not impossible that it may do the same in the future.


I told you they would be all swamp'd
but you would be so d—d Obstinate—
"The Mighty chief with fifty thousand Men
"March'd to the coast, and then March'd back
again. Ha! Ha Ha!—
O!— my poor Crazy Gun Boats,
why did I venture so far from home
The
Britiſh
Conſtitution
Pub Jan.y 1804 by W Holland. Cockspur Street London

PATIENCE on a MONUMENT ſmiling at GRIEF.

PROSPECTIVE FAILURE OF THE INVASION PROJECTS. JANUARY 7, 1804

was not in the habit of complaining, acknowledged that the *Dreadnought*, although a good ship in many respects, "has been ill fitted out; for it was a part of Lord St. Vincent's economy to employ convicts to fit out the ships, instead of the men and officers who were to sail in them. The consequence is, that they are wanting in every kind of arrangement that skilful men would have made, and most of them have been obliged to be docked since their equipment, at a very great expense."[1] At a later date he writes: "You will be surprised to hear that most of the knees which were used in the *Hibernia* were taken from the Spanish ships captured on the 14th of February [1797]; and what they could not furnish was supplied by iron!"[2]

"We are on the eve of great events," Nelson announces on April 8th, 1804. "Last week, at different times, two sail-of-the-line put their heads outside Toulon; and on Thursday, the 5th, in the afternoon, they all came out. We have had a gale of wind and calm since; therefore I do not know whether they are returned to port or have kept to sea. I have only to wish to get alongside of them with the present fleet under my command; so highly officered and manned, the event ought not to be doubted."[3]

On April 7th a frigate informed him that she had sighted the French fleet outside Toulon two days before. Two frigates were thereupon despatched in the hope of getting further information that would lead to their meeting with the enemy; but they had all returned to their home quarters. A couple of days afterwards the Frenchmen took another walk round, when the *Amazon* captured a large brig almost under the enemy's batteries. The following day four sail-of-the-line and three frigates made a great parade and attempted to recapture the lost ship. When the British vessels drew near, however, they turned about, and with all sails set, put back to port. "If they go on playing this game," Nelson writes to Lady Hamilton, "some day we shall lay salt upon their tails."[1]

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[1] *Correspondence of Lord Collingwood*, p. 98.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 100.

[3] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. V, p. 489.

Bonaparte, after debating several schemes, had at last perfected his plans for the combination of fleets, which was to be effected at the earliest favourable moment. La Touche Tréville was to leave Toulon, touch at Cadiz, and add the French sail-of-the-line *l'Aigle* to his fleet, elude the vigilance of the English squadron off Rochefort, where he would be joined by Villeneuve's five ships, and then make for Boulogne with all speed. With the consummate craftiness of which Napoleon was past master, he caused reports to be circulated that the Brest fleet was really the centre of operations, and that it was about to embark an army for Ireland. This would necessitate the constant presence of Cornwallis's ships, and prevent the Admiral from rendering assistance to the squadron in the Downs for fear of Ganteaume, who was now in command at Brest, making his escape. Protected by the sixteen sail-of-the-line thus brought together, the 130,000 men of the Army of England would pass over to the Promised Land.[2]

Nelson's supposition that if he kept in the background La Touche Tréville would one day take his ships for another trip proved correct. On the 14th June, 1804, he edged out of the harbour with eight sail-of-the-line and several frigates. Rear-Admiral Campbell, with the *Canopus*, *Donegal*, and *Amazon*, was reconnoitring, and the French Admiral immediately gave chase. It was hardly to be expected that three vessels would combat with eight ships "as fine as paint can make them." Campbell thought it well to edge his way towards Nelson. When La Touche Tréville saw the main body of the English fleet he at once flew orders to return to port, after having sailed about four leagues. He found in this miniature skirmish an excellent opportunity for self-glorification. Accordingly it was given to the world in general, and to the French nation in particular, that Nelson had run away. "I pursued him until night," says the official report; "he ran to the south-east. In the morning, at daylight, I saw no more of him." The whole statement was a tissue of lies, but it served its purpose, and La Touche Tréville was warmly applauded as a fitting antagonist of the hero of Copenhagen and the Nile. So confident was Napoleon that the invasion would take place during the year that he told M. Denon, head of the French Mint, to prepare a medal in commemoration of the event, and trial pieces were actually struck. The obverse bears the head of Napoleon, whilst the reverse represents Hercules crushing the sea monster, thus typifying the downfall of the greatest maritime Power. The inscription is *Descente en Angleterre—Frappée a Londres-en, 1804.*[1]

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[1] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. V, p. 491.

[2] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution*, Vol. II, p. 125.

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[1] For further information as to this medal and other French and English medals connected with the invasion projects of the Great Terror and the volunteer movement they originated see chapter xxi, in which they are fully dealt with.

When the man who was supposed to have "turned tail" heard of the scurrilous document he was furious. If Nelson was a good friend it must be conceded that he was a bitter enemy. "You will have seen Monsieur La Touche's letter of how he chased me and how I ran," he said to his brother. "I keep it; and by God, if I take him, he shall *eat* it."[1] On another occasion he said, "Such a liar is below my notice, except to thrash him, which will be done if it is in my power"; and again, "I never heard of his acting otherwise than as a poltroon and a liar."

Nelson was unable to wreak his vengeance on his adversary, for La Touche Tréville died on board the *Bucentaure* on August 18th, 1804, of over-exertion, brought on "in consequence of walking so often up to the signal-post upon Sepet to watch the British fleet"—at least, so the French papers said. "I always pronounced that would be his death," said Nelson, with a touch of grim humour. Villeneuve was appointed to succeed La Touche Tréville, who was buried on the summit of Cape Sepet. "From these heights," said Villeneuve at the open grave, "which command the harbour and our ships, the shade of La Touche Tréville will inspire us in our enterprises; he will be ever present in the midst of us, and with our eyes turned towards his tomb, we shall feel ourselves imbued with that indefatigable zeal, that courage—at once prudent and intrepid—that love of glory and of his country, which, whilst they are objects of our eternal admiration and regret in him, must be also objects of our emulation. Sailors! they will be such to me. The successor of La Touche gives you this promise. Promise, on your part,

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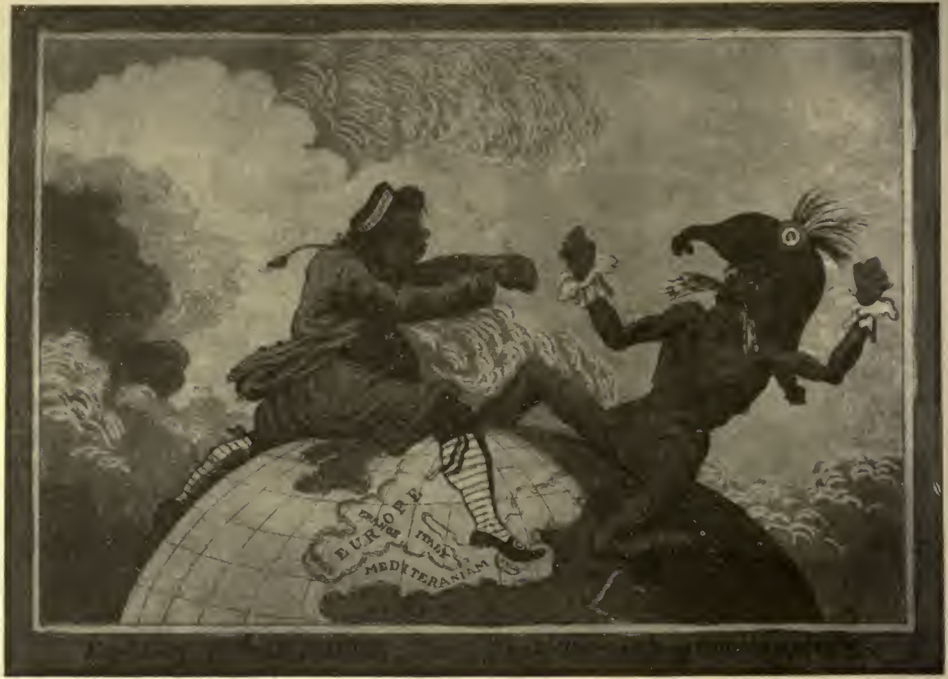
[1] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 147.


EUROPE
ITALY
MEDITERANIAM

JACK TAR DEFIES LITTLE BONEY. 1804

that, with the same claims, he shall receive from you the same fidelity and the same attachment."[1]

Nelson's health was now worse than ever, and he felt that he could only last a few months longer if he continued to remain at the mercy of the elements. But throughout his correspondence during this time of trial and stress there is the cheerful, optimistic note that eventually the opportunity will come for him to annihilate the French fleet. One thing he is perfectly certain about, and that is, "we shall never have a solid Peace until the Invasion is tried and found to fail."[2]

Nelson was unflinching in the performance of his duty, paying particular attention to the welfare of his seamen. A letter to Mr. Marsden of the Admiralty shows that he had no sympathy with either unscrupulous Government contractors or somnolent officials. In acknowledging the receipt of "frocks" and trousers for his sailors he remarks that "instead of their being made of good Russian duck, as was formerly supplied the Seamen of his Majesty's Navy, the frocks at 4s. 8d. each and the trousers at 4s. per pair, those sent out are made of coarse wrapper-stuff and the price increased—the frocks twopence each, and the trousers threepence per pair. . . . I therefore think it necessary to send you one of each, in order that their Lordships may judge of their quality and price; and at the same time beg to observe, for their information, that the issuing such coarse stuff to the people who have been accustomed to good Russian duck cheaper, will no doubt occasion murmur and discontent, and may have serious consequences. I therefore am most decidedly of opinion, that the Contractor who furnished such stuff ought to be hanged; and little else, if anything, is due to those who have received them from him. . . ."[1] In August Nelson wrote to Captain Parker of the *Amazon*, which ship was refitting at Malta, telling him to make haste to rejoin the fleet, "for the day of Battle cannot be far off, when I shall want every Frigate; for the French have nearly one for every ship, and we may as well have a Battle Royal, Line-of-Battle Ships opposed to Ships-of-the-Line and Frigates to Frigates. . . ."[2]

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[1] *Sketches of the Last Naval War*, Vol. II, pp. 162–3, by Captain E. Jurien de la Gravière. Translated by the Hon. Captain Plunkett, R.N.

[2] Dated April 11th, 1804. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. V, p. 492.

On his birthday he bemoans his unhappy lot to Lady Hamilton. "Forty-six years of toil and trouble!" he reflects. "How few more the common lot of mankind leads us to expect; and therefore it is almost time to think of spending the few last years in peace and peace of quietness." He cherishes the hope that the differences of the two nations will be settled before the following summer, "or such a universal War as will upset that vagabond Bonaparte."[3] He had applied for leave to go to England, but the outbreak of hostilities with Spain and the hope of a decisive battle was also in the scales and outweighed his desire for home, although we find him asking in November why his successor is not arrived. "I never did, or never shall, desert the service of my country; but what can I do more than serve till I drop? If I take some little care of myself, I may yet live, to perform some good service. My cough is very bad, and it brings forth the effect of my blow of the 14th February."[4]

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[1] Dated August 12th, 1804. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 153.

[2] Dated August 28th, 1804. *Ibid.*, p. 177.

[3] *Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton*, Vol. II, p. 73.

[4] Battle of St. Vincent, 1797. *Ibid.*, p. 277.

The ships off Cadiz, formerly commanded by him, were shortly afterwards placed under Vice-Admiral Sir John Orde,[1] a man whom Nelson cordially detested, and who had brought out the asked-for leave from the Admiralty for the commander to vacate his post and return to England. "To my surprise," writes Nelson to Captain Malcolm, "I am not yet settled, for Sir John Orde, for the present, is placed in the command of a squadron outside the Straits, which for the present occasion is lopt from my command. When there was nothing to be got I had it; when the prospect of money comes forth, it is given to another. Admiral Campbell had it at the beginning of the French war, and now Sir John at the beginning of a Spanish war. However, if I can but get hold of the French fleet, I shall have no occasion to envy the lot of any man. I bow with submission to the will of the Almighty."

Reference has been already made to the fact that Nelson's plan of campaign was not clearly understood by some of his colleagues.[2] In August Captain Whitby went so far as to call the attention of Lord Cornwallis to what he considered was a grave strategic error. In his communication he says:—

> "Though Lord Nelson is indefatigable in keeping the sea, there are so many reasons that make it possible for the French to escape through the Mediterranean, which, of course, Government are not told by him—and which, perhaps, he does not consider (at least I think so)—that I have been long determined to warn you of the circumstances upon my arrival, not choosing to trust it from the Mediterranean. First, then, he does not cruise upon his rendezvous; second, I have consequently repeatedly known

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[1] Sir John Orde (1751-1824).

[2] See p. 172.

him from a week to three weeks, and even a month, unfound by ships sent to reconnoitre—the *Belleisle* herself was a week; thirdly, he is occasionally obliged to take the whole squadron in to water, a great distance from Toulon; fourthly, since I came away the French squadron got out in his absence, and cruised off Toulon several days, and at least, when he came out, he only got sight of them at a great distance, to see them arrive at their own harbour. From all this I draw one general conclusion—that it is very possible for them to escape him. Upon the last occasion they might have got to the West Indies, or elsewhere, without the possibility of discovery, had they so chosen, and from all this, I draw these particular ones likewise, concurring with other circumstances: they have ten sail-of-the-line at Toulon, one at Cadiz, four I think at Ferrol, six at Rochefort, and twenty you say at Brest, making in all one and forty sail-of-the-line. If they pass Lord Nelson, they can relieve Cadiz (which is only blockaded by two frigates), Ferrol, Rochefort; and if in their way to Brest you meet them some morning, when they are attempting a grand junction, I shall not be surprised. I mention this to you that you may pay what attention you choose to this scheme of probabilities, and have your ships so much in your eye at daylight that you may be prepared for their reception. I must add one other thing, however, which is that in gales of wind he drives so far away that the finding him is very difficult, and the enemy have the greatest chance. I have no doubt, therefore, that they *can* come out; the rest, the object, remains to be proved. . . ."[1]

Nelson afforded the French every opportunity to put to sea, it was part of his settled plan; but in one respect Captain Whitby was right, in that he discerned that there was a possibility of the enemy making for the West Indies, while the Admiral was of opinion that they would proceed to Egypt or the Straits. When the enemy eventually gave him the slip his fleet was "between Sardinia and the African coast,"[1] a position which would have enabled him to cut the enemy off from either destination had he known of their whereabouts. Nelson had such a large sphere of action that it was impossible for him to "sit tight," as did Cornwallis off Brest, if for no other reason than that his ships, by reason of their wretched condition, were unable to contend against lengthy spells of bad weather.

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[1] Captain Whitby to Cornwallis, 18th June, 1804. From Colonel Cornwallis West's collection, in *The Blockade of Brest*, p. 343.

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[1] *The Great Campaigns of Nelson*, p. 131, by W. O'Connor Morris.

CHAPTER XVII

BOULOGNE EN FÊTE, 1804

"The expedition of Cæsar was child's play; mine, the enterprise of the Titans."—NAPOLEON.

"MURDER and sudden death" took the place of battle in the thoughts of Bonaparte for a short time after La Touche Tréville's vainglorious skirmish off Toulon. A Royalist conspiracy, in which Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau were implicated, and several prominent Englishmen had been foolish enough to concern themselves, was brought to light by the disgraced Fouché, who was thereupon reinstated as Minister of Police. The First Consul retaliated in a way which for all time has left an ugly stain on his character. The Duke d'Enghien[1] was made to suffer as an example of what would happen to any members of the Bourbon family should they attempt to interfere with the Conqueror's plans. This event did much to inflame public opinion against the man who was about to become Emperor of the French, both in England and on the Continent. His strongest partisans—the men who believed implicitly that he would bring about a new and better order of things—could not reconcile a deed that was as unjustifiable as it was unscrupulous.

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[1] Shot March 21st, 1804, at Vincennes.

People blinked and rubbed their eyes, and finally awakened to find that it was not so much France that Bonaparte cared for as his own renown. From henceforth personal ambition was to be the dominant note of his character.

His colossal undertaking was rapidly nearing completion. He scarcely gave himself sufficient time to rest, so many and varied were the duties he undertook. "In the present position of Europe all my thoughts are directed towards England," he tells General Brune, French Ambassador at Constantinople on March 14th, 1804,[1] and later, that he has at his disposal "nearly 120,000 men and 3000 boats, which only await a favourable wind in order to plant the imperial eagle on the Tower of London."[2] There is, of course, a suspicion of rodomontade and exaggeration about this, and the many mishaps which constantly occurred to the flotilla annoyed him intensely. In July, 1804, a number of men were drowned and several vessels lost owing to the boats not being able to withstand the severe weather, and he implicitly enjoined Talleyrand to tell the diplomatic agents that the Emperor was satisfied with the strength and general behaviour of the army, and that he passes "whole days superintending its instruction."[3] Joseph Bonaparte had already been appointed Colonel of the 4th Regiment at Boulogne, in order that he "should be allowed to contribute to the vengeance which the French people propose to take for the violation of this last treaty [Amiens], and that he should be afforded an opportunity of acquiring fresh titles to the esteem of the nation."[1]

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[1] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 68.

[2] 30th July, 1804. *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 83.

[3] Pont-de-Briques, 1st August, 1804. *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 84. "The Emperor," says *The Times* of August 4th, 1804, "returned to head-quarters at half-past four in the morning, excessively fatigued. This day [July 22nd] he visited every part of the shore, to give the orders that were necessary. It is almost superfluous to mention that the troops, both naval and military, executed them with alacrity. With such an example before their eyes, it was impossible that they should not."

A cordon of wooden walls, weather-beaten and leaky though they might be, was the real bar to the realization of his dreams. He felt perfectly certain that eventually Nelson, Pitt, and the whole British nation would bow to his indomitable will. Napoleon's power was growing; fortune still beckoned him forward; Austerlitz was yet to be fought!

Was it possible that a few admirals in their timber floats could keep the greatest warrior of modern times in check? Because Britannia ruled the waves to-day, was there any vital reason why she should be mistress of the ocean to-morrow? Such questions as these Napoleon must have put to himself a thousand times, and yet one of the chief causes of his failure to make France as mighty at sea as on land was due to his own erroneous idea that he could conduct maritime warfare with the same tactics, the same precision, as on land.[2] England had a superior fleet and admirals who fought with their brains, while few of Napoleon's commanders had achieved special distinction in seamanship. The guiding spirit, sitting in his cabinet at St. Cloud, expected his naval squadrons to move with the same precision as a regiment. His remark that he

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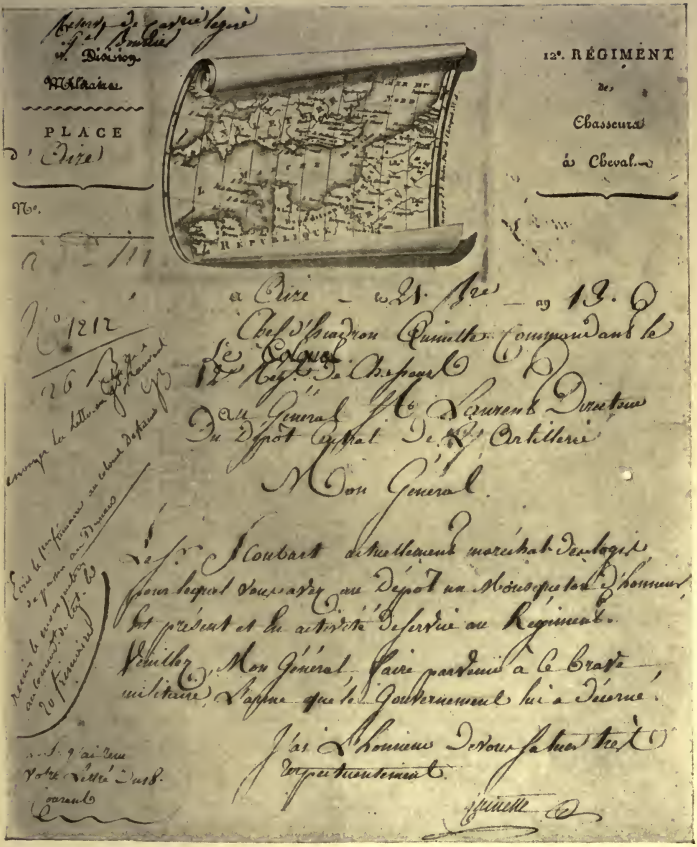
[1] Bonaparte's message to the Senate. St. Cloud, 18th April, 1804. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 73.

[2] ". . . In valuing naval power he did not appreciate that a mere mass of ships had not the weight he himself was able to impart to a mass of men. He never fully understood the maritime problems with which from time to time he had to deal. . . ."—Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution*, Vol. II, p. 27.



[illegible] Division Militaire

PLACE d'Aire

No.

12e. RÉGIMENT des Chasseurs à Cheval.

No 1212

26 Xbre

à Aire — le 21 Xbre — an 13.

Chef d'Escadron Quinette Commandant le Le Colonel 12e Regt de Chasseurs

au General Mr Laurent Directeur du Dépôt Central de l'Artillerie

Mon General.

Le Sr Joubart actuellement maréchal des logis pour lequel vous avez au Dépôt un Mousqueton d'honneur, est présent et en activité de service au Régiment. Veuillez, Mon Général, faire parvenir à ce brave militaire l'arme que le Gouvernement lui a décerné.

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer très respectueusement.

Quinette

J'ai reçu votre lettre du 18 courant

VIGNETTE OF THE INVASION SCHEME ON LETTER PAPER USED BY FRENCH SOLDIERS. 1803-5

"made circumstances" was in certain respects perfectly true, but he could not control winds and tides as he could men and methods.

It is curious that a master who visited the school at Brienne should have reported of the youthful Napoleon that he would make "an excellent seaman." Probably if he had been trained for the sister service the professor's prediction might have proved correct, for his receptive mind was capable of excelling in everything to which it was applied. His passion for detail and the rapidity with which he expected his commands to be carried out contributed in various ways to defeat the very plans he was maturing with so much care. Had he waited until the many new ships then building in the yards of France and Holland were ready; until the seamen had learned the twin virtues of self-control and subordination; until the admirals had gained more confidence in themselves and in their fleets, Napoleon might possibly have wrested the Trident from Britannia. Impatience lost him Trafalgar!

The general condition of the French navy was unsatisfactory in every way. The incompetency of its officers was a legacy of the Revolution, and the monarchy which preceded it.[1] During the *ancien régime* it had been the most aristocratic of professions, but the men in command paid the price of their blue blood at the guillotine. As a result, young lieutenants became admirals, and skippers of merchant vessels walked the quarter-decks of men-of-war.[2]

Although Napoleon had chosen the best officers in the service for the most responsible positions, they were all men of inferior mettle when compared with their antagonists. Villeneuve had already shown a deplorable lack of skill at the battle of the Nile when he neglected to succour the valiant Brueys in his hour of need. Ganteaume was no less nervous of meeting a British fleet, for his attempts to reinforce the stranded French army in Egypt had failed largely through want of confidence in himself and an ever-present fear of Keith, a feeling which haunted him all his days. Bruix was certainly more daring, but after his relief expedition of 1799 he allowed himself to be hemmed in at Brest by a British squadron. To make the mediocre efficient, and to put new life into the personnel of his naval administration, was the Herculean and almost impossible task which Napoleon had set himself. His eagerness in this direction knew no bounds. He annexed Genoa because of the reputation her men bore as sailors. The Emperor did not even take the trouble to disguise the fact. In a letter to the Arch-Chancellor of the Ligurian Republic he says :—

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[1] This is very clearly shown in the Dumouriez MS.

[2] *The Great Campaigns of Nelson*, p. 17, by W. O'Connor Morris.

> "My sole reason for uniting Genoa to the empire was to obtain the command of its naval resources; and yet the three frigates which its port contains are not yet armed. Genoa will never be truly French till it furnishes six thousand sailors to my fleets. It is neither money nor soldiers which I wish to exact from it. Sailors, old sailors, are the contribution which I require. You must establish a naval conscription there. It is in vain to talk of governing a people without occasioning frequent discontent. Do you not know that, in matters of state justice means force as well as virtue? Do you think I am so sunk in decrepitude as to entertain any fears of the murmurs of the people of Genoa? The only answer I expect or desire to this despatch is, sailors, ever sailors. You

are sufficiently acquainted with my resolution to know that this desire is not likely to be ever diminished. Think of nothing in your administration, dream of nothing, but sailors. Say whatever you please in my name; I will consent to it all, provided only that the urgent necessity of furnishing sailors is expressed with sufficient force."[1]

At St. Helena Napoleon bewailed the fact that he had been unable to find a man sufficiently strong to raise the character of the French navy. "There is in the navy a peculiarity, a technicality that impeded all my conceptions," he exclaimed. "If I proposed a new idea, immediately Ganteaume, and the whole Marine Department, were up against me. 'Sire, that cannot be.' 'Why not?' 'Sire, the winds do not admit of it.' Then objections were started respecting calms and currents, and I was obliged to stop short. How is it possible to maintain a discussion with those whose language we do not comprehend? How often, in the Council of State, have I reproached naval officers with taking an undue advantage of this circumstance. To hear them talk, one might have been led to suppose that it was necessary to be born in the navy to know anything about it. Yet I often told them, that had it been in my power to have performed a voyage to India with them, I should, on my return, have been as familiar with their profession as with the field of battle. But they could not credit this. They always repeated that no man could be a good sailor unless he were brought up to it from his cradle; and they at length prevailed on me to adopt a plan, about which I long hesitated, namely, the enrolment of several thousands of children from six to eight years of age."[1]

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[1] Bignon, Vol. V, p. 79. Quoted by Alison, Vol. VI, p. 400 (ed. 1850).

The military half of the programme was as nearly perfect as Napoleon's commanding genius could make it. After all, it seems only in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that England should have reared great admirals and France great generals at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Great Britain, by her insularity, was compelled then as now to safeguard her very existence by a fleet of superior power; her sons breathed of the salt winds deeply and became the Vikings of modern times. France, hemmed in by other states, her children only just emerging from a hand-to-hand struggle with their own kinsfolk, and under the despotic sway of a soldier of fortune, quite naturally gave men of military renown to the world.

In July of his coronation year (1804) Napoleon was at Boulogne superintending operations, but found time to write one of those passionate and melodramatic letters to the Empress Josephine which recalls to mind his multitudinous effusions to her when he was in Egypt and she was plain Citoyenne Bonaparte. "In the last four days since I have been absent from you I have been constantly on horseback, and this exercise has not impaired my health." After tender solicitations as to her own welfare, he adds: "The wind freshened during the night, and one of our gunboats dragged her anchors and went ashore a league from Boulogne. I thought boat and crew lost, but we managed to save everything. The spectacle was grand; the alarm guns, the coast in a blaze of fire, the sea tossed with fury, and roaring. The soul was suspended between eternity, the ocean, and the night. At 5 a.m. it cleared up, everything was saved, and I went to bed with all the sensations inspired by a romantic and epic dream."[1]

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[1] This conversation took place on November 6th, 1816. See Las Cases, Vol. IV, p. 102.

The following month Boulogne was the scene of a magnificent spectacle. The newly-made Emperor had determined upon a grand review of the Army of England, at which the crosses of the Legion of Honour were to be distributed. In order to give a truly personal touch to the fête it took place on his birthday (August 15th). No better place could have been chosen than Boulogne, the Aldershot and, for the nonce at least, the Spithead of France, for its natural advantages for such a demonstration are great. In the centre of a vast plain rises a hill, and from this point Napoleon addressed the eighty thousand men congregated to do honour to the Head of the Army. A throne approached by twelve steps was erected, and on this stood the ancient chair of Dagobert, the crosses and ribbons to be distributed finding a place in the helmet of Du Guesclin and on the shield of Bayard, *le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,* these priceless relics having been brought from Paris for the occasion. Such a combination as this was eminently worthy of the man who undoubtedly learnt from Talma, the tragedian, and was endowed with a sense of dramatic propriety far beyond that given to ordinary mortals. It was insinuated by the presence of these historic "properties" that Napoleon was a worthy successor of the greatest captains and conquerors of ancient times, and in this respect coming events cast their shadows before, although possibly not precisely on the lines which

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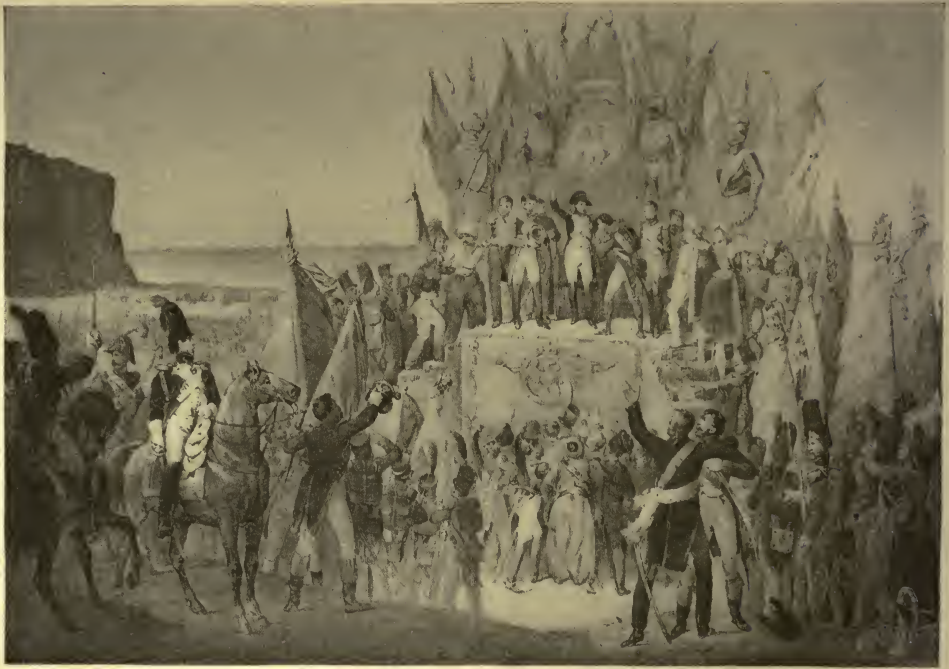
[1] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 82. According to Soult's report, fifty men perished.

Napoleon at this moment contemplated. How many of the soldiers assembled round his throne anticipated that the modern Cæsar was yet to perform his mightiest exploits and ride roughshod over Europe with these very regiments?

Two hundred banners decorated the throne; not a few of them were bullet-riddled and in tatters, and stained with the blood of men who had perished on the victorious fields of Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, and a score of others. Far off in the offing the ships of old England could be seen—some riding at anchor, others patrolling up and down in the hope of being able to do some damage to any craft making for Boulogne. When the Emperor arrived on the scene, a salute was fired from innumerable pieces of cannon, and a fanfare of trumpets signalled his approach. With a smile of satisfaction Napoleon glanced at the legions surrounding him, and then repeated with due solemnity the form of oath to be taken by the members of the Legion of Honour:—

> "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers, swear upon your honour to devote yourselves to the service of the Empire—to the preservation of the integrity of the French territory—to the defence of the Emperor, of the laws of the Republic, and of the property which they have made sacred; swear to combat, by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, every attempt to re-establish the feudal system; in short, swear to concur with all your might in maintaining liberty and equality, which are the basis of all our institutions. Swear!"

From the voices of the chosen recipients rose the words "We swear it!" Then Napoleon turned to the whole



NAPOLEON AT THE CAMP OF BOULOGNE. GRAND FÊTE OF AUGUST 15, 1804

army and said, "And you, soldiers, swear to defend at the hazard of your life the honour of the French name, your country, and your Emperor."

As the wind arose so the waves were lashed into fury round the Tour d'Odre, but otherwise the weather was perfect. It took hours for the Emperor to distribute the decorations, for whenever he recognized a soldier whom he had seen during one of his campaigns, he would pass a few pleasant words with his old comrade. It was in this way that Napoleon endeared himself to the army; for one word, for one look from the magnetic personality which held their destinies in his sway, many a brave fellow would defy death—and perish!

A fitting *dénouement* to this splendid ceremony had been arranged. A fleet of new boats was to meet at a given point and then to make for Boulogne, arriving there at the height of the festival. This was done in order to still further arouse the enthusiasm of the troops, who, as everybody believed, were soon to cross the Channel *en route* for London.

Madame Junot[1] thus graphically describes an untoward incident as she herself saw it:—

"It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the Minister of Marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase.

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[1] Wife of Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes. Napoleon first made the acquaintance of this distinguished soldier at the siege of Toulon. He was writing a letter in the trenches when a cannon-ball struck the ground near by, covering them both with débris. Junot's only comment was, "*Bien!* Here's sand enough for this letter!"

Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his dignity as Marshal, now and then looked through the glass; and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that something was expected. At length the Minister of the Marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor; and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence, that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne. All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between 1000 or 1200 boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne from the different ports and from Holland. . . .

"But the satisfaction of Napoleon was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla had run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people on the seashore, who hastened to their assistance, excited much alarm. The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening, as it did, in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne, and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening, a grand dinner took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was served for the soldiers under tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This augmented the Emperor's ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly."[1]

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[1] Quoted in *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, pp. 315–16, by S. Baring-Gould.

As was his usual policy, Napoleon minimized the extent of the accident. "The fête passed off very well yesterday," he told Cambacérès, "only there was a little wind. The spectacle was new and imposing. So many bayonets have seldom been seen together."[1]

From a gunboat Napoleon himself witnessed an engagement between his batteries and the cannon of the British ships two days after the fête. For a couple of hours brisk firing continued on both sides, but little damage was done, and the action was indecisive. An obelisk marks the spot on which the chair of Dagobert was placed on this historic occasion. An appropriate inscription records the fact, together with a plan of the disposition of the army and the insignia of the Order of the Legion of Honour.

A glimpse of the better side of Napoleon is afforded to us during his stay at Boulogne, which is in direct contrast to his outburst of passion on the day of the great review. He had requested his brother Louis, now elevated to the title of Constable and soon to be made king of Holland, to bring his wife Hortense and their elder child to inspect the progress of the harbour works. The Emperor took particular interest in his young nephew, whom he once thought of choosing as his successor, and was frequently seen carrying his namesake in his arms, to the immense satisfaction of the soldiers. On one occasion when the princess was sailing in the yacht used by Bruix for inspection purposes shots were exchanged with the enemy. "My son," says Hortense, "was not at all frightened, which pleased his uncle very much."[2]

In September, 1804, by which time the Emperor's latest orders had been executed as far as possible, the flotilla became concentrated at the port of Étaples, having the left section of 274 boats, commanded by General Couraud; at Boulogne, holding the centre under Admiral Lacrosse with two squadrons of 324 boats in all; at the same port was also the right section under Admiral Magon with 323 boats; at Wimereux sheltering the reserve under Captain Daugier of 97 boats; and a small squadron of 81 boats for the transport of horses at Calais, making a war flotilla of 1099 vessels of various kinds. There were also 196 craft at Havre, Cherbourg, and Brest,[1] which were not included in the above programme. Sorties were made almost daily, and if the divisions of gunboats which put out from the various ports sometimes returned victorious in their encounters with British frigates and smaller vessels, they more frequently found it prudent to retire under the shelter of the heavy batteries mounted on the cliffs. As a fighting force the flotilla was not a success; it remained to be seen if the French navy proper would acquit itself with honour and cover the passage of the armada of boats which the future Lord Exmouth was in the habit of calling the "mosquito fleet."

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[1] Pont-de-Briques, 17th August, 1804. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 89.

[2] *Queen Hortense*, Vol. I, p. 197, by L. A. Taylor.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. IV, pp. 88–90.

CHAPTER XVIII

NELSON IN CHASE OF THE ENEMY, 1805

"The world attaches wisdom to him that guesses right."—NELSON.

NAPOLEON'S first plan for the concentration of his fleets having failed owing to Nelson's watchfulness and La Touche Tréville's untimely death, he busied himself with another conception, based on the same fundamental idea, but differing in many other respects. Ireland, still discontented with the motherland, and at war with herself, presented a fine opening for a revolution. A certain section of her population was still coquetting with France, and Napoleon felt that an expedition to that country might be attended with success.[1] The 18,000 soldiers already stationed at Brest were to embark in the twenty vessels of Ganteaume's fleet, under Marshal Augereau. After having reached Ireland by a circuitous route so as to elude detection, and landed his human freight, two alternatives were left to the Vice-Admiral. If the wind favoured the crossing of the flotilla from Boulogne, he was to hasten back and cover its passage; if not, he was to convoy seven Batavian sail-of-the-line, then lying in the Texel with an army of 25,000 strong on board, and proceed to Lough Swilly. The capture of Dublin was to be his primary object.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 94.

Should unforeseen circumstances arise preventing the army from setting foot on Irish soil, Scotland was to be invaded. "One of these two operations must succeed," the Emperor told Decrès late in September, 1804, "and then, whether I have 30,000 or 40,000 men in Ireland, or whether I am both in England and Ireland, the success of the war is with us."[1]

But this was only part of a vast strategic movement, which if successful would place "the crown o' the world" on Napoleon's head. The Emperor sought to deceive the British fleets by causing the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons to sail in separate divisions for the West Indies, the former under Villeneuve and the latter under Missiessy.[2] The Toulon squadron was to regain the Dutch colonies which had been lost, as well as to take supplies to St. Domingo, a colony in the fortunes of which Napoleon evinced the keenest personal interest. St. Helena (*absit omen*) was also to be wrested from its possessors, two vessels remaining in the vicinity for a time to play havoc with British commerce. The Rochefort fleet had similar aggressive measures to carry out. St. Lucia and Dominica were to be included in its list of captures, while Martinique and Guadéloupe had to be reinforced. This expedition over, the real war-game was to begin. Villeneuve and Missiessy were to join hands with their seventeen sail-of-the-line,[1] return to Europe together, and raise the blockade of Ferrol, thereby releasing the ships at Coruña. All were then to concentrate at Rochefort. By ordering these two fleets to sail before Ganteaume, the Master of War hoped that the English would be so fully occupied in their pursuit that the Brest fleet would be able to slip out of the harbour and accomplish one or other of its alternative movements.

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[1] 29th September, 1804. *Correspondance de Napoléon.* Letter No. 8063, Vol. IX, p. 557.

[2] Missiessy belonged to a noble family, of which several scions had served France at sea. He first saw action in the American War, and acquitted himself with honour. The Revolution brought him speedy promotion to Rear-Admiral, though he was given no opportunity of distinguishing himself until he was appointed Commander of the Rochefort squadron, formerly held by Villeneuve. In 1809 Missiessy was given the rank of Vice-Admiral in command of the Scheldt squadron, at Antwerp. After the Restoration Louis XVIII made him Maritime Prefect of Toulon, and having remained true to the King during the Hundred Days, he was maintained at his post, and took a leading part in the reorganization of the French navy until his death in 1832.

That the Commander-in-Chief of the latter force experienced the same difficulty as his predecessors in obtaining sufficient sailors to work his ships is borne out in the following hitherto unpublished despatch from Decrès to Ganteaume. The document is undated, but it was evidently written at the end of June or the beginning of July, 1804.

"You say that if you had 4000 conscripts it would enable the vessels to get under weigh. Herewith, my dear Admiral, is a draft of the letter which I propose to submit to the Emperor on this subject. I send it to you before I speak to him about it in order that you may be acquainted with its details.[2] It is no longer a project now that the Emperor has given you the troops. You have a great task and a difficult one, for which your predecessor had prepared nothing. Please God you will fulfil it as successfully as I both desire and hope. One cannot give you conscripts.

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[1] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution*, Vol. II, p. 132. The harbours of Ferrol and Coruña are adjacent.

[2] Napoleon in a letter to Vice-Admiral Ganteaume dated the 3rd July, 1804, says that there is no possibility of levying conscripts at present, but he has ordered 3000 troops to be placed at his disposal and hopes that with these and sailors taken from smaller vessels he will be able to maintain a full complement.—See Desbrière, Vol. IV, p. 159.

As for soldiers, the Emperor tells me always that there can be no difficulty about it, so it is to be hoped he will give them to you. In that you can carry out the reorganization, otherwise our vessels in port are nothing better than logs. I do not know how you get on with Missiessy, but I cannot impress upon you the necessity of too great discretion with him, for you are in presence of ——. If by chance he does not get on with you, you must tell me so frankly. It will not be at the moment of action that it will be time to make up your mind on that score. He expressed to me and to the Emperor a desire to return to Paris. He was told to remain at his post. Durento leaves Paris to-morrow to rejoin you.

" At the moment of finishing my letter the Minister of War informs me that troops will be put at your disposal in twenty-four hours, which occasions the official letter subjoined to this, which without that was only a project.

" All good wishes.
" DECRÈS.

" I do not yet order the return to port of the *Nécessité*, the *Vulcain*, and the *Festin*, because I wish to take the orders of the Emperor on the subject on this head. Therefore suspend everything relating to it. For the same reason put off the disbanding of the 400 invalids. I will write to you on the matter by the first post."[1]

The Emperor looked upon a sortie with almost as much satisfaction as his enemies regarded a victory, probably because the French admirals so rarely put to sea. On the 25th July, 1804, Ganteaume with five sail-of-the-line and several frigates had weighed anchor, but was forced to retreat before a British detachment under Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Graves. " The Emperor is exceedingly

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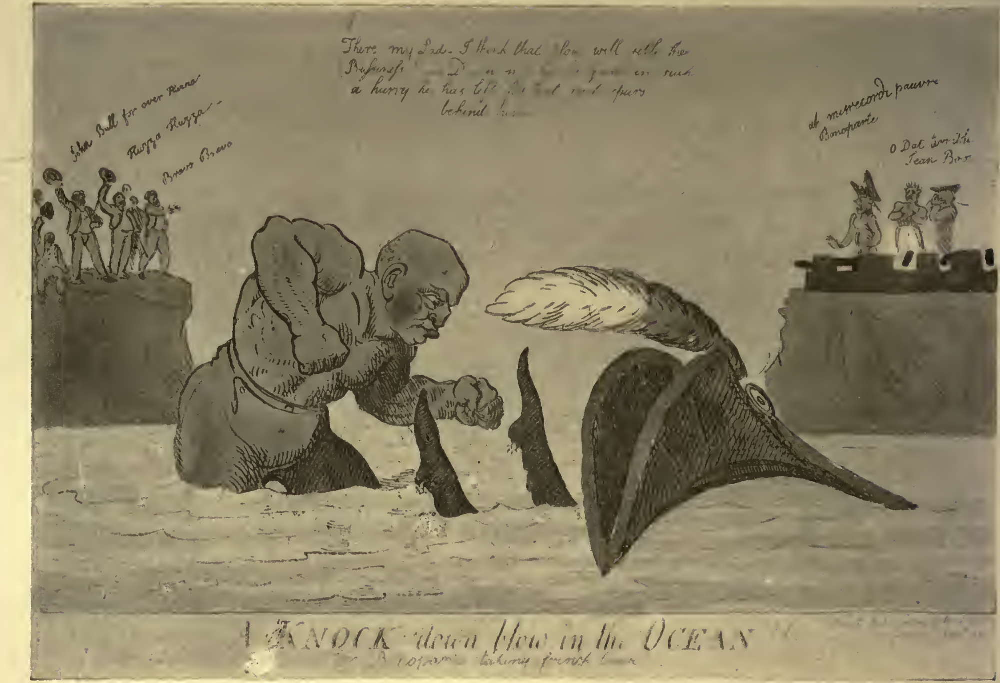
[1] Mr. Broadley's collection of Napoleonic MSS.


John Bull for ever Hurra
Huzza Huzza -
Bravo Bravo
There my Lad - I think that blow will settle the Business [illegible] in such a hurry he has left [illegible] spurs behind [illegible]
ah misericorde pauvre Bonoparte
O Dat [illegible] Jean Bu
A KNOCK down blow in the OCEAN
[illegible] taking french leave

JOHN BULL'S KNOCK-DOWN BLOW. 1804

pleased both with the sortie and your return to port," writes the Minister of Marine. "You have only to repeat it both to maintain and complete this feeling on his part. I am astonished to receive no more news of you. Do not forget to forward me intelligence by each post, and when you are at sea the commander of the squadron should fulfil this duty. Give him the necessary orders. I send you the plan of a new carronade, which I specially recommend to your attention. I hear very bad news of the health of La Touche. Take care of your own. I am worn out with work and details of every description. The place of a Minister should not be at Boulogne. It is killing work. *Vale et amour.* Consider me always at Paris; letters arrive quicker there. I have written to the Minister of War. . . ."[1]

In a personal communication to Ganteaume, sent from Aix-la-Chapelle, and dated the 6th September, 1804, Napoleon also refers to the Admiral's sortie, which he states "has greatly terrified the English; because they know that, having all the seas to defend, a squadron escaping from Brest would be able to do incalculable ravage, and if in November you were able to land 16,000 men and 500 horses in Ireland the result would be disastrous to our enemies. Tell me if you could be ready, and what are the probabilities of success. See General O'Connor and talk with him about the places for landing."[2]

In December, 1804, war broke out between Great Britain and Spain. This answered Napoleon's purpose very well.

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[1] Mr. Broadley's collection of Napoleonic MSS. Dated "No. 100. At Boulogne, on my return from Étaples, the 5th [indistinct] Year XII," namely, the end of July or the beginning of August, 1804.

[2] Desbrière, Vol. IV, p. 166.

England could not add to her fleet to any appreciable extent for some time to come, consequently a number of the vessels now blockading French ports would have to be detached to watch the hostile maritime operations of Spain. The Emperor cast covetous eyes on the ships, and very soon concluded a treaty by means of which he secured the co-operation of at least twenty-five sail-of-the-line and eleven frigates.[1] England had raised no objection to the annual subsidy imposed on Spain by Napoleon so long as she levied no troops for his assistance. The Government of George III felt itself tricked when extensive naval and military armaments were reported to be going on at Ferrol, especially as the dissolute and unscrupulous Godoy, Prince of the Peace, who was the real ruler of Spain, had posed as a neutral. A tiny force of two frigates, afterwards strengthened by the addition of two more from Nelson's none too numerous fleet, was despatched to intercept four huge treasure-ships — the *Mercedes*, *Medea*, *Clara,* and *Fama* — then making for Cadiz. Sir Graham Moore,[2] the brother of the hero of Coruña, was given charge of this mission. In the engagement which took place on the 5th October, 1804, the *Mercedes* blew up, killing most of the crew and a large number of non-combatants, including women and children, some three hundred souls in all. The remaining ships were captured, and £1,000,000 worth of specie found its way into the British Exchequer.

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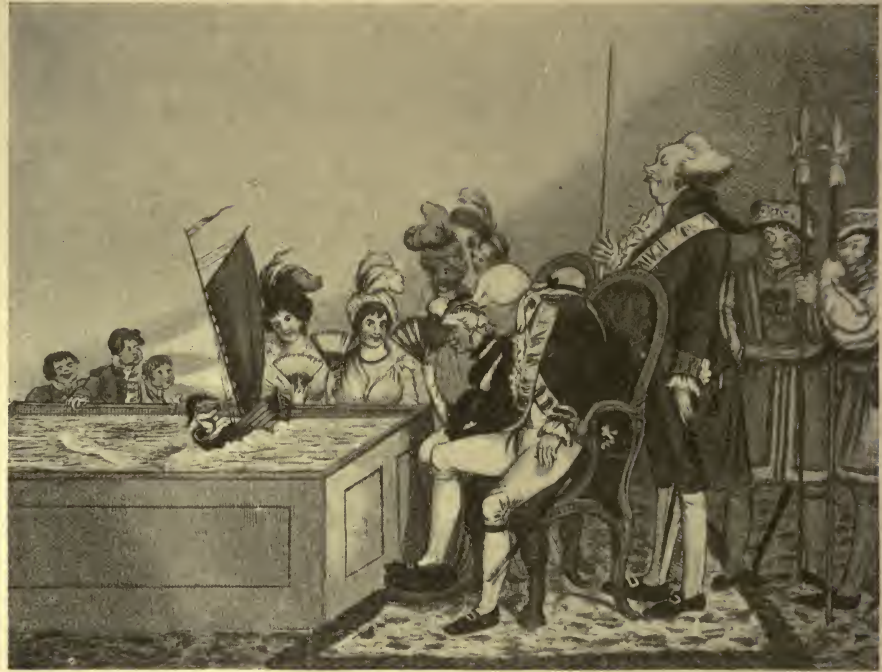
[1] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution*, Vol. II, p. 140.

[2] Vice-Admiral Sir Graham Moore, K.C.B. (b. 1764). As Captain Moore he was appointed, in July, 1803, to the *Indefatigable*, attached to the Channel fleet; Rear-Admiral, August 12th, 1812; K.C.B., 1815; Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1820; Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, 1839–42; d. 1843.



THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG AND GULLIVER (GEORGE III AND NAPOLEON).
GILLRAY'S CARICATURE OF FEBRUARY 10, 1804

A pathetic incident now occurred which brought down the fury of the opposition on Pitt's head. An officer who had spent a quarter of a century in amassing a fortune was returning from the colonies accompanied by his wife and family of nine. At the beginning of the fight he and his eldest son had left the *Mercedes*, only to see the ill-fated ship blown into the air a few minutes later. Not a single member of his family, except the boy who accompanied him, was ever seen again, and his whole fortune of £30,000 went to the bottom of the sea. This was repaid by the British Government later, but was poor compensation for the terrible loss he had sustained. Whether this act of violence was justifiable or not is still debated by historians. At any rate, Spain declared war forthwith, and it is significant that Napoleon ordered Fouché to have "several articles inserted in the papers with the object of exciting France to war, and of indisposing as much as possible the other Powers against England."[1]

Notwithstanding his extensive preparations, Napoleon made overtures to Great Britain for peace early in 1805, not because he desired a cessation of hostilities for himself, but because the French nation showed unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction at his warlike policy. The now chronic condition of conflict was slowly but surely draining the resources of the country. In the autograph letter which he addressed to the King of England, the Emperor declared that "Though peace is the wish of my heart, yet war has never been adverse to my glory." The concluding paragraph is interesting, and true to the leading characteristic of Napoleonic statesmanship. There is a suspicion of trying to shift the responsibility for any further strife that might ensue to the Emperor's adversary. It is platonically philosophical in its portent, and runs as follows:—

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[1] St. Cloud, 29th October, 1804. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 100.

"Alas! what a melancholy prospect to cause two nations to fight, merely for the sake of fighting. The world is sufficiently large for our two nations to live in it, and reason is sufficiently powerful to discover means of reconciling everything when the wish for reconciliation exists on both sides. I have, however, fulfilled a sacred duty, and one which is precious to my heart. I trust your Majesty will believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and my wish to give you every proof of it."

The British Government had been bitten before, and was shy of making friends with Napoleon. Lord Mulgrave, Minister for Foreign Affairs, addressed his reply to Talleyrand, and this was an additional cause of offence. "His Britannic Majesty," he said, "has received the letter addressed to him by the Chief of the French Government. There is nothing which his Majesty has more at heart than to seize the first opportunity of restoring to his subjects the blessings of peace, provided it is founded upon a basis not incompatible with the permanent interests and security of his dominions. His Majesty is persuaded that that object cannot be attained but by arrangements which may at the same time provide for the future peace and security of Europe, and prevent a renewal of the dangers and misfortunes by which it is now overwhelmed. In conformity with these sentiments, his Majesty feels that he cannot give a more specific answer to the overture which he has received, until he has had time to communicate with the continental Powers, to whom he is united in the most confidential manner, and particularly the Emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of the wisdom and elevation of the sentiments by which he is animated, and of the lively interest which he takes in the security and independence of Europe."

It is difficult to say whether Mulgrave intended that the Emperor should read the word "Coalition" between the lines of his communication or not. At any rate, the subject was referred to in the House of Commons shortly afterwards, in the speech from the throne. There is very little reason to think that the Emperor acted out of the goodness of his heart, since Missiessy had but a few days before received depredatory instructions regarding the British West Indies. The suggestion which has been put forward that the communication was sent in the hope that it might possibly cause the British Government to show its hand in regard to a possible alliance on the Continent is entirely worthy of belief.[1] Even Thiers is forced to admit that, "although determined upon a war of extinction against England, he thought it necessary to commence his reign by a procedure which was quite useless at that time."

On January 11th, 1805, the Rochefort fleet escaped, and on the 18th of the same month Villeneuve sailed from Toulon. Nelson was off the Maddalena Islands, at the northern end of Sardinia, watering his eleven ships, and information of Villeneuve's preliminary success did not reach him until the following day, when it was reported by the frigates *Active* and *Seahorse*. He immediately signalled the fleet to get under weigh, and by six o'clock in the evening every scrap of available canvas was crowded on in chase of the enemy. Nelson believed them bound for the southern end of Sardinia, "eastward," as his crafty adversary had hoped. So confident was he that Villeneuve would be sighted before he had covered many leagues that every vessel was cleared for action and kept in close order for battle. A strong sea was running, with very heavy squalls from the westward. On the 25th the *Victory* was standing in the Gulf of Cagliari, but no enemy was visible. Nelson betrayed his terrible anxiety for the safety of England in a note to Sir John Acton. "I consider the destruction of the Enemy's fleet of so much consequence," he wrote, "that I would willingly have half of mine burnt to effect their destruction. I am in a fever. God send I may find them!"[1]

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[1] Rose's *Life of Napoleon I*, Vol. II, p. 7.

Obtaining little information beyond learning that a French ship of 80 guns had been obliged to take refuge in the harbour at Ajaccio on the 19th, very much crippled, he looked in at Palermo on the 28th, hoping to find that his opponent had been compelled to anchor there. In this he was disappointed, and concluded that the Frenchmen had either returned to Toulon or gone to Egypt or the Morea: "Celerity in my movements may catch these fellows yet."[2] Off he set towards Egypt, but nothing awaited him at Alexandria, excepting three Turkish frigates and 300 "bad soldiers," while the commander of the fort gave all up as lost, believing Nelson's ships to be the French fleet. "I have not a shade of doubt, but that Egypt was the original destination of the French fleet,"

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[1] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 331.

[2] January 31st, 1805. *Ibid.*, p. 333.

Nelson writes on February 11th when off Gozo.[1] He was led to this belief by "Napoleon's profound wiles," which we have already noticed, and partly by the fact that Lesseps, the French Consul in Egypt, had frequently promised the Mamelukes that whenever they wanted to overrun the country, Napoleon would supply them with 5000 soldiers at a month's notice. The Emperor well knew the importance of Egypt from a strategical point of view; indeed, he had already stated that it "must sooner or later belong to France."

Not until Nelson was off Malta eight days later did he learn that Villeneuve had put back to the port he had left in such high feather the previous month. A gale in the Gulf of Lyons had played sad havoc with his little-exercised ships, and as it was impossible for him to make any headway in their broken condition, he had been obliged to "turn tail" and resume his old position at Toulon. Nelson had at least the satisfaction of knowing that if fate had been unkind to him, it had dealt an equally hard blow at his antagonist. The following despatch from Villeneuve to the Minister of Marine, written on his return to port, proves that the French fleet was by no means in such good condition as Napoleon had been led to suppose:—

> "I declare to you that ships-of-the-line thus equipped, short-handed, encumbered with troops, with superannuated or bad materials, vessels which lose their masts or sails at every puff of wind, and which in fine weather are constantly engaged in repairing the damages caused by the wind, or the inexperience of their sailors, are not fit to undertake anything. I had a presentiment of this

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[1] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 339.

before I sailed; I have now only too painfully experienced it."[1]

The Emperor showed his indignation at Villeneuve's failure in his usual abrupt way. "What," he asked, "is to be done with admirals who allow their spirits to sink, and determine to hasten home at the first damage they may receive?" In his opinion, the ships ought to have been repaired *en route*. "A few topmasts carried away, some casualties in a gale of wind, were everyday occurrences. Two days of fine weather ought to have cheered up the crews, and put everything to rights. But the great evil of our navy is that the men who command it are unused to all the risks of command."[2]

Comparisons are not odious in history, and Nelson wrote to the Admiralty on the 22nd February that, notwithstanding the bad weather, his ships "have received no damage, and not a yard or mast sprung or crippled, or scarcely a sail split."[3] He scorned Napoleon's idea that if the blockade were continued indefinitely the British ships would eventually have to be withdrawn as unseaworthy. "Bonaparte," Britain's greatest seaman commented, "has often made his brags that our fleet would be worn out by keeping the sea; that his was kept in order and increasing by staying in port; but he now finds, I fancy, if *Emperors* hear truth, that his fleet suffers more in one night than ours in a year."[4]

For the moment Napoleon pondered over a new idea.

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[1] 21st January, 1805. Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*, Vol. III, p. 307.

[2] Napoleon to Lauriston, 1st February, 1805. *Ibid.*, p. 308.

[3] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 345.

[4] To Vice-Admiral Collingwood, March 13th, 1805. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 359.

In effect it was to send the Brest fleet to India as soon as it was in a fit state to brave the waves and winds. He still treasured the hope of an Eastern Empire, and entertained this project until it was eclipsed by another plan, which was to end in Trafalgar. His pet scheme received another check just about this period, owing to the death of Bruix. This distinguished officer, never robust at any time, was unable to stand the phenomenal pressure of work necessary in his position as Admiral of the Boulogne flotilla. Admiral Lacrosse succeeded him.

On March 13th, 1805, Nelson again put in an appearance off Toulon. Everything was normal, so he continued to cruise up and down the coast, until, on the 4th April, he received intelligence that he had for the second time missed his quarry. His health was then "but so-so," but the thought of meeting the French in a decisive battle helped him to bear his physical exhaustion with wonderful fortitude.

In a few words, Napoleon's third and last attempt to outwit Nelson was this: Villeneuve, after having vacated Toulon, was to call at Cadiz for the Spanish squadron of six sail-of-the-line, commanded by Admiral Gravina, and one French ship, and then fall in with Missiessy and his five sail at Martinique. Meanwhile, the Brest fleet of twenty-one ships was to get under weigh, pick up the fifteen vessels at Ferrol under Rear-Admiral Gourdon, and with all possible speed effect a junction with the other two fleets in the West Indies. With such an immense armament, and provided the combination was carried out in its entirety, the great naval personalities of France and Spain with fifty-nine battleships would, it was hoped, carry all before them and appear off Boulogne. "Leaping the ditch" would be a theory no longer, but an accomplished fact.

> First, then, let Villeneuve wait a favouring
>   wind
> For process westward swift to Martinique,
> Coaxing the English after. Join him there
> Gravina, Missiessy, and Ganteaume;
> Which junction once effected all our keels—
> Now nigh to sixty sail—regain the Manche,
> While the pursuers linger in the West
> At hopeless fault.—Having hoodwinked
>   them thus,
> Our boats skim over, disembark the army,
> And in the twinkling of a patriot's eye
> All London will be ours.[1]

Fortune favours the bold. Villeneuve's eleven ships sailed on the 30th March, and reached Cadiz. Sir John Orde, who was stationed off that port, beat an ignominious retreat, and instead of sending word to Nelson, fled north without leaving a single frigate to spy on the doings of the enemy. Thus Nelson was kept in suspense as to the direction taken by Villeneuve until the 18th April, and then the information vouchsafed was very unsatisfactory, for the vessel spoken was unable to state definitely that it was the French fleet which had been sighted. Nelson, in writing to the Admiralty on the 19th, said he was satisfied that the enemy was not bound for the West Indies, "but intended forming a junction with the squadron at Ferrol, and pushing direct for Ireland or Brest."[2]

Good luck seemed to have forsaken the hero, for he was unable to get a fair wind. It took nine days to make sixty-five leagues. "Dead foul! dead foul!" he complained. His indomitable courage stands out clearly in many of his letters. He moaned over his mischances and ill-health, but he never closed an epistle without the assurance that he would not be cast down, and that his dearest wish was to be face to face with the enemy. Incredible exertion sustained his spirits, but sapped his life.

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[1] *The Dynasts*, Part I, act IV, scene 3, p. 21, by Thomas Hardy.

[2] *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 411.

Nelson sent the *Amazon* to Lisbon on the chance of getting news, proceeding with his eleven ships to Cape St. Vincent, from whence he took up a position fifty leagues west of Scilly. This would enable him to join the fleet off Brest or to go to Ireland, whichever was necessary. He sent a warning to Lord Gardner, Commander-in-Chief of the squadron cruising off Ireland, that the French fleet might possibly come his way, and placing his ships at that Admiral's disposal should he deem assistance necessary. "I feel vexed at their slipping out of the Mediterranean," he averred, "as I had marked them for my own game. However, I hope, my dear Lord, that you will annihilate them, instead of Nelson and Bronté."[1]

In a communication to Viscount Melville his indomitable spirit burns like a consuming fire. It almost seems as if his daring became keener as the sands of life ran out:—

"I am not made to despair—what man can do shall be done. I have marked out for myself a decided line of conduct, and I shall follow it well up; although I have now before me a letter from the Physician of the Fleet, enforcing my return to England before the hot months. Therefore, notwithstanding, I shall pursue the enemy to the East or West Indies, if I know that to have been their destination, yet, if the Mediterranean Fleet joins the Channel I shall request, with that order, permission to go on shore."[1]

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[1] April 19th, 1805. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 413.

From this letter it is clear that Nelson regarded the West Indies as Villeneuve's destination quite within the range of probability, although he clung to his old idea that an attack on Ireland was contemplated. He rightly feared that Sir John Orde had not sent frigates to watch the enemy. He could not run to the West Indies "without something beyond mere surmise,"[2] while if he neglected doing so it was highly probable that Villeneuve would take Jamaica and other important possessions if he thought fit, as well as effect a junction with Missiessy. Nelson therefore appointed Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton,[2] a thoroughly competent officer, to the command of the Mediterranean, should he find it necessary to pursue the enemy in distant waters. It was most essential to guard the Mediterranean, for Napoleon might yet try his skill in sending a fleet to Egypt, or even attack Sicily. In the midst of the anxiety attendant upon a man who was practically alone responsible for the safety of his country, Nelson's mind occasionally wandered back to Merton, and he conjured up thoughts of the happiness he would have as soon as he could wreak his vengeance upon his adversary. He even found time to make arrangements for building a kitchen there.

The first news he received of the real whereabouts of the combined fleet is said to have been given to him by Rear-Admiral Donald Campbell, of the Portuguese navy, but by birth a Scotchman. "My lot is cast, and I am off to the West Indies,"[1] he wrote on the 10th May when in Lagos Bay, but not until the beginning of the following month did he have positive intelligence of Villeneuve's destination. Napoleon believed that Nelson had sailed for the East Indies,[2] and was positive of success. He persuaded himself that England's downfall was a matter of a few weeks or months at most. "If England is aware of the serious game she is playing, she will raise the blockade of Brest; but I know not, in truth, what kind of precaution will protect her from the terrible chance she runs. A nation is very foolish when it has no fortifications and no army to lay itself open to seeing an army of 100,000 veteran troops land on its shores. This is the masterpiece of the flotilla! It costs a great deal of money, but *it is necessary for us to be masters of the sea for six hours only, and England will have ceased to exist.*"[3] He orders Berthier to embark everything, "so that in twenty-four hours the whole expedition may start." His intention was to land at four different points. "There is not an instant to be lost."[4]

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[1] About 20th April, 1805. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 414.

[2] May 4th, 1805. *Ibid.*, p. 419.

[3] Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton (b. 1759). Rear-Admiral of the Red, April 23rd, 1804; appointed to the Board of Admiralty, 1805; Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, 1812; Admiral of the White, June 4th, 1814; d. 1832.

Nelson anchored his ten ships[5] at Barbados on June 4th, where he was told by General Sir William Myers that information had reached him the previous night from Brigadier-General Brereton, stationed at St. Lucia, that the enemy had been seen off that island, going towards the south, probably for Tobago or Trinidad. Nelson hesitated, but determined to take the risk. "If your intelligence proves false, you lose me the French fleet," he remarked before sailing, and later events certainly justified this assertion. In a subsequent letter to the British Minister at Lisbon Nelson disposed of Brereton very summarily. "If either General Brereton could not have wrote," he said, "or his look-out man had been blind, nothing could have prevented my fighting them [the enemy] on June 6th; but such information and from such a quarter, close to the enemy, could not be doubted."[1] Again, "But for General Brereton's damned information Nelson would have been, living or dead, the greatest man in his profession that England ever saw."

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[1] May 10th, 1805. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 431.

[2] 13th June, 1805. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 136.

[3] 9th June, 1805. *Ibid.*, p. 135.

[4] 20th July, 1805. *Ibid.*, p. 137.

[5] On May 11th Nelson had detached one ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, to guard a convoy of troops for the West Indies.

The Admiral was not to know that he was on the wrong scent until he found it out for himself. He set sail with two additional line-of-battle ships which had joined him under Cochrane, who had been sent to search for Missiessy, for Tobago, and there learnt from an American vessel that she had been boarded by a French man-of-war the day before. The same evening another ship signalled that the enemy was at Trinidad, accordingly the 7th found him at that island. Reports of a contradictory nature came in almost daily. On the 8th someone told him that the enemy was to sail four days previously for an attack upon Grenada and Dominica. The following day he was informed that all was well at these places, "and that on the 4th the enemy had not moved from Martinico, proving all our former information to be false."[2] In this way Nelson chased from island to island. On the 11th he was off Guadéloupe, on the 12th at Antigua, where he disembarked the troops he had taken on board at Barbados for the purpose of fighting the French should they have succeeded in effecting a landing. At noon the following day "I sailed in my pursuit of the enemy, and I do not yet despair of getting up with them before they arrive at Cadiz or Toulon, to which coasts I think they are bound, or, at least, in time to prevent them from having a moment's superiority."

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[1] Dated June 15th, 1805. *Nelson's Dispatches*, Vol. VI, p. 456.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 452.

The bows of his well-worn ships were again turned towards Europe, and on the 18th July he came across his old friend Collingwood, who was now blockading Cadiz. Twenty-four hours later Nelson anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and on the 20th he went on shore "for the first time since the 16th of June, 1803; and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years, wanting ten days."[1] A month afterwards he joined Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant, and detaching the *Victory* and *Superb*, proceeded to Portsmouth.

This time good fortune had attended Villeneuve. He rallied the Spanish fleet and the French men-of-war at Cadiz, and steered for his destination at Martinique, which he eventually reached on the 14th May, but no Missiessy awaited him, for he had turned back, and actually put in at Rochefort six days after Villeneuve had arrived at Martinique.[2] The latter had instructions to wait forty days there for Ganteaume's arrival, attack the English colonies, and afterwards proceed to Santiago, wait another twenty days, and then if the Brest fleet did not arrive, sail for Cadiz, where despatches would await him giving particulars of further movements.[1] Ganteaume was unable to pierce the bulwark of battleships which had been established by his adversaries before Brest. No gale came, and Cornwallis stuck to his post, for it was only when very heavy weather obtained that Ganteaume could possibly elude the enemy without giving battle, which Napoleon especially told him not to do. An opportunity was given him to escape in the middle of April, when under stress of weather Cornwallis was forced to raise the blockade, but by the time the French were ready the British had come back, and the attempt was abortive. Writing to Napoleon on the 1st May, 1805, Ganteaume raises his voice like one crying in the wilderness: "I cannot possibly describe to you the painful feelings which I have endured on finding myself kept in port while the other squadrons are in full sail for their destinations, and may be cruelly compromised by our difficulties; this last and most afflicting idea allows me no rest, and if I have thus long resisted the impatience and the sufferings by which I am racked, I have done so because I have seen not one chance in our favour should I run out, and all chances in favour of the enemy; a disadvantageous battle was and is inevitable as long as the enemy shall keep his present position, and then our expedition would be irreparably ruined, and our forces for a long time paralysed. . . . Here I would fain repeat to your Majesty the assurance I have already given you, as to the order and preparation in which I keep all the vessels; the crews are all mustered on board, no communications take place with the shore except for indispensable objects of duty, and at all hours every vessel is ready to obey the signals which may be made to it; these arrangements, which alone can enable us to profit by the first favourable opportunity, will be kept up with the utmost exactitude."[1]

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 475.

[2] Desbrière, Vol. IV, p. 570.

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[1] 2nd March, 1805. *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 8381, Vol. X, p. 185.

The awe in which Napoleon was held, and Ganteaume's fear of reproof, is set forth in a note to Decrès. "Although in your last you recommended me to write frequently to the Emperor," it runs, "I dare not write to him, having nothing favourable to say; I remain silent, awaiting events, being unwilling to trouble him about mere trifles, and I confine myself to saying that I trust he will do us justice."[2]

Time was on the wing, and Napoleon would brook no further delay. He sent two ships-of-the-line under Rear-Admiral Magon with orders to Villeneuve to wait thirty-five days after the former's arrival, and then, if Ganteaume had not joined him, sail by the shortest route to Ferrol, for a junction with the vessels in that port, release the Brest fleet, and appear before Boulogne.[3] No sooner had Magon sailed than the Emperor altered his mind, and sent a frigate ordering Villeneuve to remain one month only in the West Indies. If Ganteaume "has not started by the 20th May, he is not to start at all, but remain always ready."[4]

After Villeneuve had captured a number of British merchant ships, the word was passed round by the prisoners that the conqueror of the Nile had arrived at Barbados and been reinforced by Admiral Cochrane's ships, which had been exaggerated from two to four. This completely unnerved the French commander, and notwithstanding the repeated attempts of Lauriston, who was in charge of the troops on board, and which were landed at Martinique and Guadéloupe, he turned his twenty ships towards France, regardless of his instructions to wait. Napoleon's later orders apparently never reached him.[1]

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[1] Thiers, *Consulate and Empire*, Vol. III, p. 364.

[2] 27th April, 1805, Ganteaume to Decrès. Thiers, Vol. III, p. 365.

[3] 14th April, 1805. *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 8583, Vol. X, p. 321.

[4] 8th May, 1805. *Ibid.*, Letter No. 8699, Vol. X, p. 383.

The net results of Villeneuve's cruise were insignificant. Beyond the taking of the Diamond Rock at Martinique, after a brave and desperate resistance on the part of its British defenders, he had signally failed to carry out any of the important duties entrusted to him. He was unable to effect a junction with the Rochefort squadron because Missiessy had returned to Europe before time, thus upsetting the plans Napoleon had matured with so much care. In other respects the commander of the Rochefort squadron had certainly been more successful than his colleague, for the French colonies had been reinforced, and the island of Dominica added to their number. This carried little weight with the Emperor, who relieved Missiessy of his post and gave it to Allemand.

It had suited Napoleon's purpose to leave France and proceed to Italy. In doing so he had two distinct objects in view. He wished to make grand military demonstrations in the south, so that England's attention might be diverted from the preparations at Boulogne, and the sailing of his fleets, to that of further activity on the Continent. At the same time he had determined that his coronation as King of Italy should take place without any undue delay in the beautiful cathedral of Milan. On his way the Emperor stopped at Turin and Alessandria. At the latter place he spent considerable time, for he resolved to erect what would probably be the strongest fortress in the world, and capable of accommodating forty thousand troops. His notion was that, should the Austrians pour a horde of soldiers into Italy at an inconvenient moment, the men of the garrison would be able to keep the invaders busily employed while Napoleon raced over the borders with an army capable of raising the siege and driving out the enemy.

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. IV, p. 684.

On the field of Marengo the Emperor saw a fitting opportunity for a great theatrical display of armed force. This would still further lead England to the assumption that he was about to lead his battalions to more victories at the expense of other Powers. Donning the hat and uniform which he had worn five years before on the same field, when he so skilfully defeated the Austrians, he reviewed an enormous mass of warriors. The scene resembled the great fête at Boulogne—minus the relics—the Emperor and Empress being seated on thrones commanding a view of the whole spectacle. From this point of vantage the "Little Corporal" addressed the men who were to be the heroes of other battles, the while they made the place resound with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Napoleon was not the only person in high office who was busily employed at this time. Pitt had concluded a defensive alliance with Russia and Austria the previous year, in which Sweden also participated.[1] He was now engaged in consolidating the Third Coalition against France by trying to draw Russia into the new combination. Parliament voted no less than £44,559,521 of war taxes, while over 800,000 men were in arms, including 380,000 volunteers. In addressing the House of Lords on the defence of the country,[1] Lord Hawkesbury, referring to the military force at Great Britain's disposal, stated that "it is not only greater than at any former period, but greater than the force of any country, of equal population, in every way." He added that the proportion of the population of France "capable of bearing arms is not more than one in fourteen of her active male population. . . . Whilst France, Russia, and Austria do not give more than a proportion of armed men to their active population of one in fourteen, the United Kingdom . . . gives a proportion of one in ten. . . . independent of our regular army and militia. Taking our volunteers at 380,000, our sea fencibles at 30,000, the regulars and militia being taken at 400,000, the whole of our armed force amounts to 810,000. That is not in the proportion of one man in fourteen, not in proportion of one man in ten, but in the proportion of one in five of our active male population at this hour in arms. . . ."

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[1] Much interesting information as to the rise of the Third Coalition will be found in *The Paget Papers*, Vol. II, pp. 81–221.

All these preparations did not disconcert Napoleon, and while he was placing the iron crown of Lombardy on his own head with the words, "God has given it to me—woe to him who touches it!" his admirals had reached the West Indies, thereby carrying out the first part of the great combination of fleets. So far everything was going in the direction he wished, and the Emperor's spirits rose accordingly. Eugène Beauharnais, his adopted son, was appointed Viceroy of Italy; Genoa, Parma, and Piacenza were added to France; while Lucca with Piombino was raised to the dignity of a principality and handed over to

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[1] Delivered March 8th, 1805.

Eliza Bonaparte. With a dash of the pen republics became departments or kingdoms, to add further lustre to the glittering diadem of the universal conqueror. Napoleon waxed more enthusiastic than ever over his English venture. He little thought that his incompetent subordinates had, notwithstanding their early success, shattered at one fell swoop his gigantic preparations.

CHAPTER XIX

TRAFALGAR AND THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF THE INVASION PROJECTS

"The political greatness of England consists in her navy."
NAPOLEON.

ALTHOUGH Nelson had missed his quarry, he did not lose his head, but with his usual foresight detached the *Curieux* to inform the Admiralty that the combined fleet was on its way to Europe. The warning was not in vain. The authorities immediately sent word to Admiral Stirling[1] to relax his guard at Rochefort, and to form a junction with Sir Robert Calder[2] off Ferrol, there to await the Emperor's naval forces now making for Brest. On the 19th July, 1805, Villeneuve was off Cape Finisterre, running in the teeth of a violent gale, which caused damage to several of his ships, one of which was leaking at the alarming rate of six inches an hour. When the storm had died away, all went fairly well until the 22nd, a day destined to be consecrated to the God of Battles.

That big affairs often have the smallest beginnings is a trite saying. Napoleon himself remarked, "There is but one step from triumph to a fall. I have seen that in the greatest affairs a little thing has always decided great events." Had not the fog which obscured the horizon from early morning until noon suddenly lifted, it is possible that Villeneuve would have formed his junction with Ganteaume, and the invasion of England taken place. Calder, stationed off Ferrol with fifteen sail-of-the-line and four smaller vessels, had been anxiously looking for the enemy's squadron. He was overjoyed to see flying from the *Defiance*, a look-out ship stationed several miles from the rest of the fleet, the signal that the Frenchmen had suddenly appeared. But the rift in the fog which had shown up the enemy did not last for long, and it became so thick while the fleets were forming in line for battle, that they actually passed each other. It was a game of naval hide-and-seek.

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[1] Vice-Admiral Charles Stirling (b. 1760). Rear-Admiral, April 3rd, 1804; Commander of Cape of Good Hope station, 1807; Vice-Admiral, July 31st, 1810; d. 1833.

[2] Admiral Sir Robert Calder, K.C.B. (b. 1745). Rear-Admiral, 1799; Vice-Admiral of the Red, 1808; Admiral of the White, 1813; K.C.B., 1815; d. 1818.

Calder engaged the enemy with his starboard guns, Villeneuve returning the fire with his port cannon. The pounding continued on both sides for about four hours and a half, during which time the *San Rafael* and the *Firme* struck their flags. The latter vessel was simply a battered hulk, her rigging and masts having been shot away by the skilful marksmanship of the British tars. It was unfortunate that they both belonged to the Spanish navy, for the southern officers and crews were so sick of the whole affair that their condition bordered on mutiny. Napoleon had warned his commanders that two Spanish ships were only equal to one Frenchman, knowing, as he did, that several of the former had left port either in a half-finished state or badly manned and provisioned. At 8.30 p.m. the action was discontinued. Both fleets spent the night repairing damages, which were not very extensive except in the case of the two sail-of-the-line already mentioned, and the *Windsor Castle*, a British ship. Many of the shots had been fired at random owing to the dense haze. Thirty-nine British officers and men lost their lives in this indecisive action, while 159 were placed *hors de combat.* The enemy's losses were much more severe and totalled over 470 in killed and wounded. At daybreak it looked as if Villeneuve showed signs of fight, but evidently thinking better of it, and remembering Napoleon's order, "*Notre intention est que vous fassiez votre jonction en évitant le combat*," he crowded on all sail and eventually passed out of sight, notwithstanding that the British were inferior by one-fourth in point of force.[1]

While Villeneuve received a congratulatory message on the result of the battle from Napoleon,[2] Calder was obliged to ask for a court-martial, so violent were the attacks made upon him in England. Had he decided to renew the action on the second day it might certainly have been decisive, and Calder would have gained the laurel wreath victory gave to Nelson three months later. On the other hand, he ran the grave risk of the enemy being strongly reinforced owing to the abandonment of the blockades of Ferrol and Rochefort. As his own squadron only numbered fifteen it would have been foolhardy to attempt the defeat of the thirty-seven ships thus concentrated. Sir Robert Calder's reputation was damned by the suppression of a paragraph in his despatch to Cornwallis, in which he distinctly stated that he might find it necessary to make a junction with his senior officer immediately because of the combined squadrons in Ferrol. The despatch as "edited" by the Admiralty officials ended with an expression of hope that the engagement might be renewed.[1] Added to this, Napoleon caused accounts of an alleged victory over Calder to be inserted in French newspapers, and when these were received from Paris and copied into London journals, public indignation was so great that the luckless English Admiral felt called upon to take action. At the court-martial he was severely reprimanded for not having renewed the engagement, but his undoubted bravery was not questioned.

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[1] James's *Naval History*, Vol. III, p. 244.

[2] 13th August, 1805. *Correspondance de Napoléon*, Letter No. 9073, Vol. XI, p. 86.

Although Villeneuve was belauded to his face, the Emperor alternately praised and cursed him to others. In one communication he says, "Villeneuve has fulfilled his object—the junction";[2] in another he calls the Admiral "a poor creature who sees double, and who has more perception than courage."[3] Thus Napoleon endeavours to face both ways. He tells Cambacérès how little the Spaniards are to be relied upon; to Decrès he says, "They fought like lions."[4]

Villeneuve made straight for the Bay of Vigo, which shelter he reached on the 28th inst., but found no orders awaiting him. Despatching a ship to Ferrol to spy out the harbour, and in this way finding that no British fleet had been sighted, he left three of his crippled ships, the *Atlas*, *America*, and *España* at Vigo and sailed for Ferrol. Before entering the harbour he apparently received Napoleon's orders that he was not to do so, and he put in at Coruña, near by.[1] Here he was further strengthened by the addition of fourteen sail-of-the-line lying in that port, bringing the total of his fleet to twenty-nine strong. So far so good, but the crucial question really was, would he be able to form his junction with the Brest fleet in an equally satisfactory manner?

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[1] See James, Vol. IV, p. 17.

[2] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 141.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 142.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 142.

On Stirling's withdrawal from Rochefort, Allemand had slipped out from his hiding-place and was now vainly searching for Villeneuve. In the event of this squadron reaching him the French Admiral would have no fewer than thirty-four fighting ships, a not inconsiderable force, to aid him in his endeavour to release Ganteaume from his unhappy and untenable position at Brest. Villeneuve's fleet was, however, in anything but a satisfactory state for such a performance. "I will not undertake to describe our condition—it is frightful," he tells Decrès. "Everything is against me, even the heavens. . . . A thunderbolt has fallen on my vessel the *Bucentaure* and penetrated the bridge. . . . I have seen the Franco-Spanish squadron and am very satisfied with it. Would to heaven the Cadiz force which rallied with me was composed of vessels like it. . . . One has never seen such wretched ships afloat. This has been the prime cause of all our misfortunes. . . . I will start as soon as I can and, weather permitting, I will try to enter Brest or to deceive the watchfulness of the enemy and come into the Channel. Or if the two other courses are impracticable I will take the route to Cadiz."[2]

Desbrière rightly calls attention to the fact that the

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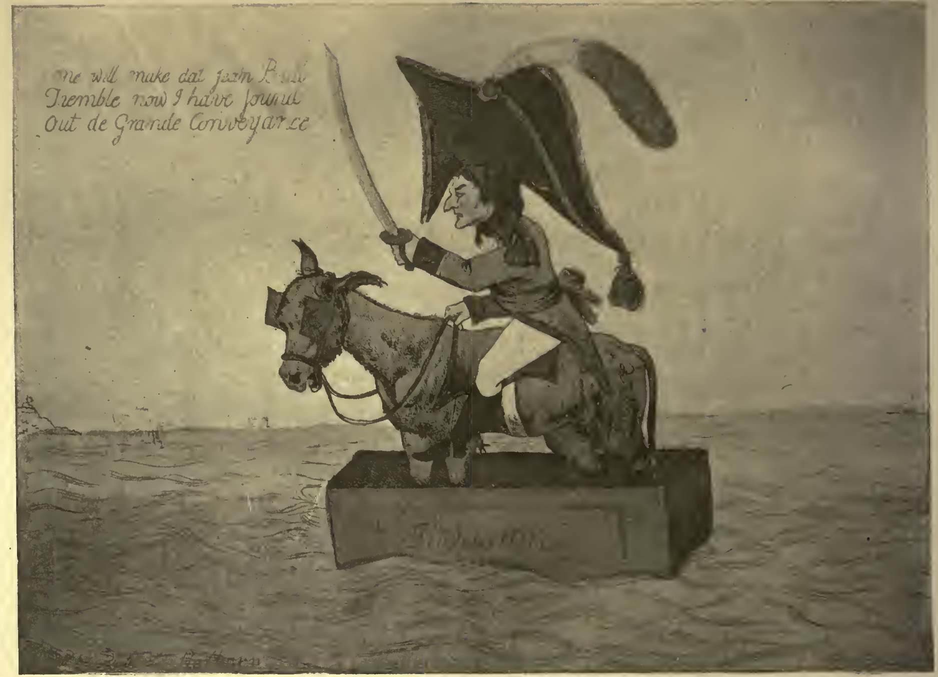
[1] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution*, Vol. II, p. 174.

[2] Desbrière, Vol IV, pp. 725–27. This despatch is dated "on board the *Bucentaure*, in the roads off Coruña, 3rd August, 1805."


me will make dat Jean Bull
Tremble now I have found
Out de Grande Conveyance

CARICATURE OF ONE OF THE FRENCH INVASION RAFTS. [CIRCA, 1804]

above despatch bears clearly the trace of Villeneuve's having received the order of the 16th July that "If through the effects of combat you find your situation changed considerably, we do not intend that your squadron shall enter the port of Ferrol. In this case, which with God's help will not come to pass, we desire that after releasing our squadrons of Rochefort and of Ferrol, you will for preference anchor in the port of Cadiz." Decrès had omitted to inform the Admiral that Allemand would be at Vigo on the 13th August—a grave error on the part of the Minister of Marine,[1] to be followed by an even more incredible mistake, for when he did let Villeneuve know of this arrangement he made the date the 3rd instead of the 13th![2] Villeneuve sent the frigate *Didon* to find Allemand, stating that should he (Villeneuve) find any difficulties in carrying out his plan of operations, he would make for Cadiz, but the vessel never reached its destination, for the British frigate *Phœnix* coming up with it gave fight, and the *Didon* was forced to surrender.

In his letter to Villeneuve of the 13th August, 1805, Napoleon states categorically that the Admiral must effect his junction with Allemand, "sweep away everything that you find before you, and come into the Channel, where we await you with great impatience. If you have not done so, do it. Bear down boldly upon the enemy. . . . It is my desire that wherever the enemy presents himself before you with fewer than twenty-four vessels you give him battle. . . . The English are not so numerous as you seem to imagine. They are everywhere in a state of uncertainty and alarm. Should you make your appearance here [Boulogne] for three days, nay, even for twenty-four hours, your mission would be fulfilled. Make the moment of your departure known to Admiral Ganteaume by special messenger. Never for a grander object did a squadron run such risks, and never have our soldiers and seamen poured out their blood for a grander and nobler result. For this great object of forwarding the descent upon that power which for six centuries has oppressed France, we may all die without regretting the sacrifice of life. Such are the sentiments which should animate you, and which should animate all my soldiers. England has in the Downs only four ships-of-the-line, which we daily harass with our *prames* and our flotillas."[1] On the following day (August 14th) the Emperor writes in the same enthusiastic strain, ending with the words: "We are ready everywhere. Your presence in the Channel for twenty-four hours will suffice."[2] To Decrès he says: "If Villeneuve remains at Ferrol beyond the 16th [August], I shall consider him the least of men. According to the news from London, Nelson is still far away.[3] If Villeneuve sails with his thirty vessels he will be sure of forming a junction with Allemand. Nelson and Collingwood are 'out of the field of battle'; likewise the squadrons of Cochrane and of India. . . ."[4]

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[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 727–8.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 755–6.

Irresolute as ever, although he put to see before the above despatches were in his hands, Villeneuve hesitated—and was lost. Now would have been the psychological moment to strike a vital blow at England, for although Cornwallis had thirty-four or thirty-five ships at Brest (including nine of Calder's, who had joined him after his indecisive action, and nine of Nelson's) and might possibly have an additional five which had been sent to watch Rochefort,[1] now abandoned by Allemand, the united forces of Ganteaume and Villeneuve might have been overpowering, especially if the fight had taken place near land, in which case the powerful batteries on the coast would have assisted. His master's commands were deliberately ignored by Villeneuve. Instead of setting sail, he wasted precious time repairing and repainting. Some of his vessels had run into near-by ports, and when he finally decided to start, as luck would have it, another three days' delay was occasioned owing to stress of weather.

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[1] Thiers' *History of the Consulate*, etc., Vol. III, p. 395.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 396.

[3] Nelson landed at Portsmouth on the 18th August. This despatch is dated from Camp of Boulogne, 14th August, 1805.

[4] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 143.

What must be the verdict of history upon a man who wrote: "I am about to sail; but I know not what I shall do"? There can only be one answer. He further complained that the French naval tactics were obsolete, presumably only making the discovery a few hours before he was to come to close quarters with the enemy. The French Admiral could not have shown his incompetence in a clearer way. While admitting that several of his ships had been roughly handled by the sea during his recent voyage, and that scurvy and dysentery were rampant among the crews, the fact remains that Villeneuve ought to have made a start much earlier than he did. Unfortunately for Napoleon, the Admiral was a man of pedantic rule, of drill-book and precedent—notwithstanding his remark about obsolete tactics—while his rival displayed initiative which amounted to genius. Villeneuve inspired nobody; Nelson inspired all. The dominating personality of Britain's great naval captain, his daring verging on aggressiveness, created that faith in the ultimate success of his plans which was shared by all his subordinates, and was in itself an armament, if only a moral one. Commodore Churruca's remark at Trafalgar, "The French Admiral does not understand his business," was an article of faith shared by more than one of Villeneuve's officers long before that battle was fought.

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[1] These ships joined Cornwallis on the 14th August.

On the 13th August Villeneuve made a start, and, as usual, he did exactly the wrong thing. On seeing a number of frigates, and taking them to be scouts of a British squadron lying not far distant, he shrank from trying conclusions, and, promptly altering his course, turned southwards. In reality he was within an ace of success, for the vessels were Allemand's, and Cornwallis had unwisely sent a squadron of eighteen ships belonging to his fleet to Ferrol, keeping seventeen sail-of-the-line only at Brest. This was the nearest thing in the whole naval war. The detachment had not yet reached its destination, and might either have been eluded or annihilated by the allied fleet.[1] No wonder the Emperor comments, "What a chance has Villeneuve lost!"

Four days later the combined force was off Cape St. Vincent. On August 20th Villeneuve entered Cadiz, blissfully unaware of the fact that Napoleon had now written telling him not to do so. Meanwhile Collingwood, with only three sail-of-the-line and two smaller vessels, stationed himself off the Spanish port and successfully "bottled in" thirty-five French and Spanish sail-of-the-line![2] How he achieved this feat is best told in his own words. We quote from a letter he wrote to his wife under the following head:—

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[1] See *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. IX, pp. 226–7.

[2] James's *Naval History*, Vol. III, p. 258.

"*DREADNOUGHT*, OFF CADIZ,
"*August 21st*, 1805.

"I have very little time to write to you, but must tell you what a squeeze we had like to have got yesterday. While we were cruising off the town, down came the combined fleet of thirty-six sail of men-of-war: we were only three poor things with a frigate and a bomb, and drew off towards the Straits, not very ambitious, as you may suppose, to try our strength against such odds. They followed us as we retired with sixteen large ships, but on our approaching the Straits, they left us and joined their friends at Cadiz, where their fleet is now as thick as a wood. I hope I shall have somebody come to me soon, and in the meantime I must take the best care of myself I can. . . ."[1]

Collingwood, inwardly as calm as Villeneuve was agitated, let one of his vessels ride in the offing, from whence she made signals at intervals to an imaginary fleet out at sea. This effectually deceived the enemy, who did not attempt to interfere with him further. On the 22nd August Collingwood was reinforced by Sir Richard Bickerton's four sail-of-the-line, and eight days afterwards by Calder's eighteen ships, but the way he held tight to Cadiz with his tiny fleet is one of the most stirring passages in the history of blockades!

The Emperor had left Italy some time before, setting out on his journey at night so as not to attract attention. So anxious was he to accomplish the subjugation of perfidious Albion, that before leaving his southern kingdom he had sent instructions that all his important military and naval officers should be awaiting him to receive his last orders when his carriage drove up. In three days he traversed over five hundred miles, an unheard-of rapidity in that period of slow and cumbersome travel. From Fontainebleau he passed to Boulogne, accompanied by the ever-faithful Berthier, where he reviewed a magnificent line of soldiers, extending for nine miles.[1] The following despatch from Marshal Soult, who commanded the *corps du centre*, deals with the arrangements made on this occasion, and is now printed for the first time:—[2]

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[1] *Correspondence of Lord Collingwood*, p. 109.

Army of the Coast. Headquarters at Boulogne,
Central Corps. 15 Thermidor, Year 13
[August 3rd, 1805].

"To General Hulin, commanding the Battalions of
the Imperial Guard encamped at Wimereux.

"I inform you General that the Emperor will review to-morrow the troops of the central division as well as those of the advance guard, and that his Majesty has ordered that the battalions of the Imperial Guard under your command should be present in full force.

"To carry out these instructions you should assemble under arms the two battalions you command at 10 a.m. on the foreshore to the right of the port of Wimereux, the left at forty fathoms [*toises*] to the right of the fourth division of the central corps, and prolonging the right in the direction indicated by that division. The division of Grenadiers will be drawn up in order of battle to your right, with an interval of forty fathoms. The troops must be completely equipped, with knapsacks, tools, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for camping out.

"The detachments on board the boats of the flotilla should disembark to appear at the review, and all the men

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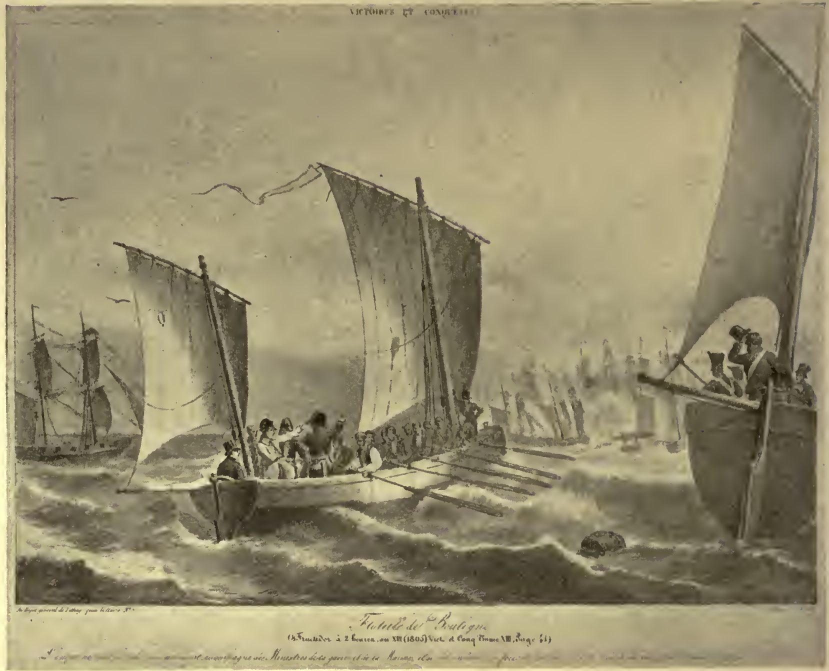
[1] Rose's *Life of Napoleon I*, Vol. I, p. 500.

[2] Mr. Broadley's collection of Napoleonic MSS.


VICTOIRES ET CONQUÊTES
Flotille de Boulogne
(3 Fructidor à 2 heures, an XIII (1805) Vict. et Conq. Tome XIII, Page 61)

OFF BOULOGNE, 1805. NAPOLEON REVIEWING HIS FLOTILLA

on duty provided by the two battalions must be recalled. After the review the garrisons of the coasts must again return on board.

"You will hold the muster-roll of the two battalions ready to be presented to his Majesty if he calls for it, and the captains should also be in possession of the exact situation of their companies.

"I have the honour to salute you.

"MARSHAL SOULT.[1]

"P.S.—The Marshal Colonel-General of the Emperor's Staff has doubtless informed you that his Majesty, after the review, will receive in order the generals at his headquarters."

On the 8th August Napoleon declares that "without doubt I shall embark with my army, but I and my army will only embark with every possible chance of success."[2] So far as he knew, the navy was acquitting itself with honour. The rations for the soldiers and the hay and oats for the horses had been placed on board the flotilla, but there was an alarming discrepancy in the number of troops actually ready to cross the Channel and the accommodation provided for them. The tables were now completely turned, for while 2343 boats were lying in the ports of Boulogne (1153), Étaples (365), Wimereux (237), Ambleteuse (173), Calais (223), Dunkirk (157), and Ostend (35), capable of carrying 167,590 men, only 93,000 soldiers out of a possible 166,155 were available for active service at the moment.[1] It seems highly probable, however, that had the fleets of Villeneuve and Ganteaume appeared, the section of the army which was in an efficient state would have been sent to England, even if the Emperor had not dared to risk his own person. De Fezensac,[2] who spent the winter of 1804–5 in the camp of Montreuil, which formed the left of that of Boulogne, would have us believe that the Army of England—soon to be known as the Grand Army—was far from the perfect fighting machine it was represented to be; but if it had weaknesses it had strength enough to forge that great chain of conquests which securely bound the great Napoleonic Empire together, until little by little the original links wore away and had to be replaced by those of baser metal. Even in France to-day it is something to have had a great-grandfather who fought in its ranks; it is the hall-mark of a distinguished ancestry.

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[1] Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult (1769–1851). Marshal in 1804, Duke of Dalmatia in 1808. He took a leading part in the Austerlitz campaign, the Peninsular War, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. In 1838 the Duke met with an enthusiastic reception when he visited England at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria.

[2] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 140.

While the Emperor was at Boulogne the forces of the Third Coalition were preparing to enter the field against him. As early as the 3rd June, 1804, Napoleon had prophesied to Soult the possibility of having to use the army for a purpose other than that of invading the British Isles. "I suppose that in camp as well as in Paris there are rumours of a continental war. This would be unfortunate, as it would turn our attention from England."[3] Not having received official recognition of his imperial title, he told Champagny, the French Ambassador at Vienna, to let it be known at the Austrian Court that his master was aware of the new Coalition being formed, and that

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[1] Desbrière, Vol. IV, p. 465.

[2] See *Souvenirs Militaires de 1804 à 1814*, by M. le Duc de Fezensac, Général de Division (Paris, 1863).

[3] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 80.

"they are strangely mistaken if they suppose I intend to invade England before the Emperor sends his recognition; that it is not just, by this equivocal conduct, for Austria to keep 300,000 men with arms folded, on the shores of the Channel,"[1] and concluded by inferring that if the House of Hapsburg did not mend its ways there would be war. The Emperor Francis having done as Napoleon wished, disagreements were smoothed over for a year. "My mind is made up," he wrote to Talleyrand on the 13th August, 1805. "I desire to attack Austria, and to be at Vienna before the end of November."[2] Again: "Once I raise my camp on the ocean I shall not be able to stop myself; my plans of maritime war will have failed. . . ."[3] In this way the Emperor indulged in a game of political pitch and toss, in which he stood to lose nothing. He hesitated between two opinions: the invasion scheme which he ardently wished to carry out and the plan he invariably had in his mind as an alternative should the first miscarry. The former still seems to be first favourite, hence many despatches to those connected with the expedition calculated to arouse even greater exertions on their part than before. To Decrès, who had written a long, whining letter to him, he says, "I have but one want—to succeed."[4] On the 23rd August he was full of enthusiasm; he could almost in imagination see the tricolour waving on the Tower of London. He tells Talleyrand that "it is necessary to come to a decision," that he has "nothing to expect from Austrian expeditions," and paints a picture in dark colours of the forthcoming hostile combination. In direct contrast to this is his cheery optimism anent his maritime prospects.

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[1] August 3rd, 1804. *Ibid.*, p. 84.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 141.

[3] August 22nd, 1805.

[4] 22nd August, 1805. Thiers, Vol. III, p. 400.

> "My squadron sailed from Ferrol on the 14th August—thirty-four vessels; there was no enemy in sight. If it follows my instructions it will effect its junction with the Brest squadron and enter the Channel; there will yet be time: I shall be master of England. If on the contrary my admirals hesitate, if they manœuvre badly and do not fulfil their mission, I shall be obliged to wait for the winter and to cross over with my flotilla. . . ."[1]

It is not surprising that when the news of Villeneuve's entering Cadiz reached Napoleon, he threw himself into a paroxysm of ungovernable rage. "What a navy! What sacrifices for nothing! What an Admiral! All hope is gone. Villeneuve, instead of entering the Channel, has taken refuge in Cadiz! It is all over: he will be blockaded there!" Decrès received a full measure of abuse, for while Lauriston had written to Napoleon saying that the fleet would most certainly appear off Brest, believing that Villeneuve was making for that point, Decrès was in possession of a despatch which he had not dared to show to the Emperor, announcing the Admiral's arrival at Cadiz. The disconcerted Minister of Marine had strongly supported Villeneuve throughout his unhappy career, but his friendship could avail nothing in the present trying circumstances. "Your Villeneuve is not even fit to command a frigate!" the Emperor exclaimed. "What can be said of a man who, on account of a few sailors falling sick on board a couple of vessels of his squadron, a broken bowsprit or a split sail, or a report of a junction between

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[1] Camp of Boulogne, 23rd August, 1805. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 145.

Nelson and Calder, loses his self-possession, and renounces his plans? They would have been at the very entry of Cadiz ready to pounce upon the French, and not upon the open sea! All this is so simple that it must strike the eyes of everyone who is not blinded by fear!" Some of the blame must, in common justice, be placed on shoulders other than those of Villeneuve. To order the junction of a fleet in "home" waters, and practically in the face of an enemy, was a deliberate breaking of one of the first rules of war. Napoleon himself is responsible for the axiom, "You must never attempt a movement of reunion in the presence of an enemy."[1]

The Emperor was too good a master in the school of experience to be daunted because a pet plan had come to naught. "I have so often in my life been mistaken, that I no longer blush for it." The Army of England became the Grand Army, and the troops encamped at or near Boulogne were gradually marched towards the frontier, so that on the 28th August he was able to tell Duroc that "the whole army has marched. . . . Austria is too insolent; she is redoubling her preparations. My squadron has entered Cadiz. Keep this secret to yourself."[2] Although the new campaign necessarily occupied his thoughts and energy, Napoleon found time to give the Minister of Marine an explanation of the failure of his colossal naval undertaking, and it would almost seem as if the note were punctuated with sighs. "If Admiral Villeneuve," he wrote, "instead of putting into Ferrol had been satisfied with forming a junction with the Spanish fleet, and had sailed for Brest, and united himself with Ganteaume, my army would have embarked, and it would have been all over with England."[1]

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[1] *Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena*, by Baron Gourgaud.

[2] Bingham, Vol. II, p. 146.

According to Jomini, Napoleon said :—

> "However great my fears respecting the course of Russia, I confess that I was deceived respecting the pacific attitude of Austria, especially after her formal recognition of the French Empire. If she had persisted, like Russia, in a system of neutrality which was so profitable to her, there was nothing to oppose to the execution of my plans. But, even should Austria determine upon hostilities, I deemed that she would require considerable time for preparation, and would wait for the arrival of the Russians. But three weeks was time enough for me to make my descent, enter London, ruin the shipyards, and destroy the arsenals of Portsmouth and Plymouth. If I should succeed, would not this success be sufficient to prevent a continental war? Even under the most unfavourable supposition could I not levy a double conscription to supply the place of absent troops, and place my army in condition to make head against the enemy on the Rhine, and on the Adige? The rapidity with which I hoped to strike the important blow, and return to France, was the principal circumstance on which I based my hope of success; I overlooked neither the rashness nor the difficulty of the enterprise. My genius consisted in embracing rapidly, and with the same *coup d'œil,* both the obstacles and the means of surmounting them."[2]

Instead of Napoleon and his hosts traversing the Channel, they crossed the Rhine and the Danube. "Sol-

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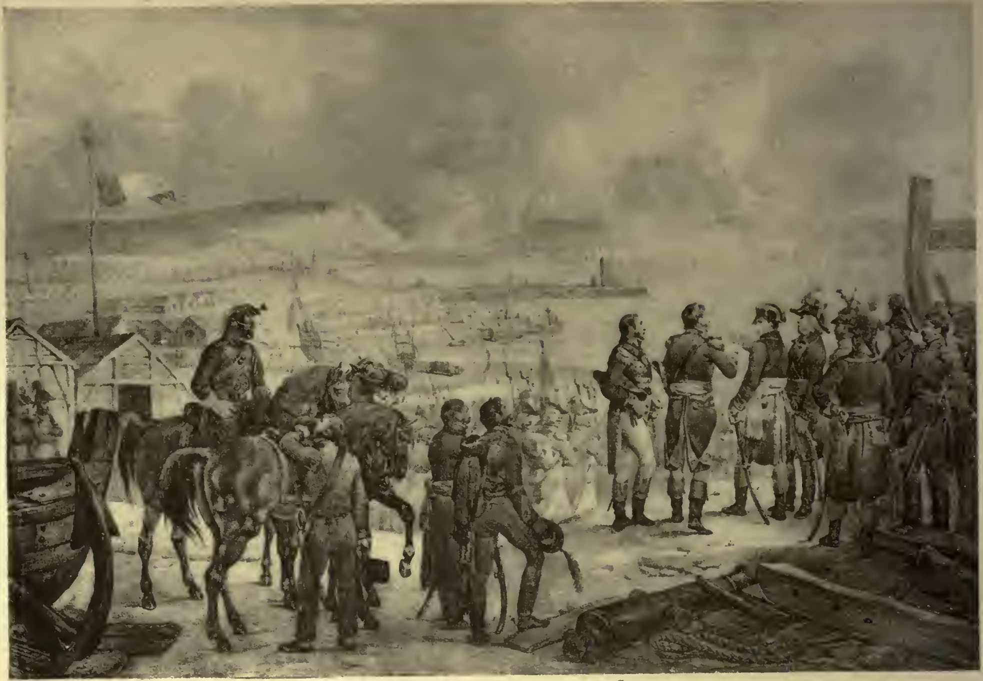
[1] Dated from St. Cloud, 13th September, 1805. Bingham, Vol. II, p. 149.

[2] *Histoire Critique et Militaire des Guerres de la Révolution*, by Lieut.-Général Jomini. Quoted by Major J. Walter in *England's Naval and Military Weakness*, p. 178.



THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE, 1805

diers," said the Emperor in one of his bulletins, "but for the army which is now in front of you, we should this day have been in London; we should have avenged ourselves for six centuries of insults, and restored the freedom of the seas!"[1] In an incredibly short space of time the Austrians were surrounded and crushed; Ulm capitulated; Austerlitz was fought and won; the Third Coalition had vanished; and the Great Terror which had threatened England for nearly a decade was, to all intents and purposes, at an end. Trafalgar made its revival a practical impossibility, at any rate for many years to come. The story of this naval Battle of Giants, which has been told so often and so well, need not be repeated in these pages. The invasion idea, however, never entirely disappeared from Napoleon's mind. The Great Terror had its aftermath as well as its prologue. The former ended only with Waterloo and St. Helena. On the very day of the struggle in Trafalgar Bay (the 21st October, 1805), when his navy was destroyed and his army was basking in the sunshine of victory, the Emperor issued a proclamation to his soldiers from the imperial head-quarters at Elchingen in which he reviewed the situation: "In a fortnight we have made a campaign: we have accomplished what we intended. We have driven the troops of the House of Austria out of Bavaria, and reinstated our ally in the sovereignty of his dominions. That army, which, with equal ostentation and imprudence, came and placed itself on our frontiers, is annihilated. But what cares England? Her object is attained; we are no longer at Boulogne."[2] In his address to the officers who surrendered at Ulm

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[1] *European Magazine*, 1805, p. 400.

[2] Thiers' *History of the Consulate and Empire*, Vol. III, p. 476.

Napoleon frankly and truthfully averred that his great desire was for "ships, colonies, and commerce."

In 1807 the Emperor sought to revive his crippled navy by compelling the continental Powers to place their fleets at his disposal. He hoped that eventually he would command such a vast naval force that England would not have sufficient squadrons to blockade them all. He would then endeavour to cross the Channel. Decrès was commissioned to visit all the ports in which boats belonging to the once formidable flotilla lay. His report was far from satisfactory. Sand had silted into the harbours which had been excavated with so much care, and many of the *prames*, gun-brigs, and pinnaces were rotting. Of the multitude of boats which had been the pride of Napoleon but three years before, not more than three hundred were serviceable.[1] Those past repair were ordered to be broken up.

Napoleon's Continental System enforced a rigid commercial blockade of Great Britain. He sought her downfall by ruining her trade with Europe and shutting out her vessels from every continental port. Great Britain retorted by proclaiming France and her allies to be in a state of blockade. The Peninsular War, which once more drove the thought of invasion away from Napoleon's mind, was largely caused by Portugal's half-heartedness in adopting his principles.

Like all his former *projets*, this scheme was of mammoth proportions. He explains it briefly thus:—

"After Russia had joined my alliance, Prussia, as a matter of course, followed her example; Portugal, Sweden, and the Pope alone required to be gained over, for we were well aware that Denmark would throw herself into our arms. . . . The whole of the maritime forces of the Continent were then to be employed against England, and they could muster 180 sail-of-the-line. In a few years, this force could be raised to 250. With the aid of such a fleet, and my immense flotilla, it was by no means impossible to lead a European army to London. One hundred sail-of-the-line employed against her colonies would suffice to draw off a large portion of the British navy; eighty more in the Channel would have sufficed to assure the passage of the flotilla."[1]

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[1] Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*, Vol. V, p. 132.

The Copenhagen expedition sent out under Lord Cathcart at the end of July, 1807, and ably seconded on land by Sir Arthur Wellesley, obliged the Danes to capitulate, and the British navy was further strengthened by the addition of eighteen line-of-battle ships, fifteen frigates, and a number of smaller vessels which were made prizes. Urgent political matters in other directions obliged Napoleon to dismiss further thought of the navy from his mind.

During his journey from Fontainebleau to Elba, the Emperor "spoke very openly of all the plans he had once had in his mind against England. 'If only I had carried out my intention of having conscription for the navy as well as the army,' he said, 'if I had employed the same measures against England as against other countries, I should have overthrown her in two years' time. That was in reality my one desire. It is quite permissible for me to speak thus frankly now, as it is impossible for me to execute my projects!'"[2] Well might "Nelson's Hardy" say:

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[1] Jomini, *Vie de Napoleon*, Vol. II, p. 449.

[2] "Napoleon's Journey from Fontainebleau to Elba, compiled from the journals of Count Walbourg-Truchsess and General Koller," *Pall Mall Magazine*, Vol. XXXIV, p. 12.

"How fortunate for us that he cannot cast sailors in a mould."[1]

For one fleeting moment did the second Charlemagne again remember the armaments awaiting him at Boulogne. In 1811, a few months before he set out on his march of humiliation across the steppes of Russia, he proposed to spend 2,000,000 francs on repairing the flotilla.[2] But the time for the invasion of England was for ever gone, and very soon the sands buried the gaunt skeletons of *prame* and pinnace, just as the snow covered the corpse of many a soldier once belonging to the Army of England on the plains of Borodino.

Despite the defeat which Napoleon experienced at the hands of Britain's greatest sea captain in Trafalgar Bay, the French navy rose phœnix-like from its ashes, and in the year of Waterloo its strength was 103 line-of-battle ships and fifty-five frigates.[3] Not until the 23rd June, 1814, when the "Emperor of the West" had retired to his tiny kingdom of Elba to plan his last great adventure, were the volunteers of the United Kingdom disbanded. The part they played in the history of the stirring times in which they lived was perforce a passive one, yet they left to posterity an example of real patriotism which, if it has been equalled, can never be surpassed until the armed citizens of a future day, and perhaps of another generation, are brought face to face with the bold individual who may attempt to succeed in an enterprise in which the great Napoleon failed.

Great Britain will remain the foremost maritime Power so long as her "first line of defence" is the most formidable, the best equipped, and the most progressive of armed fleets, and while she possesses sons cast in the Nelson mould to command them. From his column in Trafalgar Square a Man of Bronze stands looking across the Channel in the direction of the memorial erected to another Man on the heights of Boulogne—a perpetual warning to those who would dare to invade this fair land and assuredly an inspiration to the inheritors of a glorious past.

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[1] *The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar*, p. 126.

[2] Méneval, Vol. I, p. 366.

[3] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History*, p. 81.

CHAPTER XX

THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC LANDMARKS OF THE GREAT TERROR, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE POPULAR PAMPHLETS, SONGS, BROADSIDES, AND CARICATURES PUBLISHED BETWEEN THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES ON THE RUPTURE OF THE PEACE OF AMIENS AND THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF THE INVASION PROJECTS BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR (1803–5)

> Pleure, triste Albion ! déchire ta couronne ;
> La victoire te fuit ! l'Europe t'abandonne ;
> L'infortune sur toi croît et s'élève encor.
> Où sont de mes soldats les descendans timides ?
> Soutiendront-ils cachés par leurs remparts humides,
> De ce peuple héros l'impétueux essor ?
>
> Un guerrier le conduit, dont l'ascendant suprême
> Dompte les flots, les monts, les remparts, le sort même.
> Qui peut de cet Alcide enchaîner la valeur ?

IT was thus an anonymous French poet made the shade of the third Edward apostrophize the third George while visiting the Windsor tomb-house at the time when it was rapidly becoming evident that the end of the "experimental peace" was a matter of hours.[1] Never, assuredly, in the annals of nations was there such a response as that called forth by the King's manly and straightforward utterances in making the declaration of war. On New Year's Day, 1803, the Laureate had sung with unpardonable short-sightedness :—

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[1] *Victoires et Conquêtes des Français, 1792–1815*, Vol. XXVII. "L'Expédition d'Angleterre."

Though the tempestuous winds no more
The main with angry pinions sweep,
Though raging 'gainst the sounding shore,
No longer howl the impetuous seas.[1]

Before the King's birthday[2] illusion was no longer possible, and the Court once more listened to the strains of

Britain, alas ! has woo'd in vain
Reluctant Peace ! thy placid charms ;
Compell'd she treads once more th' ensanguined plain,
Where Fame, where Freedom, call'd aloud for arms.

Before 1804 had dawned England was in the thick of it, and the gentlemen and boys of the Chapel Royal were constrained to sing :—

Her voice is heard—from wood, from vale, from down,
The thatch roof'd village, and the busy town,
Eager th' indignant country swarms
And pours a people clad in arms.

. . . . . .

Thro' Albion's plains while wide and far
Swells the tumultuous din of war,
While from the loom, the forge, the flail
From Labour's plough, from Commerce' sail,
All ranks to martial impulse yield
And grasp the spear, and brave the field.

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[1] An unkind critic wrote :—

ON A LATE ODE

That the Bard and the Prophet of old were the same
We know, for we know they both had one name.
We confess times are alter'd, but surely 'tis hard
Now the Bard is no Prophet, the Prophet's no Bard.

[2] June 4th, 1803.

The voice of Burns was hushed in death, and Coleridge rested on his laurels, but Walter Scott and William Wordsworth did not hesitate to take the field. The former gave the Edinburgh Cavalry Association a war-song which has been called Tyrtæan :—

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
  The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic Navy stem the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
  Arouse ye one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
  A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd,
  We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
  Dull HOLLAND'S hardy train,
Their ravish'd toys, though ROMANS mourn,
Though gallant SWITZERS vainly spurn,
  And foaming gnaw the chain :

Oh ! had they mark'd the avenging call,
  Their Brethren's murder gave,
Dis-union ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor Patriot Valour, desperate grown,
  Sought Freedom in the grave.

Shall we too bend the stubborn head,
  In Freedom's Temple born ;
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a Master in our Isle,
  Or brook a Victor's scorn ?

No, tho' destruction o'er the land
  Come pouring as a flood—
The Sun that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabre's deadly sway,
  And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
  Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbrib'd, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our KING, to fence our LAW;
  Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
  Shall fan the tri-colour;
Or footsteps of Invaders rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
  Pollute our happy shore—

Then, farewell Home, and farewell Friends!
  Adieu each tender tie;
Resolved we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
  To conquer or to die!

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam,
  High sounds our bugle's call;
Combin'd by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is "*Laws and Liberty!*"—
  March forward, one and all!

It was thus that in October, 1803, Wordsworth "enthused" the men of Kent, by time-immemorial tradition specially amenable to a battle-cry:—

TO THE MEN OF KENT[1]

Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;

---

[1] *The Poetical Works of Wordsworth* (Albion edition, 1892), p. 173.

Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore:
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

While in the same month he wrote:—

ANTICIPATION

A SONNET

Shout, for a mighty victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low,
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun
Never to rise again: The work is done.
Come forth ye Old Men now in peaceful show,
And greet your Sons! Drums beat, and Trumpets blow!
Make merry Wives, ye little Children stun
Your Grandames' ears with pleasure of your noise!
Clap Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph when the very worst, the pain,
The loss, and e'en the prospect of the slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys—
True glory, everlasting sanctity.[1]

It is difficult to describe the intenseness and all-pervading character of the national movement for resistance *à l'outrance.* It seemed to suddenly affect every class of the community, from judges on the bench and prelates in the pulpit, down to ploughmen in the fields and children beginning to say their letters. The history of 1796–8 repeated itself, only with far greater unanimity of sentiment and absolute whole-heartedness. There was no more playing at treason. The day of corresponding societies and clubs

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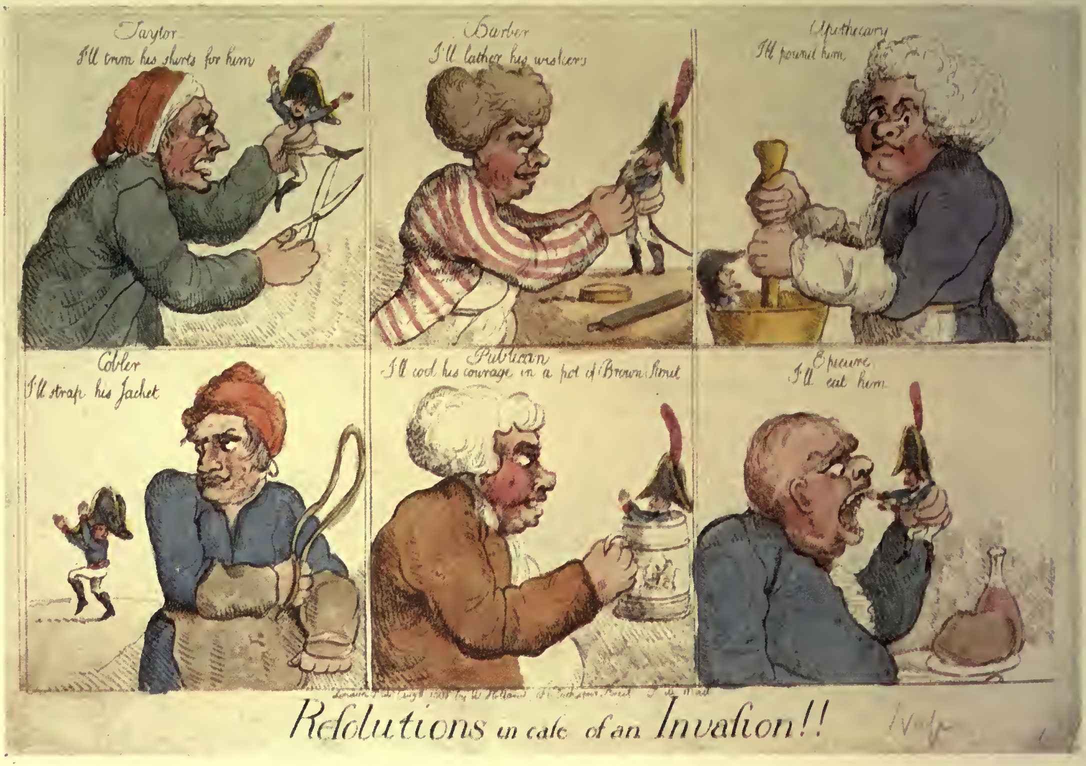
[1] In *The Poetical Works of Wordsworth* (Albion edition, 1892), p. 173, the last line is changed to

"In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity."


Taylor
I'll trim his skirts for him
Barber
I'll lather his wiskers
Apothecary
I'll pound him
Cobler
I'll strap his Jacket
Publican
I'll cool his courage in a pot of Brown Stout
Epicure
I'll eat him
Reſolutions in caſe of an Invaſion!!

A POPULAR INVASION CARICATURE OF AUGUST, 1803

for diffusing constitutional information was gone at last, and England roused herself from her transient dream of peace to defend her shores from the threatened attack of the seemingly invincible embryo Emperor, qualified by the pamphleteers and caricaturists of the time as the Corsican Ogre, Monster, Assassin, Renegade, Infidel, Ass, Caitiff, Locust, Bajazet, Macheath, Devil, Demon, Toad, Spider, and so forth *ad infinitum.* Gillray and Rowlandson, Woodward and Isaac Cruikshank, Charles Dibdin[1] and his sons, and fifty other less known artists and song-writers once more resumed the labours they had scarcely interrupted, and every town, village, and outlying farm or cottage was promptly flooded with literary and pictorial satire on the common enemy, as well as with timely reminders of the possible consequences of his success and of our own military and naval achievements in the past. Glorification of ourselves and the belittlement and wholesale vilification of our foes were the means resorted to for "raising the spirit of the country" in the great crisis which had now overtaken it. In 1803 there was no talk of mutiny or attempts at subornation of treason. The detestation and dread of "Little Boney" united all classes of the community in a close and unassailable bond of common interest, and the Three Kingdoms cheerfully prepared themselves for the eventuality of a *levée en masse.* A primer of the period lies before the writers. On one of its yellow covers is "Emperor Nappy" brandishing a formidable cat-o'-nine-tails (a legitimate source of terror to naughty children), while on the other is an equally hideous "presentment" of "Queen" Josephine. James Bisset produced a Loyalist's Illustrated Alphabet "for the benefit of the young." In it **A** stood for Albion's Isle, while **Z** "proved Englishmen's zeal to humble the zany of France."[1] Another production of the sort was an Invasion Copy-book "for the use of boys at school," surmounted with military emblems and other soul-stirring cuts. It was called *Britain's Bulwarks*, and the earliest copies date from the last year of the previous century.[2]

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[1] Neglect and evil times proved alike powerless to quench the spirit of the elder Dibdin, of whom the following letter, written in 1801, is in Mr. Broadley's collection of MSS. :—

"How far this application may or may not be excused, I cheerfully rely on you to decide; yet as the subject of it is dear to my heart, and I flatter myself not altogether inconsistent with propriety, it was natural I should shield myself under the most honourable and eligible protection. I believe it is generally known and universally acknowledged that my humble abilities have been exerted for nearly fifty years to promote the interests and well-being of my King and country. In the prosecution of my labours I have met with severe losses, and now late in life am reduced to an apprehension that it will not be in my power to provide for a wife and daughter whose conduct has been exemplary and whose characters are irreproachable. I therefore mean to petition Parliament to consider them by way of a remuneration for my former services. At present I have a stated stipend at the will of the Ministry, which was taken away by Lord Grenville, but which has been restored by the Duke of Portland."

What lads were writing on their slates, grave dispensers of justice were telling grand juries at the Assizes. There was no half-heartedness about Mr. Justice Hardinge during the autumn circuits of 1803. Grand juries were thus addressed:—[3]

> "Brave and generous hearted Britons! promptly decide to die gloriously rather than tamely and ignominiously to *crouch* to the *grand Enslaver*, to be enfettered by his *galling* chains;—sacrifice every comfort, undergo any, or every privation, rather than subject yourselves to the fraternal hug of those infernal miscreants, who can set no

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[1] Laurie & Whittle, Fleet Street, 3rd September, 1804.

[2] John Fairburn, Jewry Street, 18th October, 1800.

[3] Charge to Grand Jury at Cardiff, August, 1803.

bounds to their ambition, nor impose any restraint upon their love of violence, plunder and desolation. Remember all lies at stake, LIFE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY, and remember these blessings of Providence are threatened by those that have long since discarded HONOUR, disbanded MERCY, and who look upon JUSTICE, and the observance of Good Faith, as Plebeian virtues, deserving no place in *the glorious new order of things.*

. . . .

"I give you this picture, to anticipate your abhorrence of the features; and your determination, that with enemies like these, you will hear of no compromise, till every musket, sword, and pike, shall be wrested from those gallant volunteers (the hardy and spirited birth-right of your soil) whom you are in the act of arming for the defence of all that is dear and sacred in human life.

"Turning from your lands to your manufactures, and your commerce, I feel no less indignation at the humiliating image of mercantile instruction to a victorious tyrant, by the surrender of your implements, and prostitution of the artificers.

"When I explore, and with grateful respect, the diversities of religious opinion, which have separated, but without enmity, our Protestant Faith, in this part of the world, into Churchmen, Dissenters, and other Sectaries, competitors in zeal for their God and their King, and I shudder at the exchange of that noble independence upon so critical a subject, for *His* religion, who was an Atheist at Paris; at Rome, a Papist; in Egypt, a Mahometan; a Military Pope at Paris again; a Jew in that Synagogue, whose imprecations against this island, he has gratefully accepted; and a kind of Demi-god at the city gates upon the coast, which have told him, 'that after he was created, Providence became superfluous.'"

Encouraged possibly by an urgent request that the address should be published, the same judge repeated his observations in his charge to the grand jury of Radnorshire at Presteign,[1] concluding them with the following exordium :—

> "I trust you will not separate before you address the King, or give in some authentic shape, a test or pledge to your neighbours, that you are votaries of Religion—that you are champions of your *King*—that you devote your lives and your fortunes to the contest—that you determine to survive it with liberties unimpaired, or to perish upon the bed of honor, and with arms in your hands."

The Lord Chief Justice (Lord Ellenborough), in Sussex, was but little less emphatic than his brother in Wales, for he terminated his charge with a similar appeal : "In this awful posture of affairs, I say, it is cast upon us by Providence, as a duty we owe to ourselves and to the world, to become *the means* and *the example*, by which the world may be aroused and rescued from the degraded state of terror and dismay into which it is at present cast down and laid prostrate ; in the hope that the Princes of Europe may once more be induced to resume some active and honourable measures of co-operation and union for the attainment of the general and permanent interests of mankind ; which *means* will be best afforded, and *example* best displayed, by a generous and prudent sacrifice of our present ease, comfort, and indulgences, for the attainment of lasting and honourable security. Whatever then in such a case is expended, is cheaply laid out in the redemption of all that remains. It is a prudent salvage well paid ;

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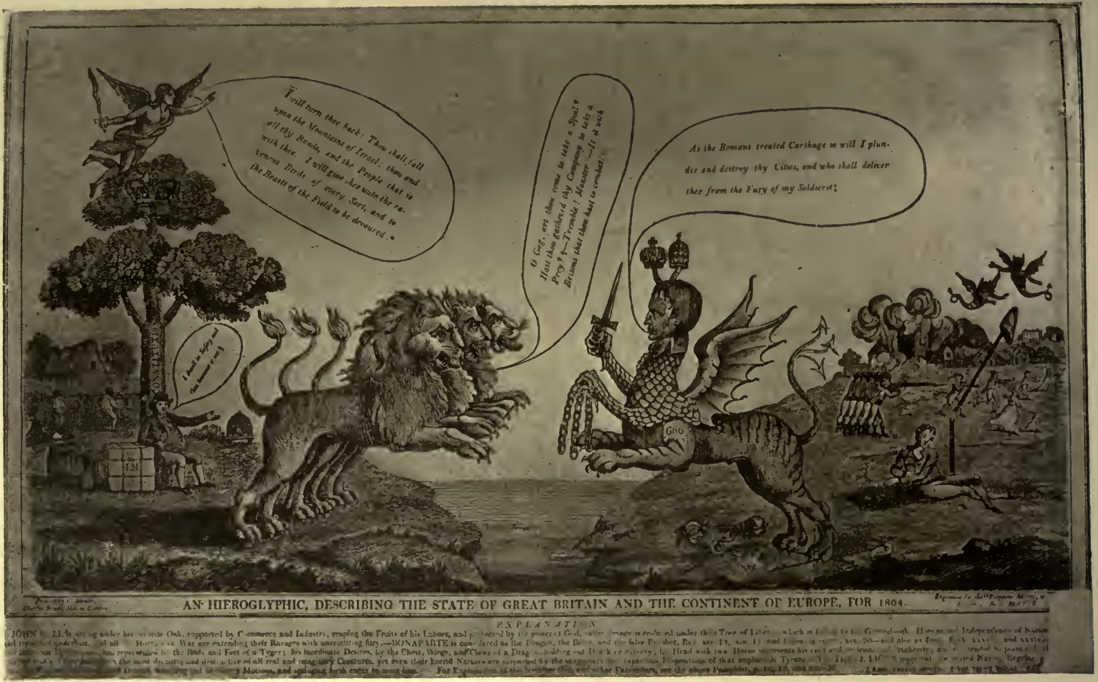
[1] August 9th, 1803.


I will turn thee back: Thou shalt fall upon the Mountains of Israel; thou and all thy Bands, and the People that is with thee. I will give thee unto the ravenous Birds of every Sort, and to the Beasts of the Field to be devoured.
O Gog, art thou come to take a Spoil? Hast thou gathered thy Company to take a Prey? —Tremble! Monster —It is with Britons that thou hast to combat!
As the Romans treated Carthage so will I plunder and destroy thy Cities, and who shall deliver thee from the Fury of my Soldiers!
666
J.M.
AN HIEROGLYPHIC, DESCRIBING THE STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE, FOR 1804.
EXPLANATION

A PROPHECY OF ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH OVER THE INVADER.
[1803-4]

an economical and trusty devotion of a part to preserve the rest. Whatever life is lost in such a cause is a sacrifice to the best interests of our country, our religion, and our laws; to the best interests of all future beings in our land; and the most honourable consummation of our own."

The invasion theology of 1803 was not less energetic than that of 1797, and was, moreover, supplemented by the issue of a vast number of "hieroglyphics" and prophecies which forcibly appealed to lovers of the mysterious. In that dealing with the state of Great Britain and the Continent in 1804 "John Bull is depicted sitting under his Oak-tree supported by Commerce and Industry, and protected by the Power of God, whilst France is enslaved under the Tree of Liberty which is falling to the ground, the Horrors of War are extending their Ravages with unremitting fury.—Bonaparte is considered as the Dragon, the Beast, and false Prophet—Rev. XVI. 13, XIII. 11 and following verses, XIX. 20; and also as Gog—Ezekiel XXXVIII. and XXXIX. and Ferocious dispositions are represented by the Body and Feet of a Tyger; his Inordinate desires by the Chest, Wings, and Claws of a Dragon, holding out Death or Slavery; his Head with two Horns represents his civil and ecclesiastical Authority, and it is intended to point out that the Dragon and a tyger have been the most dreadful and destructive of all real and imaginary Creatures, yet even their horrid natures are surpassed by the Sanguinary and rapacious Dispositions of that implacable Tyrant. The Three Lions represent the united Naval, Regular, and Auxiliary Force of England, Scotland, and Ireland, watching the Monster's motions, and springing forth eager to meet him."

The *Anti-Gallican*[1] devoted a portion of its space to the denunciation of the now dead or moribund "infidel societies" and the republication of Bishop Horseley's circular letter of 1798, now (1st September, 1803) commended by him to the clergy of the diocese of St. Asaph. The volunteers once more throng Surrey Chapel, where the Rev. Rowland Hill with all his old vehemence preaches to them from the text, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought low and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright."[2] On this occasion two verses written *ad hoc* are added to the National Anthem:—

Come Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
  Our pray'r attend;
Come and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
  Spirit of holiness
  On us descend.

O may Thy servants be
Fill'd with sweet liberty,
  Clothed with power!
Bid, Lord, the dead arise
By Thy Almighty voice;
  May we in Thee rejoice,
  In this glad hour.

The metaphors of the last verse are certainly somewhat confused, but perhaps not quite so markedly so as in the case of the concluding hymn:—

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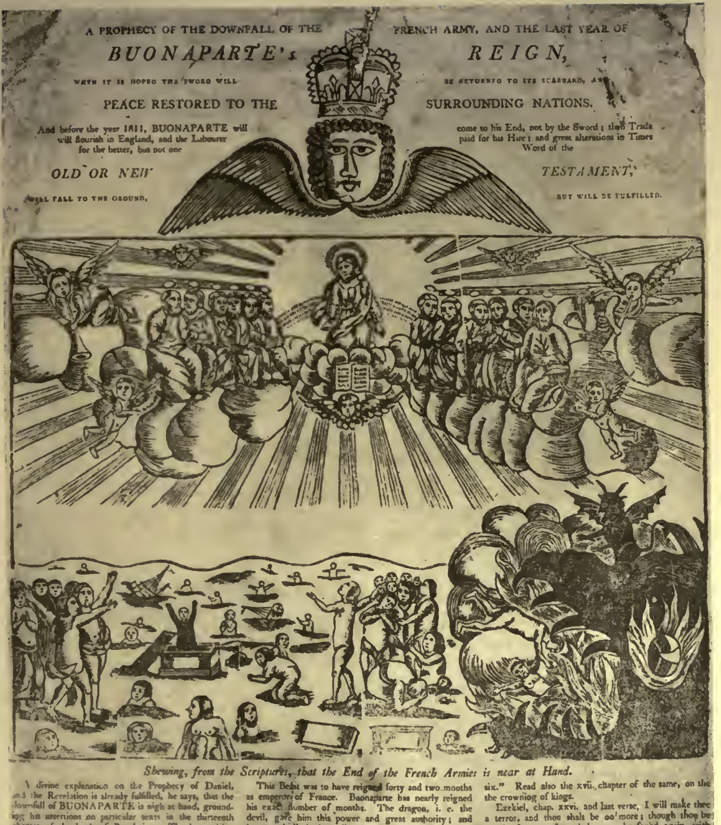
[1] London. Printed for Vernor & Hood, Poultry, and J. Asperne, Cornhill, 1804.

[2] Psalm xx. 7, 8.



A PROPHECY OF THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH ARMY, AND THE LAST YEAR OF

BUONAPARTE's REIGN,

WHEN IT IS HOPED THE SWORD WILL BE RETURNED TO ITS SCABBARD, AND

PEACE RESTORED TO THE SURROUNDING NATIONS.

And before the year 1811, BUONAPARTE will come to his End, not by the Sword; then Trade will flourish in England, and the Labourer paid for his Hire; and great alterations in Times for the better, but not one Word of the

OLD OR NEW TESTAMENT,

WILL FALL TO THE GROUND, BUT WILL BE FULFILLED.

Shewing, from the Scriptures, that the End of the French Armies is near at Hand.

A divine explanation on the Prophecy of Daniel, and the Revelation is already fulfilled, he says, that the downfall of BUONAPARTE is nigh at hand, grounding his assertions on particular texts in the thirteenth chapter of the book of Revelations; The beast rising out of the sea, (Corsica) with seven heads and ten horns, and upon his ten horns ten crowns, is BUONAPARTE.

The Beast's number was six hundred three-score and six, which exactly corresponds with the numerical calculation of all the letters in Buonaparte's name, reckoning the number affixed to each before the introduction of figures.

The Letters of his Christian Name.	*The Letters of his Surname.*
	B. 2.
N. 40.	U. 110.
A. 1.	O. 50.
P. 60.	N. 40.
O. 50.	A. 1.
L. 20.	P. 60.
E. 5.	A. 1.
A. 1.	R. 80.
N. 40.	T. 100.
	E. 5.

Amounting altogether to 666. the identical number of the Beast, i. e. Buonaparte.

This Beast was to have reigned forty and two months as emperor of France. Buonaparte has nearly reigned his exact number of months. The dragon, i. e. the devil, gave him this power and great authority; and he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand.—i. e. Buonaparte has caused all persons to submit to his tyranny.

May all evils be far removed from us, and let it be our endeavours to amend our lives, and pray to God to drive his heavy judgments from this land, which we hear are abroad in the earth! but Buonaparte will return to his own land, and will stumble and fall, and be lost and not be found, chap. xi. ver. 19. of the Prophecy of Daniel.

Daniel, chap. xi. from the 44th verse to the end, " But tidings out of the east, and out of the north, shall trouble him; therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly take away many; and the king of the north shall come out against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and with horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." Read the xiii. chapter of Revelation and the last verse. Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast; for it is the number of man: and his number is six hundred three-score and six." Read also the xvii. chapter of the same, on the the crowning of kings.

Ezekiel, chap. xxvi. and last verse, I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet thou shalt never be found again, saith the Lord God." As the different nations are determined to have a free trade, and the manufacturing of every description will flourish in this year; before this year is out, we shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. Matt. xxiv. 6, 7, &c.

" For nation shall rise up against nation, kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famine, and pestilence, and earthquakes, in divers places" Lord keep it from this land.—God direct the affairs of his majesty, the king of Great Britain; prosper his honourable privy counsellors, in all affairs of government; and frustrate all his enemies by sea and land.

Let the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, with the sacred ruler of them, be ever happy, and let the bolts of heaven's anger fall upon such people who love not England's peace and interest. Amen.

But that George, the son of George, should put an end to all. That afterwards the church should flourish, and England be the most glorious nation on earth. A young new set of men, of virtuous manners, shall come, who shall prosper, and make a flourishing church for two hundred Years.

[illegible] *Printer.*

BONAPARTE IDENTIFIED WITH THE BEAST. A REASSURING BROADSIDE OF 1803-5

O may the memory of His name
Inspire our Armies for the fight ;
Our vaunting foes shall die with shame,
Or quit our coasts with hasty flight.

In His salvation is our boast,
And in the strength of Israel's God,
Our Troops shall lift their banners high ;
Our Navy spread their flags abroad.

If the "people called Quakers" were quiescent in 1797, a vigorous appeal was made to their patriotism in 1803, and that by no means in vain. The late Dean Tucker, of Gloucester, had, before his death, written some "Reflections on the Terrors of an Invasion, with the Best Mode of Defence, should our Enemies be able to Effect a Landing." They were now republished and largely circulated. The attitude of the "Dignified" and "Beneficed" clergy did not altogether escape the ken of the contemporary satirist. Keene's Library in Bath was mainly responsible for the publication of "A Sermon preached in a Country Village previous to the Enrolment of Volunteers by the Rev. Cornelius Miles, Rector and Captain." Mr. Miles is supposed to date the preface to his treatise from Stickle Grubley Parsonage. He discourses from the text, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one" (Luke XXII. 36), and concludes his denunciations of the impious invader with the somewhat unclerical imprecation:—

Gracious Heaven
Cut short all intermission ;—front to front
Bring but this fiend of Gallia, and ourselves ;
Within our swords' length set him—if he 'scape,
Never more grant us mercy![1]

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[1] Judge Philbrick, K.C., remembers seeing an aged Nonconformist at Colchester, who, in his youth, was said to have commenced a prayer for preservation from the Napoleonic invasion with the words, "O Lord God, be pleased to change his wicked heart or stop his wicked breath!"

A great many biographies of Bonaparte (generally written Buonaparte) suddenly came into existence, and the facts they contained were eminently calculated to fan the flame of resistance. Here are the title and review of one of these extraordinary productions:—

> *Life of* BUONAPARTE; *in which the atrocious Deeds which he has perpetrated, in order to attain his elevated Station, are faithfully recorded, by which Means every Briton will be enabled to judge of the Disposition of his threatening Foe, and have a faint Idea of the Desolation which awaits his Country should his Menaces ever be realized. By Lieutenant Sarrat, of the Royal York Marybone Volunteers.* 12mo.
>
> What treatment Buonaparte may meet with, should he effect a landing in any part of the united kingdoms, is yet to be proved. In literary warfare he experiences no quarter, and his misdeeds are emblazoned in a manner that shews his character to be well understood. The consequence is, the people of this country will avoid being cajoled, conquered, and enslaved, as other nations have been by a merciless, unrelenting tyrant. The work before us exhibits to view the picture, we cannot say of a man, it is truly that of a monster; and woe be to that nation in which he is allowed to obtain a footing.

The title page of another is reproduced herewith.

The portrait given is not specially unprepossessing, but below it one reads, "Do but observe the face of Villany." Not a whit less unsparing are the strictures on the First Consul contained in "A Letter to Napoleon Buonaparté, styling himself the Government of France and the Envoy of God, exhibiting a complete view of his moral and political conduct with notes and a sketch of his life. *Jus datum sceleri.* Translated from the French of the Chevalier Tinseau. London, 1803." Some of the "addresses" and "appeals" then so eagerly read when distributed by the itinerant vendors took the form of broadsides, but many

THE
ATROCITIES
OF THE
CORSICAN DEMON
OR A
GLANCE
AT
BUONAPARTE

Do but observe the face of Villany
How different from the brow of Innocence!
See what a settled gloom obscures his visage,
Sure emblem of the horror of his heart,
Where his false heart, enthron'd in native darkness
(Unconscious and unwishing for the light)
Broodes o'er new treasons, and enjoys the mischief!

Havard's Regulus.

LONDON, ETC.
1803

were in pamphlet shape, like Denys Scully's "The Irish Catholic's Advice to his Brethren how to estimate their present situation and repel French Invasion, Civil Wars, and Slavery. Dublin, 1803"; "An Address to the Yeomanry of Great Britain on the subject of Invasion," by a Seaman, written in 1798, but now reprinted; and Capt. G. W. Manby's "An Englishman's Reflexions on the Author of the Present Disturbances," which won for its writer the appointment of barrack-master at Yarmouth. One of the "invasion" publishers,[1] Mr. John Ginger, of 169 Piccadilly, brought out at this juncture an entire series of duodecimo booklets on the burning question of the hour which could very conveniently be carried about and passed from hand to hand.[2] The number of Drill Instructors and other volunteer handbooks was also very great, but our present concern is rather with the part played by the stage in the last three years of the Great Terror.

The summer of 1803 was a season of intense excitement throughout the three kingdoms. The King, undeterred by age and infirmity, was proposing to lead his army in person to meet the invaders at some point between London and the coast, while Queen Charlotte and the Princesses took refuge with worthy Bishop Hurd at Worcester. Between July and October a voluminous and very bitter correspondence was carried on between the Prince of Wales, Mr. Addington, and the Duke of York concerning the pressing demand of the Heir Apparent for some position of responsibility in the army.[1] "Animated by the same spirit which pervaded the nation at large," he wrote from Carlton House Terrace on July 18th, "conscious of the duties which I owed to his Majesty and the country, I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command. I neither did, nor do presume on supposed talents, as entitling me to such an appointment; I am aware I do not possess the experience of actual warfare: at the same time I cannot regard myself as totally unqualified or deficient in military science, since I have long made the service my particular study; my chief pretensions were founded on a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the state, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of those expectations which the public had a right to form, as to the personal exertions of their Princes, at a moment like the present." But the decision of George III on this subject was as the law of the Medes and Persians. He knew and profoundly mistrusted his eldest son. The Duke of York and no one else should be his counsellor and confidant in all matters relating to national defence, and the letters to "dear Frederick," at all hours of the day and night, became more frequent than ever.

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[1] See *post*, p. 274.

[2] Such as: "An Address to the Mechanics and Artificers and Manufacturers and Labourers of England on the subject of the Threatened Invasion." "Publicola's Addresses to the People of England, to the Soldiers and to the Sailors, to which is added His Postscript to the People of England." "Important Considerations for the People of this Kingdom." "A Cursory or very hasty Sketch of the Folly of an Invasion in the trespass on the pasture of John Bull by a Corsican or Consular Caitiff," and so forth.

If the Drama helped very materially to stimulate popular opinion in 1796 and the following years, it proved still more extensively useful in 1803 and 1804. The demand for warlike and patriotic plays, both old and new, became almost immediately greater than the supply. The speech of Rolla to the Peruvians from the once hostile but now absolutely loyal Sheridan's tragedy of *Pizarro* formed a sort of preface to that curious anthology of invasion, the *Anti-Gallican.* George Colman, the younger, Stephen Kemble, John O'Keefe, and others were already busy on prologues, epilogues, adaptations, and occasional pieces. Towards the end of August *The Maid of Bristol* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Elliston as Ben Block spoke the following epilogue written by George Colman, now in the zenith of his popularity:—

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[1] See *ante*, p. 132.

> In times like these, the Sailor of our Play,
> Much more than common sailors has to say;—
> For Frenchmen, now, the British tars provoke,
> And doubly tough is ev'ry Heart of Oak;
> Ready to die or conquer, at command,—
> While all are soldiers who are left on land.
> Each English soul's on fire, to strike the blow
> That curbs the French—and lays a Tyrant low;
> Sweet WOLF! how lamb-like—how, in his designs,
> "The maiden modesty of GRIMBALD" shines!
> Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who agree,
> Freedom bestows on States already free;
> Forcing redress on each contented town,
> The loving ruffian burns whole districts down;
> Clasps the wide world, like Death, in his embrace;
> Stalks guardian-butcher of the human-race;
> And, aping the fraternity of CAIN,
> Man is his brother,—only to be slain.
> And must Religion's mantle be profan'd,
> To cloak the crimes with which an Atheist's stain'd?
> Yes;—the mock saint, in holy motley dress'd,
> Devotion's Public Leader stands confess'd;—
> Of every, and no faith, beneath the sun;
> "Open to all, and influenc'd by none;"
> Ready he waits, to be or not to be
> Rank Unbeliever, or staunch devotee.

Now, Christians' deaths, in Christian zeal, he works;
Now worships MAHOMET, to murder Turks;
Now tears the Creed, and gives Free-thinking scope—
Now, dubb'd "Thrice Catholic," he strips a Pope.
A mongrel Mussulman, of papal growth,
Mufti and Monk, now neither, or now both;
At Mosque, at Church, by turns, as craft thinks good;
Each day in each, and every day in blood!
God! must this mushroom Despot of the hour
The spacious world encircle with his power?
Stretching his baneful feet from pole to pole,
Stride, Corsican-Colossus of the whole?
Forbid it, Heaven!—and forbid it, Man!
Can Man forbid it?—yes; *the English* can.
'Tis theirs, at length, to fight the world's great cause,
Defend their own, and rescue others' laws.
What Britons would not, were their hairs all lives,
Fight for their charter, for their babes, and wives;
And hurl a TYRANT from his upstart throne,
To guard their KING securely on his own?

"Lines more to the purpose," wrote a loyal critic, "we never heard; they conveyed a just idea of the character of the Despot of France; every point was given by Mr. Elliston, with an effect impossible to be described; and the house was made to resound with frequent and reiterated thunders of applause." In September the invasion topic seems literally to have taken possession of the stage. *The Camp*, an old favourite of the scare of 1777, was revived with considerable success at Drury Lane, while *Pizarro* was put on at Covent Garden, with John Philip Kemble to raise enthusiasm by the fustian patriotism of Rolla and Sarah Siddons as Elvira. Unfortunately, Cooke, of whom great things were expected in the title rôle, "was found soon after his entrance so inefficient and imperfect in the character as to incur expressions of general disapprobation. Before the conclusion of the first act he fell back as if overpowered with indisposition, and was led off the stage. A general outcry that he was *drunk* evinced the ill consequences of *prejudice*. Mr. Kemble, however, came forward and assured the audience that Mr. Cooke was really unwell and unable to proceed, and he must therefore request their indulgence in favour of Mr. H. Siddons, who would undertake to read the part. The din at length abated, and the play was actually recommenced, with the new representative of *Pizarro*, who acquitted himself ably."

The theatre had been handsomely redecorated, and in the course of the inaugural address the following verses were chanted to the tune of *The Island*:—

I

If the French have a notion
Of crossing the Ocean,
  Their luck to be trying on dry land;
They may come if they like,
But we'll soon make 'em strike
  To the lads of the tight little Island.
    Huzza for the boys of the Island—
    The brave Volunteers of the Island!
The fraternal embrace
If foes want in this place,
  We'll present all the *arms* in the Island.

II

They say we keep shops
To vend broad cloth and slops,
  And of merchants they call us a fly land;
But tho' war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
  To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?

They'll pay pretty dear for the Island ;
If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample,
Shall make an example
Of all who dare bid for the Island.

III

If met they should be
By the Boys of the Sea,
I warrant they'll never come nigh land ;
If they do, those on land
Will soon lend 'em a hand
To foot it again from the Island.
Huzza ! for the King of the Island
Shall our Father be robb'd of his Island ?
While his children can fight,
They'll stand up for his right,
And their own, to the tight little Island.

The bill of the play for September 16th at the Haymarket is sufficiently interesting to justify its reproduction in facsimile. (See following page.)

At the end of October Shirley's tragedy of *Edward the Black Prince* is once more revived as "suitable to the times," prefaced by a lengthy National Address composed by Sir James Bland Burgess. In it occur the following lines on the all-pervading topic of the hour :—

Since, ere the recent wounds of war are heal'd,
Gallia's stern tyrant dares us to the field ;
Let this proud record ev'ry feeling nerve,
And teach us new distinctions to deserve.

. . . . . .

No ! while our hands the patriot sword can rear,
While ev'ry Briton is a Volunteer,
We'll circle round our altars and our throne,
And prove our fathers' virtues are our own.

By Authority of The Most Noble The MARQUIS of SALISBURY;
And by Permission of George COLMAN, Esq.
For the Benefit of Mr. WALDRON, Prompter.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This preſent FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 16, 1803.
Will be presented *Shakspeare's* National Historical Play of

KING HENRY the FIFTH;
Or, the CONQUEST of FRANCE.

Henry the Fifth, (*King of England*) Mr. ELLISTON, Exeter, Mr. BARRINGTON,
Weſtmoreland, Mr. DENMAN, Gower, Mr. GROVE, Fluellin, Mr. MATHEWS,
Williams, Mr. HATTON, Bates, Mr. TAYLOR, Nym, Mr. BURTON,
Bardolph, Mr. WALDRON, Jun., Piſtol, Mr. PALMER,
Mrs. Quickly, Mrs. WARD, Charles the Sixth, (*King of France*) Mr. WHARTON,
The Dauphin, Mr. H. KELLY, Duke of Burgundy, Mr. ARCHER,
Conſtable of France, Mr. TRUEMAN, Mountjoy, Mr. SMITH,
Iſabel, (*Queen of France*) Mrs. CLELAND, Princeſs Katharine, Miſs GRIMANI.

End of the play a COMIC SONG, called
"*The Origin of Old Batchelors*" by Mr. MATHEWS.
After which the PATRIOTIC EPILOGUE, (Written by G. Colman the Younger; and received with such Enthusiastic Applause)
Will be spoken in the Character of a *British Sailor*,
by Mr. ELLISTON.

After which will be presented A Military Interlude, called

ALL VOLUNTEERS!

In which Mr. TAYLOR will ſing a New SONG,
composed for the occasion by Mr. DAVY, called
"*The COUNTRY SQUIRE a VOLUNTEER.*"
Mr. MATHEWS will ſing a favourite SONG called
"*The CHAPTER of VOLUNTEERS.*"
And, (By Particular Desire) as originally danced by her,
Mrs. WYBROW,
Will introduce the Celebrated BROAD-SWORD HORNPIPE.
To conclude with "*God Save the King*" by Messrs. Taylor, Mathews, Truman, &c.
To which will be added (for the 31ſt time) the New Comick Opera of

Love Laughs at Lock-Smiths.

The Overture and Muſick-Compoſed and Selected by Mr. KELLY.
THE CHARACTERS BY
Mr. DENMAN, Mr. ELLISTON, Mr. GROVE,
Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. HATTON, Mrs. MATHEWS.

BOXES, 5s.—PIT, 3s.—FIRST GALLERY, 2s.—SECOND GALLERY, 1s.
The Doors to be Opened at SIX o'Clock, and begin precisely at SEVEN.
Vivant Rex et Regina! C. Lowndes, Printer, (66) Drury-Lane.

Tickets to be had of Mr. WALDRON, No. 13, Duke-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields
And of Mr. RICE, at the Theatre, where Places for the Boxes may be taken.

Like them, our hearts with honest zeal expand,
We love, and can defend, our native land;
Like their's, our Monarch is his people's friend,
He too has sons our Island to defend;
And whether on the coasts of faithless France,
To check a despot's rage our hosts advance;
Or, our own laws and liberties to save,
On England's shores his mad attack we brave;
Let us our great forefathers' worth recall,
Resolv'd to triumph, or like men to fall.

On 25th November *Henry the Fifth* was played at Covent Garden for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, and Mr. Charles Kemble spoke an "Occasional Address to the Volunteers," written by Mr. W. Boscawen. After referring to the Ancient Britons, Cæsar, Creçy, Agincourt, and the glories of the Edwards and Henrys, the latest Tyrtæus, who indulges in everything except full stops, called on the citizen soldiers to

. . . guard in free and gallant strife
All that adorns, improves or sweetens life,
Your homes, by faithful love and friendship blest,
Each pledge of love now smiling at the breast,
Your daughters, fresh in bloom, mature in charms,
Doom'd (should he conquer) to the Spoiler's arms;
Your sons, who hear the Tyrant's threats with scorn,
The joys, the hopes, of ages yet unborn;
All, all, endear this just, this sacred cause,
Your SOV'REIGN'S Throne, your FREEDOM, FAITH, and LAWS.
Champions of Britain's cherish'd rights Ye stand:
PROTECT, PRESERVE, AVENGE, your native land!
For lo! she cries, amidst the battle's roar,
"Return victorious, or return no more!"

The activity of the Dibdins is, if possible, greater than ever, notwithstanding the misfortunes of the head of the house. On 13th December, 1803, a new historical comic opera, abounding in invasion allusions and sentiments, entitled *The English Fleet in 1342*, was brought out at Covent Garden, with an unusually strong cast :—

"De Mountfort, Count of Brittany	Mr. HILL.
Philip	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Valentine	Mr. BRAHAM.[1]
Captain Fitzwater	Mr. INCLEDON.[2]
Mainmast, his boatswain	Mr. MUNDEN.
Charles, Count of Blois	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Bishop of Leon	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Jane, Countess of Brittany	Mrs. GLOVER.
Adela, Countess of Blois	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.
Jeannetta, Wife to Philip	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Katharine, Wife to Valentine	Signora STORACE.[3]
Isabel, Daughter to Jeannetta	Mrs. ATKINS."

"Rule Britannia" was the theme of the overture, and the duet of "All's Well" by Braham and Incledon was rapturously encored. Although Braham got 1000 guineas for the music, and "Tom" Dibdin cleared over £600 by the libretto, it required all Mr. Harris's managerial ability to make the opera a success. The subject was a convenient peg on which to hang an invasion hat. As one of the chroniclers of the day wrote: "Many of the situations of the piece are applicable to the present state of this country: and the Author (Mr. T. DIBDIN) has availed himself of so fair an opportunity of introducing remarks and sentiments

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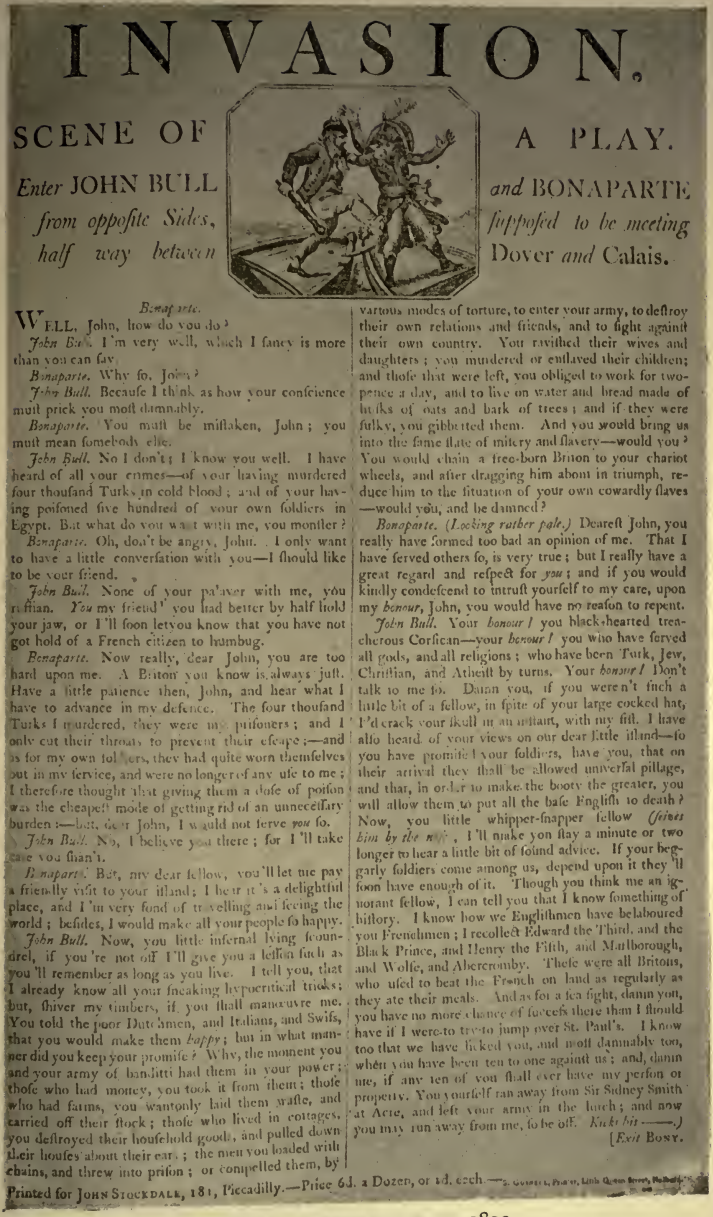
[1] John Braham [1774–1856], one of England's greatest tenors, and a favourite interpreter of some of the best-known invasion songs. In 1801 he returned with Nancy Storace from a successful tour on the continent.

[2] Charles Incledon [1762–1826], a celebrated vocalist of the invasion period.

[3] Anna Selina Storace [1766–1817], generally known as Nancy, created the rôle of Suzanna in the *Nozze di Figaro* at Vienna in 1784, and played Rosina in 1795. She retired from the stage in 1808.



INVASION.

SCENE OF A PLAY.

Enter JOHN BULL *and* BONAPARTE *from oppoſite Sides, ſuppoſed to be meeting half way between* Dover *and* Calais.

Bonaparte.

WELL, John, how do you do?

John Bull. I'm very well, which I fancy is more than you can ſay.

Bonaparte. Why ſo, John?

John Bull. Becauſe I think as how your conſcience muſt prick you moſt damnably.

Bonaparte. You muſt be miſtaken, John; you muſt mean ſomebody elſe.

John Bull. No I don't; I know you well. I have heard of all your crimes—of your having murdered four thouſand Turks in cold blood; and of your having poiſoned five hundred of your own ſoldiers in Egypt. But what do you want with me, you monſter?

Bonaparte. Oh, don't be angry, John. I only want to have a little converſation with you—I ſhould like to be your friend.

John Bull. None of your palaver with me, you ruffian. *You* my friend! you had better by half hold your jaw, or I'll ſoon let you know that you have not got hold of a French citizen to humbug.

Bonaparte. Now really, dear John, you are too hard upon me. A Briton you know is always juſt. Have a little patience then, John, and hear what I have to advance in my defence. The four thouſand Turks I murdered, they were my priſoners; and I only cut their throats to prevent their eſcape;—and as for my own ſoldiers, they had quite worn themſelves out in my ſervice, and were no longer of any uſe to me; I therefore thought that giving them a doſe of poiſon was the cheapeſt mode of getting rid of an unneceſſary burden:—but, dear John, I would not ſerve *you* ſo.

John Bull. No, I believe you there; for I'll take care you ſhan't.

Bonaparte. But, my dear fellow, you'll let me pay a friendly viſit to your iſland; I hear it's a delightful place, and I'm very fond of travelling and ſeeing the world; beſides, I would make all your people ſo happy.

John Bull. Now, you little infernal lying ſcoundrel, if you're not off I'll give you a leſſon ſuch as you'll remember as long as you live. I tell you, that I already know all your ſneaking hypocritical tricks; but, ſhiver my timbers, if you ſhall manœuvre me. You told the poor Dutchmen, and Italians, and Swiſs, that you would make them *happy*; but in what manner did you keep your promiſe? Why, the moment you and your army of banditti had them in your power; thoſe who had money, you took it from them; thoſe who had farms, you wantonly laid them waſte, and carried off their ſtock; thoſe who lived in cottages, you deſtroyed their houſehold goods, and pulled down their houſes about their ears; the men you loaded with chains, and threw into priſon; or compelled them, by various modes of torture, to enter your army, to deſtroy their own relations and friends, and to fight againſt their own country. You raviſhed their wives and daughters; you murdered or enſlaved their children; and thoſe that were left, you obliged to work for twopence a day, and to live on water and bread made of huſks of oats and bark of trees; and if they were ſulky, you gibbetted them. And you would bring us into the ſame ſtate of miſery and ſlavery—would you? You would chain a free-born Briton to your chariot wheels, and after dragging him about in triumph, reduce him to the ſituation of your own cowardly ſlaves—would you, and be damned?

Bonaparte. (Looking rather pale.) Deareſt John, you really have formed too bad an opinion of me. That I have ſerved others ſo, is very true; but I really have a great regard and reſpect for *you*; and if you would kindly condeſcend to intruſt yourſelf to my care, upon my *honour*, John, you would have no reaſon to repent.

John Bull. Your *honour!* you black-hearted treacherous Corſican—your *honour!* you who have ſerved all gods, and all religions; who have been Turk, Jew, Chriſtian, and Atheiſt by turns. Your *honour!* Don't talk to me ſo. Damn you, if you weren't ſuch a little bit of a fellow, in ſpite of your large cocked hat, I'd crack your ſkull in an inſtant, with my fiſt. I have alſo heard of your views on our dear little iſland—ſo you have promiſed your ſoldiers, have you, that on their arrival they ſhall be allowed univerſal pillage, and that, in order to make the booty the greater, you will allow them to put all the baſe Engliſh to death? Now, you little whipper-ſnapper fellow (*ſeizes him by the noſe*), I'll make you ſtay a minute or two longer to hear a little bit of ſound advice. If your beggarly ſoldiers come among us, depend upon it they'll ſoon have enough of it. Though you think me an ignorant fellow, I can tell you that I know ſomething of hiſtory. I know how we Engliſhmen have belaboured you Frenchmen; I recollect Edward the Third, and the Black Prince, and Henry the Fifth, and Marlborough, and Wolfe, and Abercromby. Theſe were all Britons, who uſed to beat the French on land as regularly as they ate their meals. And as for a ſea fight, damn you, you have no more chance of ſucceſs there than I ſhould have if I were to try to jump over St. Paul's. I know too that we have licked you, and moſt damnably too, when you have been ten to one againſt us; and, damn me, if any ten of you ſhall ever have my perſon or property. You yourſelf ran away from Sir Sidney Smith at Acre, and left your army in the lurch; and now you may run away from me, ſo be off. (*Kicks him* ——.)

[*Exit* BONY.

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, 181, Piccadilly.—Price 6d. a Dozen, or 1d. each.—S. Goſnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

AN INVASION BROADSIDE OF 1803

appropriate to the ardent zeal and enthusiastic patriotism by which all ranks of the people are now animated in defence of their dearest rights; feeling themselves determined to maintain their own and their Sovereign's independence and interests by the voluntary sacrifice of their fortunes and their lives."

The elder Dibdin filled the little "Sans Souci" Theatre in the Strand[1] for many nights with a patriotic entertainment (avowedly written "to animate the general spirit against the proud menaces of an invading foe"), entitled, *Britons Strike Home.* Amongst its martial songs was the "Call of Honour," beginning with the verses:—

Come, brother soldiers, join the cause,
At Honour's call your swords display;
And swear, till Freedom bids you pause,
The scabbard shall be thrown away.

Bright Glory's ensign streams in air;
Yet, ere proud Gallia bite the dust,
To heaven prefer a fervent prayer,
To conquer, as our cause is just.

and ending with:—

Come, brother soldiers, give the word;
While shouts victorious rend the air;
The sword is drawn, fair Freedom's sword—
Let Frenchmen tremble at its glare.

High Heav'n in this may ruin urge;
And Britain, eminently great,
Vile Slav'ry from the world to scourge,
May be the instrument of fate.

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[1] The "Sans Souci" Theatre was built by Charles Dibdin in the space of twelve weeks, and occupied the site of the old Feathers Inn on the east side of Leicester Square, a favourite haunt of Hogarth. It was opened in 1796 and closed its doors in 1805, its existence being conterminous with the duration of the Great Terror, which in a great measure was doubtless responsible both for its origin and brief spell of prosperity.—See *History of the Squares of London*, by Beresford Chancellor, 1907.

Come on, to fill Fame's ample page
  Be Vengeance on these miscreants hurl'd;
The day that gives them to our rage
  Shall Peace restore to all the world.

Plays of the character now described, seasoned with songs and addresses written "for the occasion," continued to be in vogue throughout the whole of 1804 and 1805. Seventeen days after the victory of Trafalgar the following advertisement appeared in *The Times* of Thursday, November 7th:—

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.
THIS EVENING, VENICE PRESERVED.
Jaffier (1st time), Mr. C. Kemble; Pierre (1st time), Mr. Kemble; Belvidere, Mrs. Siddons.
After the Play will be presented, a Loyal Musical Impromptu,
Called, NELSON'S GLORY.

The principal Characters by—Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Hill, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Margerum, Mrs. Martyr, Miss Tyrer. To conclude with a Representation of the late Triumphant Naval Engagement, fought on the 21st of October, 1805.

On November 10th we read in the same paper:—

"The complimentary interlude, entitled Nelson's Glory, was repeated last night for the third time. It has now assumed a dramatic shape, and is as well adapted to the glorious, though melancholy event it is designed to celebrate, as any thing got up on the spur of the occasion could possibly be. The song to the air of the *Storm*, in praise of the departed Hero of the British Navy, was given by Mr. INCLEDON with a degree of feeling and expression that strongly affected the audience."

A great many of the invasion broadsides of 1803–5 (which will be fully described presently) took the form of imaginary bills of the play. Here are two sufficiently amusing and characteristic specimens:—

IN REHEARSAL.

Theatre Royal of the United Kingdoms.

Some dark, foggy, Night, about November next, will be ATTEMPTED,
by a Strolling Company of French Vagrants, an old
Pantomimic Farce, called

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION,

OR, THE

DISAPPOINTED BANDITTI.

With New Machinery, Music, Dresses and Decorations.
Harlequin Butcher, by Mr. BONAPARTE, from CORSICA,
(Who performed that Character in *Egypt*, *Italy*, *Switzerland*, *Holland*, &c.)
THE OTHER PARTS BY
Messrs. Sieyes, Le Brun, Talleyrand, Murat, Augereau, Massena, and
THE REST OF THE GANG.
In the Course of the Piece will be introduced, a Distant View of
Harlequin's Flat-Bottomed Boats
WARMLY ENGAGED BY THE
WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.
To which will be added (*by command of his Majesty*, and at the
particular request of all good Citizens) the favorite
Comic-Tragic-Uproar of

THE REPULSE;

Or, Britons Triumphant.

The Parts of John Bull, Paddy Whack, Sawney Mac Snaish, and
Shone-ap-Morgan, by Messrs. NELSON, MOIRA,
St. VINCENT, GARDNER, HUTCHINSON,
WARREN, PELLEW, S. SMITH, &c.
The Chorus of "*Hearts of Oak*," by the JOLLY TARS and
ARMY of OLD ENGLAND.
Assisted by a Numerous Company of Provincial Performers,
Who have VOLUNTEERED their Services on this Occasion.
The Overture to consist of '*Britons Strike Home*'—'*Stand to your
Guns*,'—'*Rule Britannia*,' and
GOD SAVE THE KING.
The Dresses will be Splendid; the Band Numerous and Compleat.
The whole to conclude with a GRAND ILLUMINATION, and
a TRANSPARENCY displaying BRITANNIA receiving
the Homage of GALLIC PRISONERS;

⁂ No Room for Lobby Loungers. VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

IN BRITAIN'S FAM'D ISLE,

At the Theatre Royal,

Where ACTORS of SPIRIT are found *True* and *Loyal!*

A PLAY

WILL BE ACTED, CALL'D

BRITONS STRIKE SURE!

OR, *Fam'd* DOCTOR BULLET'S

INFALLIBLE CURE.

A *Nostrum*, whose TOUCH will at once ease the *Pain*, which
FRENCH GASCONADERS
May feel in the *Brain!* and make
GALLIC DESPOTS
Who think themselves clever,
REMEMBER THE ARMY OF ENGLAND
FOR EVER!

At the End of the *Play*, when the *French* are struck mute,
British Cannons will then fire—*a Royal Salute!*
And *new Martial Airs*, whose *Effect* must be grand!
Will be *play'd* quite in Style—by the *Duke of York's Band.*

INSTEAD OF

A FARCE,

When the *French* are laid low, and
BRITONS TRIUMPHANT
Have *vanquish'd* the FOE!

Returning from CONQUEST—they'll all do their *Duty*,
And join with their *Monarch*, and each *British Beauty.*
To *Heaven* a Tribute of Incense they'll raise,
Ascribing to God—all the *Honor* and *Praise!*

TE DEUM

With Fervor, by Old and by Young,
In all *British Churches*—with *Zeal* will be sung.

AND THEN, TO CONCLUDE,

ALL OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS,
WILL JOIN ENGLISH SAILORS
In three Loyal Cheers!

THE WHOLE

BRITISH EMPIRE

In CHORUS will sing,

The Blessings of Freedom! and "God Save the King."

☞ *Admission gratis to British Patriots; but none, except Privy Counsellors, will be admitted behind the Scenes.*

Bartholomew Fair and Richardson's Show were institutions in the land both before and after the days of the Great Terror. The possibilities of their influence on public opinion were evidently not forgotten by the devisers of:—

DURING BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

In a commodious Booth, erected for the occasion,
A Company of real *French* and *Italian* Performers, will exhibit
for Public Amusement,

HARLEQUIN RENEGADO;

OR,

PANDEMONIUM IN AN UPROAR.

In which will be represented in a Picturesque, and Pantomimic manner, The Tricks of Scapin, in *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, and *Egypt*, accompanied by various Tragi-comic Amusements never before exhibited.

The wonderful celebrity which SIGNIOR NAPOLEONE and his Company have gained throughout the Globe, by their unparalleled performances for the entertainment of the curious; gives him a hope that he may be permitted to show some of his slight-of-hand tricks in London: (and though the Lord Mayor was very circumspect how he granted *full licence*, and particularly ordered the *peace to be kept*, which Signior Napoleone considers as a great derogation of his known abilities;) yet, willing to oblige all that lies in his power, he will inform those who favour him with their company, of certain manœuvres in Pantomime which have never been exhibited in this Country.

. . . .

The whole to conclude with a Farce, called

HARLEQUIN EVERY-WHERE.

In which Signior Napoleone will exhibit a singular piece of Activity, comprised in a Hop, Step, and Jump, from *Italy* to *Egypt*, from *Egypt* to *Paris*, and from *Paris* to the *Coast of England;* including a Divertisement of Scenery and Song, in alternate succession, representing

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

With, "*Now the Battle's fought and won,*" by Mr. S. Smith.

THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS,

With, "*Down, Tyrant, Down,*" by M. Arena.

AND

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER,

With "*Britons Strike Home*," by Messrs. Keith, Cornwallis, S. Smith, Frederick York, Moira, Hutchinson, and a full Chorus of British Tars, Soldiers, and Volunteers; accompanied by Drums, Trumpets, Bassoons, Clarionets, and continued DISCHARGES of MUSKETRY and CANNON.

The Finale will represent

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA REVIVED,

OR,

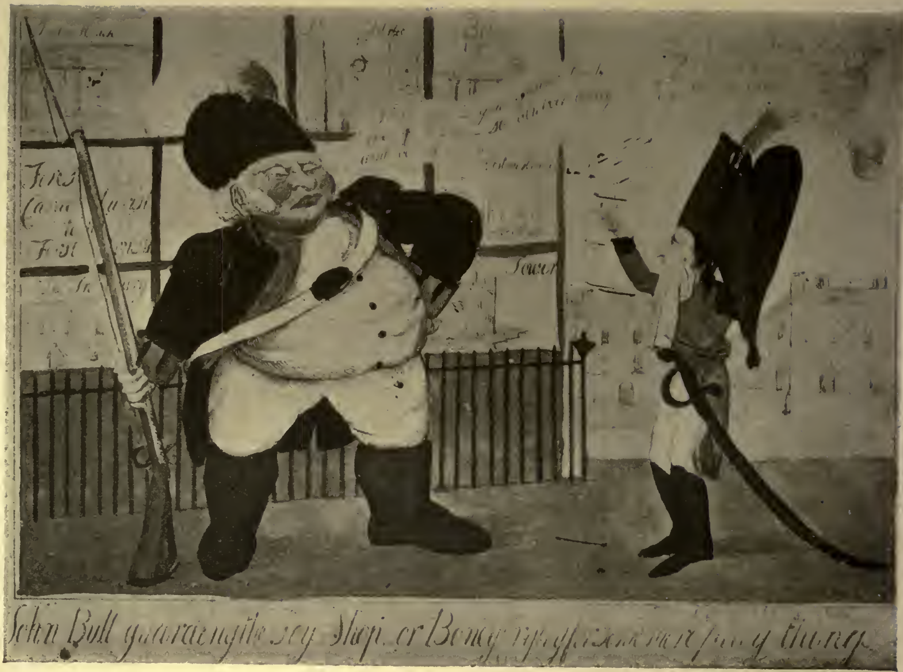
THE DESTRUCTION OF AN INVADING FLEET.

The Scenery and Machinery similar to that employed in the defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries, before Gibraltar; With the Glee of "*Sulphur*, *Smoke*, and *Fire*," from the Old Song of Admiral Russell.

To prevent confusion, the LORD MAYOR will place *Volunteers* and *Peace Officers* to keep the doors, so that the Public can entertain no *suspicion* of having their *Property* INVADED or their *pockets picked.* Signiors NAPOLEONE, TALLEYRAND, BERTHIER, &c. inform their customers that all the profits of the performances are for *their own sole benefit;* as was clearly evinced when they settled the accounts of the Theatre with Don Sancho Pancha, Signior Etruria, M. Von Pruss, and others.

Admittance, Front Places ONE GUINEA: Back Seats, One Shilling. BANK PAPER will not be accepted.—N.B. No change after the Curtain is drawn.

From 1803 to 1805, at any rate, the distribution of patriotic literature was accounted for righteousness. Good works took the form of buying and circulating broadsides, songs, and caricatures likely to stiffen the national backbone against the detested but dreaded "Boney." Something has already been said of the caricaturists, playwrights, and song-writers, but the enterprising publishers from whom the country vendors procured their supplies of pictures and printed matter deserve a passing mention, although the present generation knows very little of the times when the turning over of a portfolio of caricatures hired from Fores or Humphrey formed part of an evening's amusement, and even grave politicians as well as the mob were


John Bull guarding the Toy Shop, or Boney

NO. 50 PICCADILLY IN 1803. "FORES—CARICATURIST TO THE FIRST CONSUL"

influenced by what they saw in the shop windows of William Holland or Rudolph Ackermann. The former was the proprietor of the Museum of Genius at 50 Oxford Street, where from about 1780 a large assortment of books, pamphlets, and prints was always on view.[1] Holland's exhibition rooms became quite a fashionable lounge, and enjoyed the popularity acquired a little later by Ackermann's Gallery at 101 Strand,[2] and Mrs. Humphrey's shop (over which James Gillray lived and worked) at 27 St. James's Street. In the early days of the nineteenth century Holland moved to 11 Cockspur Street. Amongst the earlier publishers of caricatures and satiric prints may also be mentioned Laurie & Whittle of Fleet Street; W. Hinton, West Harding Street, Fetter Lane; Holland, Cornhill; T. Williamson, Strand; Dighton, Charing Cross; J. Garbanti, 4 Great Russell Street; Turner, Snow Hill; Tegg, 111 Cheapside; Allen, 15 Paternoster Row; and Roberts, 28 Middle Row, Holborn. S. W. Fores[3] in 1790 carried on business at 3 Piccadilly, but it was at No. 50 in the same thoroughfare that the house attained its special pre-eminence as vendors of anti-Napoleonic prints. In 1798 H. Humphrey was located in New Bond Street, moving in the following year to St. James's Street, where the genius of Gillray and the exigencies of the times soon led to fame and fortune. Vernor & Hood, Poultry, were the publishers of the *Anti-Gallican*, and amongst the firms originating seemingly in 1803 were John Wallis, 16 Ludgate Street; Walker, 7 Cornhill; and Hudson, 61 Newgate Street. The best-known producers of the earliest invasion broadsides and pamphlets were John Ginger, 169 Piccadilly; John Stockdale, 181 Piccadilly, and J. Hatchard, 190 Piccadilly, the latter the founder of an important firm which still exists and trades under the old name.

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[1] Before opening the Oxford Street Museum Holland had a shop in Drury Lane.

[2] This firm was founded in 1783 by Mr. Rudolph Ackermann, a native of Saxony, who conceived the idea of supplementing his business as a bookseller by the establishment of an Art Gallery. He was a clever artist, and designed Nelson's funeral car. He was one of the pioneers of the use of gas as an illuminant, and endeavoured to utilize the balloon for the dissemination of literature. The old name is still well represented by his descendant, Mr. Edgar C. Ackermann, who now carries on at 191 Regent Street the business, started in 1825, as a branch of the original house in the Strand. Mr. E. C. Ackermann is the great-grandson of Mr. R. Ackermann of Napoleonic times.

[3] The business of Fores was commenced at No. 3 Piccadilly by Mr. S. W. Fores, and moved in 1796 to No. 50 (now No. 41), where it is still carried on by the great-grandson of its founder, Mr. George P. Fores.

By a curious coincidence the business of F. Bate, 11 Vigo Lane, Sackville Street, the publisher of several notable invasion caricatures, was carried on in close proximity to the site of the Bodley Head. In 1803, as the handbill now reproduced shows, Mr. James Asperne made a bid for something like a monopoly of the machinery of "excitation," as far as the broadsheet was concerned. Loyal meetings were now held at the "Crown and Anchor," erstwhile the head-quarters of Fox, Sheridan, Tierney, and their Graces of Bedford and Norfolk, and Mr. Sewell's successor at the sign of the "Bible, Crown, and Constitution" contrived soon to make his power felt in every part of the United Kingdom.

Of the publishers of anti-English invasion caricatures in Paris the names of four only, viz. le Campion, near the Tuileries; le Campion frères, à la ville de Rouen, Rue St. Jacques; Martinet, Rue du Coq St. Honoré; and Rolland of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, alone survive. For all that, Napoleon proved himself to be

JAMES ASPERNE, (Succeſſor to MR. SEWELL,*) at the Bible, Crown, and Conſtitution, Cornhill; reſpectfully informs Noblemen, Magiſtrates, and Gentlemen, that he keeps ready aſſorted a Collection of all the Loyal Papers that have been, or will be, publiſhed. He at the ſame Time takes the Liberty of ſuggeſting, that they would do their Country an eſſential Service, if they would order a few Sets of their reſpective Bookſellers, and cauſe them to be ſtuck up in the reſpective Villages where they reſide, that the Inhabitants may be convinced of the Perfidious Deſigns of BUONAPARTE againſt this Country; and to expoſe his Malignant, Treacherous, and cruel Conduct, to the various Nations that have fallen beneath the Tyrannical Yoke of the* CORSICAN USURPER.

THE FOLLOWING LOYAL PAPERS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED BY J. ASPERNE.

Price One Penny each, or 6s per 100.

SHERIDAN'S Addreſs to the People.
CONFIRMATION of the Tender Mercies of Bonaparte.
THE DUKE OF SHOREDITCH; or Barlow's Ghoſt.
BOB ROUSEM'S EPISTLE to Bonaparte.
BOSANQUET'S Speech on the Royal Exchange.
WHO IS BONAPARTE?
VALERIUS'S Addreſs to the People of England.
BISHOP OF LLANDAFF'S Thoughts on the French Invaſion.
DIALOGUE between George and Tim.
BRITONS TO ARMS, by W. T. Fitzgerald, Eſq.
BRITONS NEVER will be Slaves, by ditto.
A WORD OF ADVICE to the Self Created Conſul.
LOYAL SONGS, No. 1. The Voice of the Britiſh Iſles.—The True Briton.
LOYAL SONGS, No. 2, The Highland Armed Aſſociation.—The Briton's Song.
PROCLAMATION to every Man in the United Kingdom.
SONG, to the Tune of Mother Caſey.
THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN, a Song.
THE FRENCH IN A FOG, ditto.
AN ADDRESS to the Britiſh Navy.
DENISON'S ADDRESS to the People of England.
VICTORIOUS Engliſhmen.
RESOLUTIONS of the Pariſh of St. Mary Lambeth.

Price Twopence, or 12*s per* 100.

THE TENDER MERCIES of Bonaparte; extracted from Wilſon's Egypt.
CITIZEN'S OF LONDON.
DECLARATION of Merchants of the City of London.
THEATRE ROYAL, England.
IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS for the People of this Kingdom.
ADDRESS to the People of England and Ireland, on the French Invaſion.
THE INVASION; or, Diſappointed Banditti.

Price Three Pence, or 2*s per Doz.*

THE SPEECH of the Right Hon. William Pitt, on Friday July 22, 1803.

JAMES ASPERNE takes the liberty of ſolliciting the Friends of the late MR. JOHN SEWELL, Bookſeller, in CORNHILL, (as his Succeſſor,) for a continuance of the favours heretofore conferred on him.

He has been his Servant, Aſſiſtant, and Chief Manager of his Buſineſs, nearly Twenty Five years, and doubts not, by diligence and attention, to execute any commands they may be pleaſed to entruſt to his care, with punctuality, diſpatch, and to their entire ſatisfaction.

If he has the good fortune to obtain their favour, it will be the happineſs of his life to merit it by every exertion in his power, and to prove himſelf their grateful humble Servant.

BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,
No. 32, CORNHILL, Aug. 13, 1803.

WE, the underwritten Executors of the late Mr. Sewell, ſatiſfied of the ability, diligence, and integrity of Mr. James Aſperne, do recommend him, from our own knowledge, as deſerving the favour he ſolicits.

WILLIAM SEWELL, | SAMUEL KENTISH,
WILLIAM ATKINSON, | HENRY HEDGES.

even a greater adept at the art of swaying the public mind than the organizers of resistance on this side of the Channel.

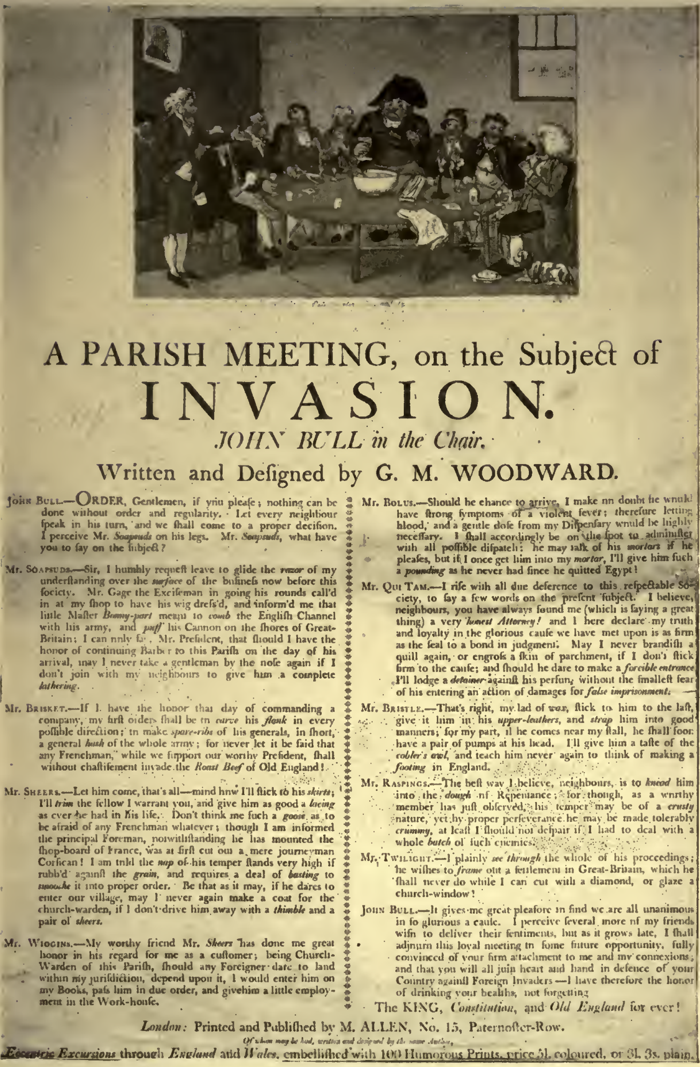
The broadside or sheet enters into the enthusing campaign of 1800–3 far more extensively than into that of 1796–8. Possibly this is attributable to the energy of the three Piccadilly publishers and that of the presiding genius at 32 Cornhill. Madame Tussaud, the founder of the famous waxwork exhibition, still one of the attractions of the metropolis, made a large collection of these invasion handbills, the abbreviated titles of which are as follows:—

1. The consequence of Bonaparte's succeeding in his designs against this country.
2. Ring the alarum bell! [Part I].
3. A relish for Old Nick.
4. Substance of the Corsican Bonaparte's handbills.
5. The Bishop of Llandaff's thoughts on the French Invasion.
6. To the inhabitants of the British Isles.
7. The prophecy!
8. Corporal Trim on the Invasion.
9. Britons! To arms!!!
10. A dialogue between a British tar just landed at Portsmouth and a brave soldier lately returned from Egypt.
11. The Duke of Shoreditch, or Barlow's ghost.
12. French Invasion.
13. Substance of the speech of Joseph Bosanquet, Esq.
14. A peep into Hanover.
15. People of the British Isles.
16. Britons, behold the man!
17. Britons, rise in defence of your country.
18. Loyal songs.

19. Address to the people of England.
20. A loyal Briton's song.
21. Englishmen.
22. The voice of the British Isles.
23. A dialogue between Bonaparte and John Bull [woodcut].
24. A second dialogue between John Bull and Bonaparte.
25. English Scots and Irish men.
26. The declaration of the merchants, bankers, traders, and other inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood.
27. Bonaparte's confession of the massacre of Jaffa.
28. A farce in one act called " The Invasion of England."
29. A song for the times.
30. My friends and countrymen.
31. The British flag maintained.
32. Bob Rousem's epistle to Bonaparte.
33. An invasion sketch.
34. Men of England!
35. Horror upon horrors!
36. A King or a Consul?
37. £20,000 reward.
38. A word of advice to the self-created Consul.
39. Song.
40. To the infamous wretch.
41. To the women of England.
42. Parody by an honest Englishman.
43. Caution to John Bull.
44. Death or victory.
45. A song for all true Britons.
46. Another confirmation of the tender mercies of Bonaparte in Egypt.
47. John Bull all a-gog!
48. The cry of the country.
49. Proclamation made to every man in the United Kingdom.

50. An address to the British Navy.
51. Who is Bonaparte?
52. The Anti-Gallican Club.
53. Address of the Reverend Gerrard Andrews.
54. John Bull to Brother Patrick in Ireland.
55. Bonaparte and Talleyrand.
56. The triumph of Britain.
57. Freedom or slavery?
58. Countrymen, beware!
59. Bonaparte's true character.
60. A song of the union.
61. Freedom and loyalty.
62. Song on the Invasion.
63. £10,000 reward.
64. Shakspere's ghost.
65. Address to the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland on the threatened invasion.
66. An account of the conduct of the French armies in Swabia.
67. The tender mercies of Bonaparte in Egypt. Britons, beware!
68. Harlequin's invasion, or the disappointed banditti.
69. Ring the alarum bell! [Part II].

The whole of these are now in the possession of Mr. Clement Shorter. New specimens are, however, constantly turning up, and the number of broadsheets issued during the crisis reached a total of several hundreds. The following specimens may be regarded as typical:—



A PARISH MEETING, on the Subject of INVASION.

JOHN BULL in the Chair.

Written and Deſigned by G. M. WOODWARD.

John Bull.—ORDER, Gentlemen, if you pleaſe; nothing can be done without order and regularity. Let every neighbour ſpeak in his turn, and we ſhall come to a proper deciſion. I perceive Mr. *Soapsuds* on his legs. Mr. *Soapsuds*, what have you to ſay on the ſubject?

Mr. Soapsuds.—Sir, I humbly requeſt leave to glide the *razor* of my underſtanding over the *surface* of the buſineſs now before this ſociety. Mr. Gage the Exciſeman in going his rounds call'd in at my ſhop to have his wig dreſs'd, and inform'd me that little Maſter *Bonny-part* means to *comb* the Engliſh Channel with his army, and *puff* his Cannon on the ſhores of Great-Britain; I can only ſay, Mr. Preſident, that ſhould I have the honor of continuing Barber to this Pariſh on the day of his arrival, may I never take a gentleman by the noſe again if I don't join with my neighbours to give him a complete *lathering*.

Mr. Brisket.—If I have the honor that day of commanding a company, my firſt orders ſhall be to *carve* his *flank* in every poſſible direction; to make *spare-ribs* of his generals, in ſhort, a general *hash* of the whole army; for never let it be ſaid that any Frenchman, while we ſupport our worthy Preſident, ſhall without chaſtiſement invade the *Roast Beef* of Old England!

Mr. Sheers.—Let him come, that's all—mind how I'll ſtick to his *skirts*; I'll *trim* the fellow I warrant you, and give him as good a *lacing* as ever he had in his life. Don't think me ſuch a *goose* as to be afraid of any Frenchman whatever; though I am informed the principal Foreman, notwithſtanding he has mounted the ſhop-board of France, was at firſt cut out a mere journeyman Corſican! I am told the *nap* of his temper ſtands very high if rubb'd againſt the *grain*, and requires a deal of *basting* to *ſmooche* it into proper order. Be that as it may, if he dares to enter our village, may I never again make a coat for the church-warden, if I don't drive him away with a *thimble* and a pair of *sheers.*

Mr. Wiggins.—My worthy friend Mr. *Sheers* has done me great honor in his regard for me as a cuſtomer; being Church-Warden of this Pariſh, ſhould any Foreigner dare to land within my juriſdiction, depend upon it, I would enter him on my Books, paſs him in due order, and give him a little employment in the Work-houſe.

Mr. Bolus.—Should he chance to arrive, I make no doubt he would have ſtrong ſymptoms of a violent fever; therefore letting blood, and a gentle doſe from my Diſpenſary would be highly neceſſary. I ſhall accordingly be on the ſpot to adminiſter with all poſſible diſpatch: he may talk of his *mortars* if he pleaſes, but if I once get him into my *mortar*, I'll give him ſuch a *pounding* as he never had ſince he quitted Egypt!

Mr. Qui Tam.—I riſe with all due deference to this reſpectable Society, to ſay a few words on the preſent ſubject. I believe, neighbours, you have always found me (which is ſaying a great thing) a very *honest Attorney!* and I here declare my truth and loyalty in the glorious cauſe we have met upon is as firm as the ſeal to a bond in judgment. May I never brandiſh a quill again, or engroſs a ſkin of parchment, if I don't ſtick firm to the cauſe; and ſhould he dare to make a *forcible entrance* I'll lodge a *detainer* againſt his perſon, without the ſmalleſt fear of his entering an action of damages for *false imprisonment.*—

Mr. Bristle.—That's right, my lad of *wax*, ſtick to him to the laſt, give it him in his *upper-leathers*, and *strap* him into good manners; for my part, if he comes near my ſtall, he ſhall ſoon have a pair of pumps at his head. I'll give him a taſte of the *cobler's awl*, and teach him never again to think of making a *footing* in England.

Mr. Raspings.—The beſt way I believe, neighbours, is to *knead* him into the *dough* of Repentance; for though, as a worthy member has juſt obſerved, his temper may be of a *crusty* nature, yet by proper perſeverance he may be made tolerably *crummy*, at leaſt I ſhould not deſpair if I had to deal with a whole *batch* of ſuch enemies.

Mr. Twilight.—I plainly *see through* the whole of his proceedings; he wiſhes to *frame* out a ſettlement in Great-Britain, which he ſhall never do while I can cut with a diamond, or glaze a church-window!

John Bull.—It gives me great pleaſure to find we are all unanimous in ſo glorious a cauſe. I perceive ſeveral more of my friends wiſh to deliver their ſentiments, but as it grows late, I ſhall adjourn this loyal meeting to ſome future opportunity, fully convinced of your firm attachment to me and my connexions; and that you will all join heart and hand in defence of your Country againſt Foreign Invaders—I have therefore the honor of drinking your healths, not forgetting

The KING, *Constitution*, and *Old England* for ever!

London: Printed and Publiſhed by M. ALLEN, No. 15, Paternoſter-Row.

Of whom may be had, written and deſigned by the ſame Author,

Eccentric Excursions through *England* and *Wales*, embelliſhed with 100 Humorous Prints, price 5l. coloured, or 3l. 3s. plain.

A TYPICAL INVASION BROADSIDE. JULY, 1803

TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS
REWARD.

MIDDLESEX (to wit)

To all Constables, Headboroughs, Tithing-Men, and other Officers of the County of Middlesex, and to every one whom it may concern.

WHEREAS a certain ill-disposed Vagrant, and common Disturber, commonly called or known by the Name of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, by the instigation of the Devil, and with malice aforethought, hath lately gone about swindling and defrauding divers Countries, Cities, Towns, and Villages, under divers various and many false and wicked pretences, out of their Rights, Comforts, Conveniencies, and CASH: AND WHEREAS the said NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, still continues so to go about, *craftily* and *subtilly* endeavouring to deceive and defraud the peaceable and well-disposed Subjects of divers Realms: AND WHEREAS it has been signified to Us, that the said NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, hath been guilty of divers Outrages, Rapes, and Murders, at *Jaffa*, *Rosetta*, and elsewhere: AND WHEREAS It is strongly suspected, that the said NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, hath in contemplation at the Day of the Date of these Presents, to land in some (but what part is not yet known) of Great Britain or Ireland: WE DO hereby will and require, that in case the said NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, shall be found to *lurk* and *wander* up and down your Bailiwick, that you bring before us the Body of the said NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, on or before the Morrow of All Souls, that he may be forthwith sent to our Jail for WILD BEASTS, situate, standing, and being over Exeter-'Change in the Strand, without *Bail* or *Mainprize*; and that he be there placed in a certain IRON CAGE, with the Ouran Outang, or some other ferocious and voracious animal like himself, for the purpose of being tamed, or until a Warrant shall issue to our beloved subject *Jack-Ketch*, to deal with him according to Law and the *Virtue* of his Office; and this in no-wise omit at your peril. Witness our hands,

JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE.

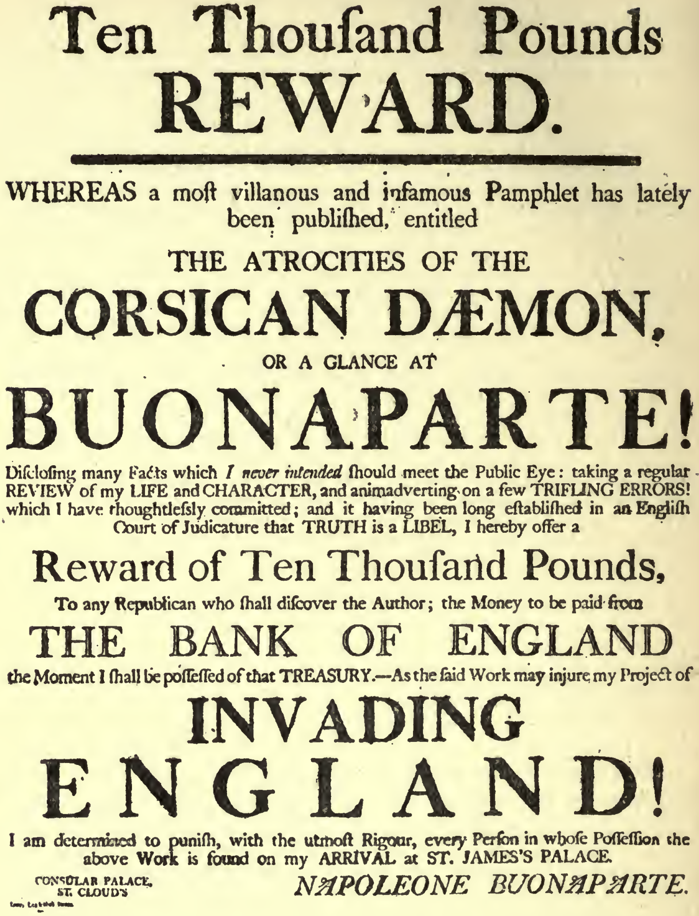
The said NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *alias* Jaffa Bonaparte, *alias* Opium Bonaparte, *alias* Whitworth Bonaparte, *alias* Acre Bonaparte, is a Corsican by birth, about five feet four inches in height, of a swarthy black complexion, dark hair and eye-brows, and resembles a great deal in person a Bear-leader, or one of the Savoyards who play on the reeds at Vauxhall: He is remarkable for walking fast, and taking long strides, and has been thought to squint, though it is in fact no more than a *cast* in the left eye, with looking too much on one object—Old England—to which over application he also owes being afflicted with the JAUNDICE.

The above Reward will be paid by the County immediately on apprehension.

London: Printed for S. HIGHLEY, No. 24, Fleet-Street; by B. McMILLAN, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden (price 1d. or 9d. per dozen).

Where may be had BONAPARTE; or, THE FREEBOOTER; a Patriotic Drama, price One Shilling.

No 63 runs thus :—



Ten Thouſand Pounds REWARD.

WHEREAS a moſt villanous and infamous Pamphlet has lately been publiſhed, entitled

THE ATROCITIES OF THE

CORSICAN DÆMON,

OR A GLANCE AT

BUONAPARTE!

Diſcloſing many Facts which *I never intended* ſhould meet the Public Eye: taking a regular REVIEW of my LIFE and CHARACTER, and animadverting on a few TRIFLING ERRORS! which I have thoughtleſsly committed; and it having been long eſtabliſhed in an Engliſh Court of Judicature that TRUTH is a LIBEL, I hereby offer a

Reward of Ten Thouſand Pounds,

To any Republican who ſhall diſcover the Author; the Money to be paid from

THE BANK OF ENGLAND

the Moment I ſhall be poſſeſſed of that TREASURY.—As the ſaid Work may injure my Project of

INVADING ENGLAND!

I am determined to puniſh, with the utmoſt Rigour, every Perſon in whoſe Poſſeſſion the above Work is found on my ARRIVAL at ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

CONSULAR PALACE,
ST. CLOUD'S

NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE.

No. 9 appears to have met with phenomenal success. The footnote gives interesting information as to the means adopted for increasing the circulation, and so enlarging the sphere of influence :—

FOURTH EDITION.

BRITONS! TO ARMS!!!

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.
And recited by him at the Meeting of the LITERARY FUND, July 14.

BRITONS, to ARMS! of Apathy beware,
And let your COUNTRY be your dearest Care:
Protect your ALTARS! guard your MONARCH's Throne,
The Cause of GEORGE and Freedom is your own!
What! shall that ENGLAND want her SONS' Support,
Whose HEROES Fought at CRESSY *--- AGINCOURT †?
And when Great MARLBOROUGH ‡ led the English Van,
In FRANCE, o'er FRENCHMEN, triumphed to a Man!
By ALFRED's great and ever honour'd Name!
By EDWARD's Prowess, and by HENRY's Fame!
By all the gen'rous Blood for Freedom shed,
And by the Ashes of the Patriot Dead!
By the Bright Glory BRITONS lately won
On EGYPT's Plains, beneath the burning Sun,
BRITONS, to ARMS! defend your Country's Cause;
Fight for your KING, your LIBERTIES, and LAWS!
Be France defied, her Slavish YOKE abhorr'd,
And place your Safety only on your Sword.
The Gallic DESPOT, sworn your mortal FOE,
Now aims his last, but his most deadly Blow;
With ENGLAND's PLUNDER tempts his hungry Slaves,
And dares to brave you on your Native Waves!
If Britain's Rights be worth a Briton's Care,
To shield them from the Sons of Rapine --- Swear!
Then to INVASION be Defiance given,
Your Cause is just, approv'd by Earth and Heaven!
Should adverse Winds our gallant Fleet restrain,
To sweep his "bawbling §" Vessels from the Main;
And Fate permit him on our Shores t'advance,
The TYRANT never shall return to FRANCE;
Fortune herself shall be no more his Friend,
And *here* the History of his Crimes shall end ---
His slaughter'd Legions shall manure our Shore,
And ENGLAND never know Invasion more!!

* In the Year 1346, EDWARD, Prince of Wales, (commonly called the Black Prince,) Son of our King EDWARD III. gained the Famous Battle of CRESSY, in which Thirty Thousand of the French were killed upon the Field.

† In the Year 1415, HENRY V. King of England invaded France, and gained the memorable Battle of AGINCOURT, when Ten Thousand of the French were slain, and Fourteen Thousand were taken Prisoners. The Prisoners were more in Number than the Victorious English Army!

‡ In Queen ANNE's Reign, A. D. 1706, the Great Duke of MARLBOROUGH gained the renowned Battle of BLENHEIM. Twelve Thousand French were slain, and Thirteen Thousand taken Prisoners, together with the French General, Marshal TALLARD.

§ "A bawbling Vessel was he Captain of,
"For shallow Draught, and Bulk unprizable." SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for JAMES ASPERNE (Successor to Mr. SEWELL), at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill;
by L. GOLD, Shoe Lane; Price One Penny each, or 6s. the 100.

Where may be alſo had, at the ſame Price, SHERIDAN's Address to the People. Also a Collection of all the loyal Papers that have been or will be published.

⁂ Noblemen, Magistrates, and Gentlemen, would do well by ordering a few Dozen of the above Tracts of their different Bookſellers, and causing them to be stuck up in the reſpective Villages where they reſide, that the Inhabitants may be convinced of the Cruelty of the Corsican Usurper.

It is curious to compare the Sheridan caricatures of 1797–8 with the broadside:—

Sheridan's Address to the People.

OUR KING! OUR COUNTRY! AND OUR GOD.

My brave Associates—Partners of my Toil, my Feelings, and my Fame!—can Words add Vigour to the *Virtuous Energies* which inspire your Hearts?—No—*You* have judged as I have, and the Foulness of the crafty Plea by which these bold *Invaders* would delude you—Your generous Spirit has compared, as mine has, the Motives which, in a War like this, can animate their Minds, and ours.—They, by a strange Frenzy driven, fight for Power, for Plunder, and extended Rule—we, for our Country, our Altars, and our Homes.—They follow an *Adventurer*, whom they fear—and obey a Power which they hate—we serve a Monarch whom we love, a *God* whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, Desolation tracks their Progress! Whene'er they pause in Amity, Affliction mourns their Friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our State, enlarge our Thoughts, and free us from the Yoke of Error! Yes—*They* will give enlightened Freedom to our Minds, who are themselves the Slaves of Passion, Avarice, and Pride.—They call on us to barter all of Good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate Chance of Something better which they promise.—Be our plain Answer this: The Throne we honour is the People's choice—the Laws we reverence are our brave Father's Legacy—the Faith we follow teaches us to live in Bonds of Charity with all Mankind, and die with Hopes of Bliss beyond the Grave. Tell your Invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no Change; and, least of all, such Change as *they* would bring us.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Among the broadsheets not in the Tussaud-Shorter collection are:—

VALERIUS'S ADDRESS to the People of England [August 3rd, 1803].

MANLIUS'S ADDRESS to the People of England [1803].

DENISON'S ADDRESS to the People of England in verse [n.d.].

UNION AND WATCHFULNESS. Briton's true and only Security [n.d.].

WILBERFORCE'S ADVICE suggested by the State of the Times [n.d.].

APOTHEOSIS of BONAPARTE, headed by a large illustration of the First Consul hanging from a gallows surrounded by a dancing and rejoicing crowd [John Badcock, August 10th, 1803].

APPEAL in favour of GENERAL ARMAMENT [n.d.].

The Briton's Prayer. Addressed to the Volunteers of Great Britain armed in defence of Religion their Country and their King [n.d.]

Resolutions of the Inhabitants of the Parish of S. Mary, Lambeth [July 26th, 1803].

A SONG OF THE TIMES, by Quintius Quod, Esq^{re}. [n.d.].

NO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE. A mistaken notion [Sept. 6th, 1803].

Mr. Asperne lost no time in issuing [27th August, 1803] a preliminary programme for a "Female Association for preserving Liberty and Property." At the end of it, below the signature "Britannia Presidentess (*sic*), was the following note:—

"N.B. As soon as the voluminous nature of the work will permit plans of the Female Association will be lodged at Mr. Aspernes at the Bible, Crown and Constitution 32 Cornhill; where attendance will be given to take the names of the Subscribers, which will be ranged in their respective Columns, as Maids, Wives, and Widows."

Possibly there was more practical good in

AN ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH SOLDIERS

Circulated near certain parts of the

COAST OF FRANCE

by the

FRENCH IMMIGRANTS.

My brave and generous fellow soldiers—

Your Despot, that Corsican, who Sets no Value on the Lives of Frenchmen, calls on you to be prepared for an Expedition against England of the most desperate nature.

. . . .

Reflect seriously, brave Frenchmen, on what has been offered to your Consideration. Tell the Corsican Tyrant, that you are Soldiers and not Robbers: that you are Warriors, and not Thieves and Assassins: That you know how to engage with an Enemy in the Field of Battle, but that you cannot Murder him in his Bed. Tell him, that if he will fit out a Fleet to protect you in your Passage, and cover your descent on the British Coast, and if he will furnish an Army to engage with English Troops on their own Ground, you are ready to embark: but that you are not willing to be sent to Disgrace yourselves by plundering and wantonly massacring peaceful Citizens & Farmers, and laying waste their Habitations; exposing yourselves to a Vengeance, which a conduct so mean and execrable would most justly deserve.

AN OLD FRENCH SOLDIER.

It is easy to realize the effect produced on the bucolic mind by such an appeal as this:—

Who is Bonaparte?

Who is he? Why an obscure Corsican, that began his Murderous Career, with turning his Artillery upon the Citizens of Paris—who boasted in his Public Letter from Pavia, of having shot the whole Municipality—who put the helpless, innocent, and unoffending inhabitants of Alexandria, Man, Woman, and Child, to the *Sword* till

Slaughter was tired of its Work—who, against all the Laws of War, put near 4000 Turks to Death, in cold Blood, after their Surrender—who destroyed his own comrades by Poison, when lying sick and wounded in Hospitals, because they were unable to further the Plan of Pillage which carried him to St. Jean d'Acre—who, having thus stained the Profession of Arms, and solemnly and publicly renounced the religious Faith of Christendom and embraced Mahometanism, again pretended to embrace the Christian Religion—who, on his return to France, destroyed the Representative System—who after seducing the Polish Legion into the Service of his pretended Republic, treacherously transferred it to St Domingo, where it has perished to a Man, either by Disease or the Sword—and who, finally, as it were to fill the Measure of his Arrogance, has Dared to attack what is most dear and useful to civilized Society, the *Freedom of the Press* and the *Freedom of Speech*, by proposing to restrict the British Press, and the Deliberations of the British Senate. Such is the *Tyrant* we are called upon to oppose; and such is the Fate which awaits *England*, should *We* suffer him and his degraded Slaves to pollute *Our* Soil.

The anthology of the Great Terror has yet to be written. It is no exaggeration to say that the loyal songs in vogue between 1796 and 1805 may be counted by thousands. Some appeared in book form, like the "garland" strung together by Mr. Ritson, the annual collection known as *The Whim of the Day*,[1] or *The Patriot's Vocal Miscellany*, printed in Dublin for the booksellers of Ireland in 1804. Nearly every large city or town had its own "musical garland," and Newcastle-upon-Tyne (the home of Bewick and Catnach) a whole series of them, many containing one or more military and naval ditties of the soul-inspiring order. On the other hand, a far larger number were, like the one now reproduced, printed in the Seven Dials and

---

[1] The publication of *The Whim of the Day*, by J. Roach, Britannia Printing Office, Russell Court, Drury Lane, began in 1789 and continued for seventeen or eighteen years. A complete series of them would throw much light on the march of public opinion during the time it appeared.

SONG.

THE INVASION.

COME liſten every Lord and Lady,
'Squire, Gentleman, and Stateſman,
I've got a *little Song* to ſing,
About *a very great Man!*
And if the Name of BONAPARTE,
Should mingle in my Story,
'Tis with all due Submiſſion,
T' his Honour's Worſhip's Glory
Bow, wow, wow, &c

The kindneſs of this philanthropic Gentleman extending,
From Shore to Shore, Coloſſus like,
Their Grievances amending,
To Britain would reach, if he could,
From fancied Ills to ſave ye;
But tho' he likes us vaſtly well,
He does not like our Navy!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Egypt once he fell in Love,
Becauſe it was the high Road,
To India, for himſelf and friends
To travel by a nigh Road;
And after making mighty Fuſs,
And fighting Night and Day there,
'Twas vaſtly ungenteel of us,
Who would not let him ſtay there,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A Nobleman was ſent to him,
For Negotiation able,
And BONAPARTE kindly ſet
Him down at his own Table,
And in a Story two Hours long,
The Gentleman was heard in,
Whilſt our Ambaſſador declar'd
He *could not get a Word in.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Belles and Beaux the drawing Room
One Morning it was quite full,
And BONA, like a *Bantam-Cock*,
Came crowing rather ſpiteful;
He then began to huff and bluff,
To ſhew that War his Trade is;
He ſcolded all the Engliſhmen,
And frighten'd all the Ladies!!!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

From Malta next he took his Text,
My Lord look'd rather blue on't;
For every Trick the Conſul had,
My Lord had one worth two on't;
Why, *General*, ſays he, 'Sdeath and Fire,
Unleſs you ceaſe theſe Capers,
They'll publiſh every Word you ſay
In all the Engliſh Papers.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My Lord, ſays he, you needs muſt ſee,
I pity Britiſh Blindneſs,
And wiſh to open all your Eyes,
Out of pure Love and Kindneſs,
To make a generous People free,
My Legions ſhall pell mell come,
What think you then? Why, Sir, I think,
They'd be more free than welcome.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

When I come o'er, I'll make all Britons
Live in perfect Bliſs, Sir,
I'm ſure they will receive me juſt
As kindly as the Swiſs, Sir.
The Odds an hundred are to one
I fall, tho' Fortune's Minion,
Says our Ambaſſador to him,
I'm quite of your Opinion.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My Lord, ſays he, I'll take the Field,
You'd better take the Ocean,
My Plans are deep — *Why, yes, they'll reach*
The Bottom, I've a Notion.
What would the Engliſh think to ſee
Me 'twixt Boulogne and Dover?
Why, General, they'd ſurely think
Your Worſhip half Seas over!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Your Government I'll tame, ſays he,
Since War you are ſo fond on;
I've got my Will in Paris here,
And wiſh the ſame in London;
I'll rule your great *John Bull!* ſays he,
I have him in the Ring, Sir.—
Says *John*, I'll not be rul'd by you,
Nor any ſuch a *Thing*, Sir,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then bring the Flag invincible,
A Scot took it long ago, Sir,
For now, I think, your Ships I'll ſink,
And never ſtrike a Blow, Sir.
A clever Man has found a Plan,
A Plan he's ſurely right in,
For if you beat the Britiſh Fleet,
It muſt not be at Fighting.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quite frantic now, he vows Revenge,
The Moment that he's landed,
And proudly boaſts we cannot Hope
To fight him ſingle handed,
What, ſingle handed, we can do,
His Troops ſhall know full well ſoon,
For him, he learn'd it long ago,
From *ſingle handed* Nelſon,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Now, ſince their Minds are quite made up,
Let me, on this Occaſion,
Make one Requeſt to Neptune, ſhould
They dream of an Invaſion:
To bring them ſafely out of Port,
On gentle Billows guide them,
To where a ſet of Britiſh Boys
May Anchor cloſe beſide them.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Printed for JAMES ASPERNE, (Succeſſor to MR. SEWELL,) at
the Bible, Crown, and Conſtitution, No. 32, Cornhill,
by S. ROUSSEAU, Wood Street, Spa Fields.
Price One Halfpenny, or 3s 6d per 100.
(*Auguſt* 17, 1803.)

elsewhere on narrow strips of flimsy paper. Very frequently a rude woodcut which may have done service in the days of the Commonwealth was placed at the head of the verses by way of embellishment. The same rough design did duty in turn for Vernon, Boscawen, Keppel, Hawke, Rodney, Howe, and the immortal Nelson. Vauxhall and Ranelagh were still popular social institutions at the commencement of 1803, and the singing of patriotic songs[1] soon became the order of the day at the "gardens." Charles Dignum was as popular with the *habitués* of Vauxhall as John Braham and Charles Incledon were at Covent Garden. Dorothea Jordan, the fascinating mistress of the Duke of Clarence, sang anti-Gallican ditties at Bushey Park as well as at Drury Lane, and Invasion and Resistance to Death odes also found an ideal interpreter in Elizabeth Billington (in right of her marriage Madame Felissent), whose magnificent voice is said to have quite bewitched the "Little Boney" of Gillray's caricatures and Dibdin's verses.

The rupture of the Peace of Amiens was not complete, when the English Ambassador's difficulties gave rise to songs more distinguished by violence of language than by grace of diction.

BONAPARTE THREATENING INVASION TO LORD WHITWORTH

What a bustle and a fuss with these Gasconaders.
Frenchmen all on the gog, for to turn Invaders.
All sorts of schemes and inventions for to spite us;
When those rogues come, Oh! Lack a daisy, how they'll fright us.
Fal lal ri do.

---

[1] See *post*, p. 304.

Some will say as on our bed we lay snoring,
They will wake us in the middle of the night with their cannon roaring.
Oh ! as these Republicans are such valiant soldiers,
They will come in the middle of noon to astonish all beholders.

For their officers and baggage in Balloons are to come over,
And Bonaparte drop in his camp just this side of Dover.
Oh ! the Bugabos, how they will make us all to stare.
Camps a-swimming on the water, and castles in the air.

A hundred thousand men for him to lose is only a trifle ;
He is determined to invade Old England for to rifle.
Altho' the Kings of Europe crawl to him for alliance,
Britannia's son alone bids the Corsican Defiance.

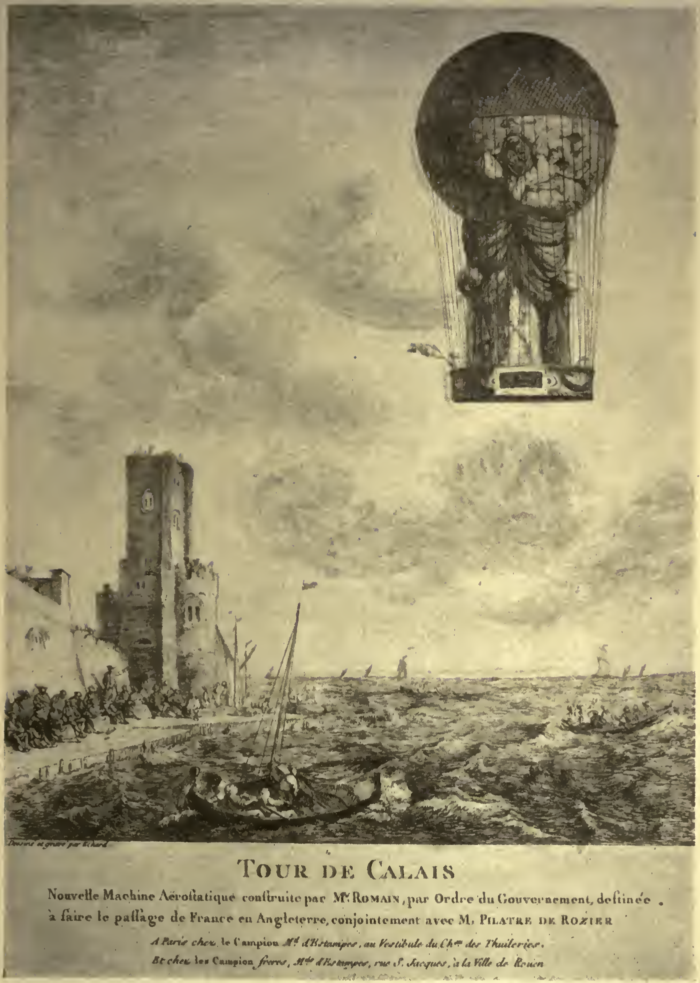
All his glory is gone to pot if by chance he get a damper ;
How Tame he will look if back again he's forced to scamper.
The old women will laugh and grin saying we are as good as witches,
Here is Bonaparte come again with heart sunk to his breeches.

Success to our Soldiers and sailors who in cause so hearty
That never is afraid to face the bouncing Bonaparte,
With his puffs and Bravados Englishmen's not affrighted,
So here's wishing of all to stand or fall with one heart united.

The effusion already given was only one of several songs bearing the same name, already appropriated by Charles Dibdin for that beginning :—

The French are all coming, so they declare,
Of their floats and balloons all the papers advise us,
They're to swim through the ocean, and ride on the air,
In some foggy evening to land and surprize us,
Their army's to come and plant liberty's Tree,
Call'd the army of England, what matchless presumption !
Let them come those who meet not with ague at sea.

And so forth. Here, at any rate, is a different and less familiar version of the same theme and bearing an identical name :—


Dessiné et gravé par Echard
TOUR DE CALAIS
Nouvelle Machine Aéroſtatique conſtruite par Mr. ROMAIN, par Ordre du Gouvernement, deſtinée à faire le paſſage de France en Angleterre, conjointement avec M. PILATRE DE ROZIER
A Paris chez le Campion Md. d'Estampes, au Vestibule du Chau. des Thuileries.
Et chez les Campion freres, Mds. d'Estampes, rue S. Jacques, à la Ville de Rouen

INVASION BY BALLOON

From a French print of June, 1803

THE INVASION

Bright honour now calls each true Briton to arm,
Invasion's the word which hath spread the alarm.
Bonaparte, and his legions, they threaten us hard,
Yet their threats and bravados we ne'er need regard.

Chorus.

Then stand up, bold Britons, for children and wives,
In defence of old England to venture your lives.

With windmills, and horsemills, and such sorts of gear
They think for to strike us brave English with fear;
Yet we laugh at such threats and their Gasconade scorn,
He that once fears a Frenchman's no Englishman born.

With crafts, and on rafts, they say they'll come o'er,
And threaten us hard that they'll soon reach our shore.
Like the Spanish Armada, they think to enslave
Us English and seize all the riches we have.

The army of England they proudly call it,
And think that our nation they soon will enthral;
Yet stand true, bold Britons, we've nothing to fear,
For King, Constitution, and all that is dear.

Adieu then to sweethearts, adieu then, dear wives,
In defence of your honour we venture our lives;
Our country doth call us, that call we obey,
And glory and victory points out the way.

Subscriptions now rise thro' the country at large,
To King and to Country their duty discharge;
For freedom we fight, and our cause it is just,
On our army and navy we place our whole trust.

Captain Morris having sown his wild oats, renounced his Platonic republicanism and turned patriot, joins the band of invasion bards; but there is an undeniable flavour of Pye in such lines as:—

WHILE deeds of Hell deface the world,
And Gallia's Throne in ruin lies,
While round the world Revolt is hurl'd,
And Discord's baneful banner flies,
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing
To arms; to Arms! your bucklers bring,
To shield our Country, guard our King,
And GEORGE and ENGLAND save.

. . . . . .

O, happy Isle! wise-order'd State!
Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If Union binds thy sea-girt land;
Vainly the storms shall round thee ring,
While Britain's Sons in concord sing,
We'll shield our Country, guard our King,
And GEORGE *and England save!*

Bath, the cradle of the volunteer movement, had now become one of the most active centres of defence organization, while maintaining her ancient prestige as the City of Fashion.[1] Mr. William Dimond of the Bath Theatre comes out with:—

From the sail-crowded bays and throng'd havens of France,
Let the boastful Invader his legions advance,
Ah! vainly with numbers he threatens our coast,
One heart, brac'd by Freedom, will combat an host.
The Lion disdainfully pants for the fray;
The greater his foes, the more noble his prey.
Too late shall France learn on the blood-floated field,
That Britons can perish, but never can yield.
We'll grant her rash crew, should they 'scape from the waves,
No more English earth than will cover their graves,
Then let them embark—let the winds waft them o'er,
For Fate tolls their knell when they land on our shore:

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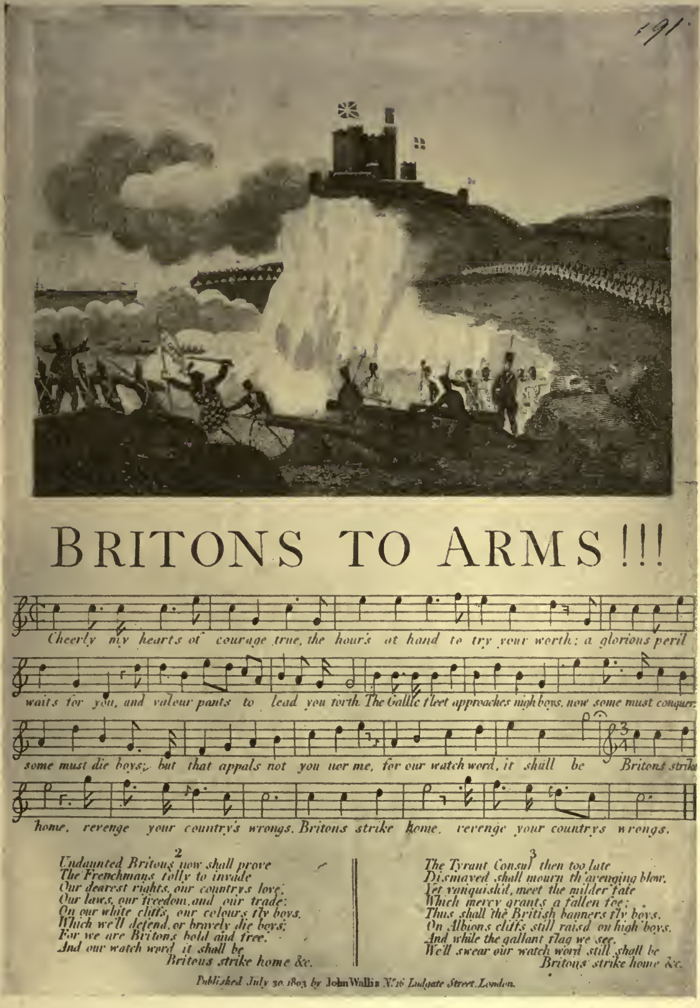
[1] Another very important centre of defence organization was Dover. See note on the subject kindly communicated to the writers by Dr. J. Holland Rose, and published in the Appendix. See also the illustration of a Dover Invasion Song.



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BRITONS TO ARMS!!!

Cheerly my hearts of courage true, the hour's at hand to try your worth; a glorious peril waits for you, and valour pants to lead you forth. The Gallic fleet approaches nigh boys, now some must conquer; some must die boys; but that appals not you nor me, for our watch word, it shall be Britons strik home, revenge your country's wrongs. Britons strike home, revenge your countrys wrongs.

2

Undaunted Britons now shall prove
The Frenchmans folly to invade
Our dearest rights, our countrys love,
Our laws, our freedom, and our trade:
On our white cliffs, our colours fly boys,
Which we'll defend, or bravely die boys;
For we are Britons bold and free.
And our watch word it shall be
Britons strike home &c.

3

The Tyrant Consul then too late
Dismayed shall mourn th'avenging blow,
Yet vanquish'd, meet the milder fate
Which mercy grants a fallen foe;
Thus shall the British banners fly boys,
On Albions cliffs still rais'd on high boys,
And while the gallant flag we see,
We'll swear our watch word still shall be
Britons strike home &c.

Published July 30. 1803 by John Wallis *No. 16 Ludgate Street, London.*

THE DEFENCE OF DOVER. JULY 30, 1803

In front, sure defeat,
Behind, no retreat;
Denied to advance, yet forbidden to fly:
While dreadfully round,
Our thunders resound,
The Old English Lion will conquer or die.

While Hannah More, whose anti-revolutionary propaganda was now being utilized for resistance purposes, writes and publishes at Bath:—

A KING OR A CONSUL?

A NEW SONG TO THE TUNE OF DERRYDOWN

Come, all ye brave Englishmen, list to my story,
You who love peace and freedom, and honour and glory!
No foreign usurper they hither shall bring,
We'll be rul'd by a native, our Father and King.

Derry down, down, down derry down!

No Corsican Despot in England shall rule,
No Disciple avow'd of the Mussulman school;
A Papist at Rome, and at Cairo a Turk,
Now this thing, now that thing as best helps his work.

Derry down.

Shall Atheists rule Britons? O never, no never,
Forbid it, Religion, for ever and ever;
Their heathenish Consuls then let them not bring,
Our Country is Christian and Christian our King!

Derry down.

In England when wounds are the sailor's sad lot,
Their wounds and their sufferings are never forgot;
To a Palace far nobler our Vet'rans we bring,
Than is kept for himself by our merciful King.

Derry down.

Let any compare, if my saying he blames,
The splendours of Greenwich with those of St. James.
Once Buoni trepann'd his poor troops to the East,
O'er deserts too sultry for man or for beast;
Derry down.

When the battle was over, and hundreds were found,
By the fortune of war, gash'd with many a wound;
Diseased and afflicted—now what do you think
This tender Commander obliged them to drink?
Derry down.

You fancy 'twas grog, or good flip or good ale;
No, 'twas poison, alas! was the soldiers' regale.
See Jaffa,—see Haslar—the diff'rence to prove,
There poison, here kindness, there murder, here love.
Derry down.

And lest we should publish his horrible tricks,
With our freedom of printing, a quarrel he picks;
But we keep no secrets, each newspaper shows it,
And while we act fairly we care not who knows it.
Derry down.

To Frenchmen, O Britons, we never will trust;
Who murder their Monarch can never be just;
That Freedom we boast of, the French never saw,
'Tis guarded by order, and bounded by law.
Derry down.

That Buoni's invincible, Frenchmen may cry,
Let Sidney the brave give each boaster the lie;
Tho' the arrows of Europe against us are hurl'd,
Be true to yourselves and you'll conquer the world.
Derry down.

Tho' some struggles we make, let us never repine,
While we sit underneath our own fig tree and vine;
Our Fig-tree is Freedom, our Vine is Content,
Two blessings, by nature for Frenchmen not meant.
Derry down.

French liberty Englishmen never will suit,
They have planted the tree but we feed on the fruit ;
They rail not at taxes, altho' they cut deep,
'Tis a heavy Insurance to save the brave Ship.
Derry down.

Let narrow-soul'd party be banished the land,
And let English-men join with one heart and one hand ;
Let each fight for his wife, for we marry but one,
The French wed so many, they oft care for none.
Derry down.

One King did not suit them, three Tyrants they chose,
And their God they denounce while their King they depose ;
Then we ne'er will submit to the Corsican's rod,
Britons want but one Wife, one King, and one God.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

In an incredibly short space of time England was in arms, and from the heights of the Parnassus of Patriotism Charles Dibdin, the real laureate of the Great Terror, was able to sing :—

If the Frenchmen a landing should win,
In each *County* they'd find we're not slugs ;
Then with the Land's *End* to begin,
In *Cornwall* they'd get *Cornish hugs ;*
In *Devon* they'd dread *Plymouth* fort,
Find boxers in *Somersetshire,*
And in *Dorset* they'd meet pretty sport,
From the lads who drink Dorchester beer.

Herts and *Wiltshire* would teach 'em to fight,
In *Bucks* as sure game they'd be taken,
In *Barkshire* they'd find we could bite,
And in *Hampshire* they'd not save their *bacon ;*
In *Middlesex* would they be popping,
Or *Sussex*, their ground they'd not keep ;
In *Kent*, they'd soon send them a *hopping*,
In *Bedfordshire* send them to *sleep.*

In *Essex* their calveskins we'll curry,
  In *Huntingdon* chase the freebooters,
And if they come sporting to *Surrey*,
  They'll find Surrey rangers sharp shooters;
Glo'ster, *Wo'ster*, and *Monmouthshire*, thro'
  Or *Oxford* they'll never find passes;
And a conflict they'll pretty well rue
  With the *Warwickshire* lads and the lasses.

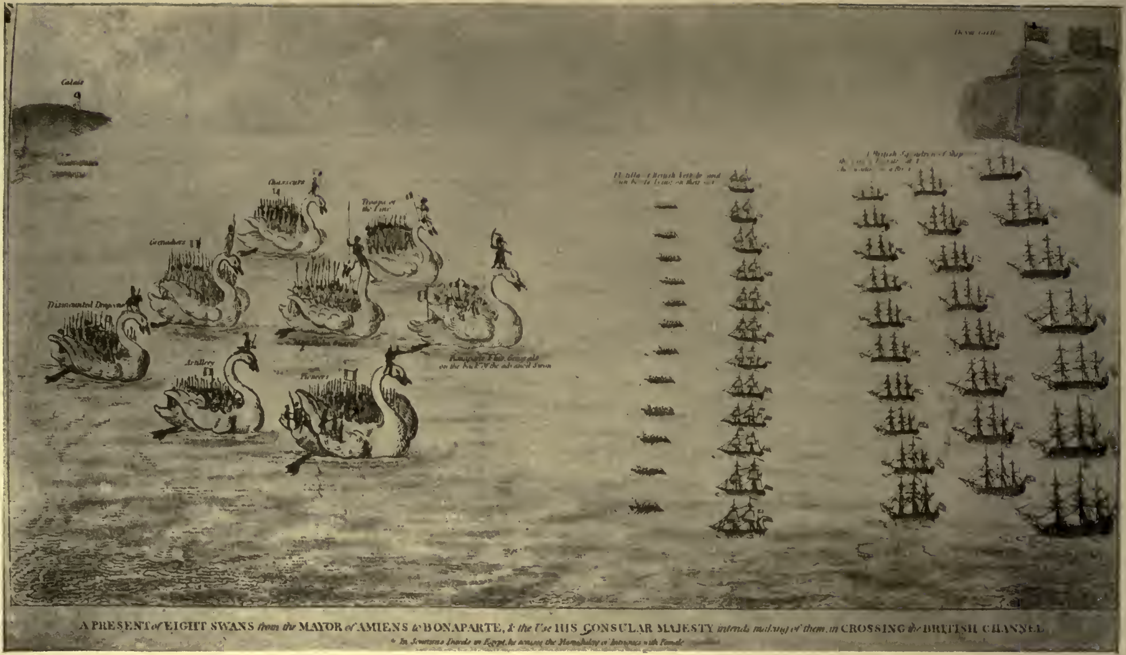
They'll by *Hereford cyder get sour'd*,
  In *Northampton* and *Rutland* lose battle,
In *Suffolk* they'll surely get scow'r'd,
  And in *Lincolnshire* all be prize cattle;
In *Leicestershire* sheep with the tetters,
  In *Staffordshire* ware that soon breaks,
In *Darbyshire* subjects for fetters,
  In *Shropshire* mere Shrewsbury cakes.

Norfolk dumplings their taste wouldn't please,
  And they'll prove, in despite of their splutter,
In *Cheshire* mere mites in a cheese,
  While in *Cambridge* we'll churn 'em like butter;
There's *Yorkshire* and counties about,
  Too far *North* for Frenchmen to win,
And the counties whose names I've left *out*,
  I'll be d——d if the French will get *in*.

The invasion, before the summer of 1803 was well over, began to intrude itself into every kind of ephemeral literature. Thomas Dibdin made a song in honour of the "Installation Fête" given on June 1st, but of course the invasion verse swallowed up the rest:—

If Foes venture here and to conquer expect
Where St. Andrew, St. George and St. Patrick protect,
May they all be benighted, find *Thistles* for bread,
A *Garter* to hang in, a *Bath* for their bed.

Chorus: And ever may Victory smile on each Order
  Of all British Knights in their turn.



Calais
Chasseurs
Grenadiers
Troops of the Line
Dismounted Dragoons
Artillery
Pioneers
Bonaparte & his Generals on the back of the advanced Swan
Dover Castle
A PRESENT of EIGHT SWANS from the MAYOR of AMIENS to BONAPARTE, & the Use HIS CONSULAR MAJESTY intends making of them in CROSSING the BRITISH CHANNEL

A NOVEL SCHEME OF INVASION. AUGUST 8, 1803

Next to Bonaparte himself the "rafts" at Boulogne and elsewhere afforded a good subject to the British songmaker. In the early summer of 1803 first appeared "A New Song on the French Rafts" in which an Irishman is made to say :—

This great large raft is to float on the water,
Sixty thousand men inside of it plac'd,
With five hundred guns, O dear what is the matter,
O let all be frighten'd they're coming in haste.

With their wings and their sails, see how they're coming,
And Ireland they swear they'll have in a trice;
Then come, my brave boys, let's have it out fairly,
Blood-a-nouns but we'll tip you shalalee so nice.

It was once on a time they'd a fine floating castle,
The Ville de Paris she was called by name,
They swore then to take all our ships in the navy,
But Rodney he taught them a different game.

Then come on, Mr. Mounsieur, and not so much bother,
Ne'er fear but we'll give you as good as you send,
Your large floating raft we'll soon split asunder,
In the deep you shall soon find a watery end.

O'Keefe's "Song for the English" was scarcely worthy of the author of "A Friar of Orders Grey." The concluding verses run :—

The demon cast downwards now rages below;
Eternal his rancour, as endless his woe.
To chain us in thraldom his pride and his boast,
In hopes we may forfeit those joys which he lost.

Tho' Father of Lies, we believe now his word,
Why wait for his coming? ALL! gird on the sword!
And shew, that by guarding our house and our field,
A Briton deserves the sweet comforts they yield.

In the dining-room of the historic brewery which Dr. Johnson managed for a brief period as the executor of his friend Mr. Thrale, the representatives of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, & Co. preserve the helmets and accoutrements of some of the Loyal Southwark Volunteers of the time of the Great Terror. Their war-song, written by an officer of the corps, was short but to the purpose:—

Hark! the threats of Invaders resound thro' the air,
  See! a vengeful and menacing foe—
Already the Warriors for conquest prepare,
Our Riches, our Beauty, already they share,
  Our Cities and Commerce lay low:—

But conquest and plunder by Britons withstood,
  Shall sink with the boasters in waves;
Or the soil which our Forefathers nurtured in blood
Shall drink from our veins the rich vital flood,
  Ere Britons submit to be slaves.

Two other patriotic songs of this period, July–December, 1803, were entitled "Our God and Our King" and "The Voice of the British Isles." The latter had at least two highly popular verses and a stirring refrain:—

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,
And loves her dear Jack as she loves her own life;
Yet she girds on my sword, and smiles while I go,
To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads low:
  And chaunts 'tween each buss, while the notes loudly ring,
    My Jack! thou art ready:
    Steady, boy, steady,
  Go! fight for thy Liberty, Laws, and thy King.

Away, then, my boys! haste away to the shore,
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
They *may* come—but, by Jove! they *shall* never return;
  For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
    United, we're ready,
    Steady, boys, steady,
  To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King!

Napoleon had stated in his *Exposé au Corps Législatif* (February 21st, 1803) that England alone could not cope single-handed with a French invasion. Hence the war-song:—

Come, then, come, thou Consul-king!
Launch thy navies, arm thy host,
And beneath night's fav'ring wing,
Thy banners plant on England's coast;
Come! but hope not to return.
Here other thoughts thou soon shalt learn;
Shall feel that Britons still may claim
The honours of the British name;
Can fearless still maintain their stand
On British as on Syrian land;
Still rise superior to the sons of France,
Still single-handed crush the pride of France.

At the meeting of the Literary Fund, 14th July, 1803, Mr. T. Fitzgerald recited amidst tumultuous applause his "Britons to Arms." The rhyming of "Agincourt" with "support" could scarcely commend itself to cultured ears, but the peroration seemed very much to the taste of his hearers:—

If Briton's Rights be worth a Briton's care
To shield them from the Sun of Rapine—swear!
Then to Invasion be Defiance given,
Your Cause is just, approv'd by Earth and Heav'n!
Should adverse winds our gallant Fleet restrain
To sweep his "bawbling" vessels from the main;
And Fate permit him on our shores t'advance,
The Tyrant never shall return to France;
Fortune herself shall be no more his friend,
And here the history of his crimes shall end—
His slaughtered legions shall manure our shore
And England never know Invasion more.

Neither better nor worse were the lines "Rouse, Britons."[1]

Rouse, Britons, rouse. Your Country's Genius calls!
Wake, Britons, wake, ere Albion falls
    And bravely grasp the lance;
Nobly defend your Native Land,
The Laws your fathers wisely plann'd,
    Against insulting France.

Come, Britons, come, at Honour's call,
Repel the restless sons of Gaul,
    And stop their mad career;
Firmly united we will stand
And, patriot like, join hand in hand.
    We then have nought to fear.

While a Plymouth clergyman (the Rev. Richard Hennah) is responsible for these verses:—

Then hasten to defend the coast;
Each Soldier is himself an host,
    Embark'd in such a cause:
You guard your Country and your King;
You fight for wives, for everything,
    Your liberty and laws.

And when the dreadful work is past,
When Frenchmen are subdu'd at last,
    Then from your labours cease;
Again enjoy your favorite homes,
Your wives, your cots, and lofty domes,
    And taste the sweets of Peace!

While another brother of the cloth strongly advocated the prompt adoption of the following extraordinary version of the National Anthem to be sung in churches:—

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIV, part ii, p. 667, July, 1803.

Holy Lord God arise,
Venger of perfidies,
Father of truth!
Teach every secret foe,
Lurking in treasons low,
Teach all the earth to know
Thy favour's worth.

O, our Defence and Shield,
When in th' ensanguined field
For thy great name;
When in thy righteous cause,
Navies of warriors rose,
Thine, Lord, and *His*, who shews
Thine is the same:

Thou whose Almighty Hand
Guardest this envied land
In each dread hour;
Thou who Invasion's host
Scatter'st on many a coast,
O be Thou still our boast;
We own thy pow'r.

Mr. Moore, rector of Wrotham, Prebendary of Canterbury, and son of the Primate, served as a private in the Westerham troop of the Kentish Yeomanry. Wordsworth's battle-cry to the men of Kent had evidently not been sounded in vain, for we now hear of the Westerham troopers singing at a presentation of colours:—

Men of Kent, renown'd in story,
Once again in arms array'd,
Now renew your ancient glory,
Ever in the field display'd.

. . . .

Should the arrogant invader
Dare to meet us on the shore,
May *his* banners grace *our conquest!*
Or may we return no more!

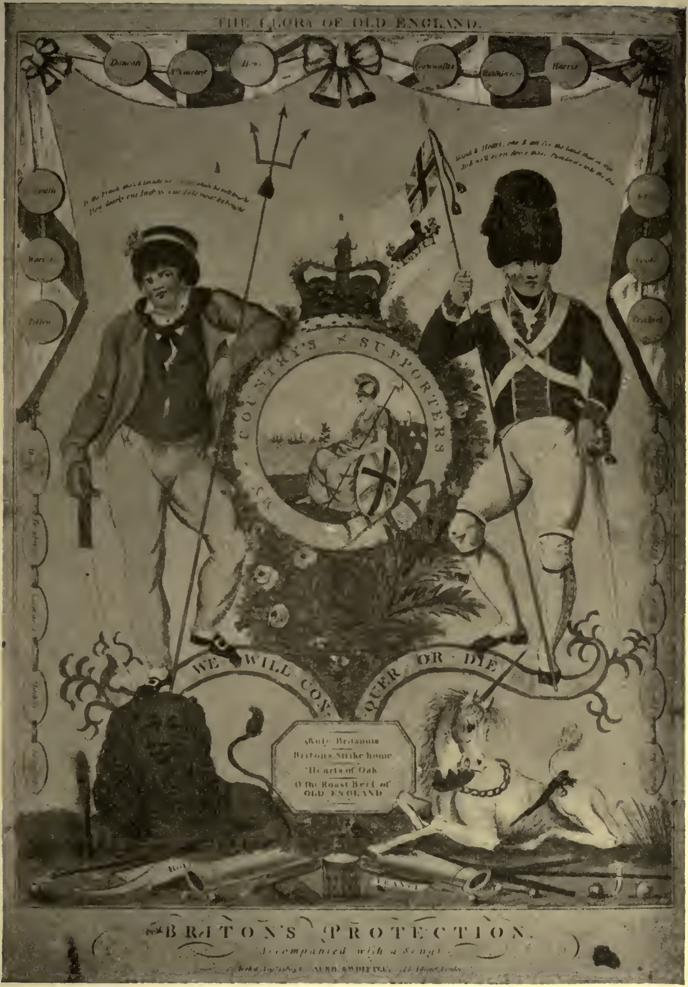
May we prove in valour *equals*,
  Whatsoever our degree !
Let *us* shew the Gallic tyrant,
  That we're "Loyal, Brave and Free."

(*Chorus by the whole troop, with variations.*)

May we prove in valour *equals*
  Whatsoever our degree,
We will shew the Gallic tyrant
  That we're "Loyal, Brave and Free."

Late in the year Bonaparte appears to have endeavoured to excite public enthusiasm by removing the historic tapestry-picture of the Battle of Hastings from Bayeux to Paris, where it was to be publicly exhibited at the National Museum. "Tyrtæus Junior" waxed merry over the experiment, and suggested the Armada tapestry from the House of Lords being shown at the same time as an antidote to over-confidence. There is too strong a resemblance between one patriotic song of the invasion period and another to either justify or necessitate the reproduction of a great many of them in these volumes. The Dibdins were head and shoulders above their fellow-workers in the field of strong adjectives and forcible expletives, in which "divine" always rhymes with "combine," "array" with "display," and "meet them" (of course) with "beat them." "Neptune's Prophecy" breathes the same sentiment as "The Land We Live In," and so forth. Occasionally you come on a rhyme of more than ordinary inanity, as when the Citizen Soldiers of London are made to sing :—

Then ev'ry Hand and Heart combine,
We need not fear Invasion ;
While high in Loyalty shall shine
Each Ward Association.


THE GLORY OF OLD ENGLAND.
Duncan
St Vincent
Howe
Cornwallis
Hutchinson
Harris
Smith
Warren
Pellew
COUNTRY'S SUPPORTERS
WE WILL CONQUER OR DIE
Rule Britannia
Britons Strike home
Hearts of Oak
O the Roast Beef of OLD ENGLAND
BRITON'S PROTECTION.
Accompanied with a Song.

AN INVASION SONG OF 1803

One song is actually named "United and Hearty, Have at Bonaparte," but the following verses certainly put the whole case of invaded *versus* invaders in a nutshell:—

SONG

To the Tune of Mother Carey.

Base Robespierre,
In his career,
Was praised in each oration;
But when his head
Flew off they said,
He well deserved damnation.

So Bonapart,
With treach'rous heart,
If on some gibbet swinging,
With gen'ral voice
Would France rejoice,
And set the bells a-ringing.

In 1804 Hannah More is once again on the war-path. The first song in the *Patriot's Vocal Miscellany*[1] is—

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY

BY HANNAH MORE

Being an answer to that foolish question: "What has the Poor to Lose?"

TUNE—"*He that has the bad Wife.*"

Because I'm but poor,
And slender's my store,
That I've nothing to lose is the cry, Sir.
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it.
I give all such praters the lie, Sir.

---

[1] Dublin, 1804.

Tho' my house is but small,
Yet to have none at all,—
Would, sure, be a greater distress, Sir;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat,
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

On Saturday night—
'Tis still my delight—
With my wages to run home the faster;
But if Frenchmen rule here,
I may look far and near,
But I never shall find a paymaster.

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life,
To leave her I should not much like, Sir;
And 'twould make me run wild,—
To see my sweet child—
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir.

I've my church, too, to save,
And will go to my grave—
In defence of a church that's the best, Sir;
I've my King, too, God bless him,
Let no man oppress him,
For none has he ever oppress'd, Sir.

British laws for my guard,
When my cottage is barr'd—
'Tis safe in the light as the dark, Sir;
If the squire should oppress
I get instant redress,
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir.

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir.
Should Boney come now,
'Tis true I may plough,
But I'm sure that I never shall reap, Sir.

Now do but reflect
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to fight I shall choose, Sir;
King, churches, babes and wife,
Laws, liberty, life,
Now, tell me, "I've nothing to lose," Sir.

Then I'll beat my ploughshare
To a sword or a spear,
And rush on these desperate men, Sir;
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my spear, now so bright,
May soon turn to a ploughshare again, Sir.

Then come "Britain and France," "The Raree-Show: A Peep at the French Consul," "The Yeomanry of Ireland," and "The French Gun-Boats," of which the following verse may be taken as a fair specimen:—

His Consular Majesty late in November
At Boulogne his seamanship prov'd very clear,
The flotilla captains will ever remember
His teaching their crews how to hand reef and steer.
He fired off a gun!
Lord bless us what wonder,
The smoke hid the fun,
The noise was like thunder,
Our sailors must run,
Or fairly knock under.

"Paddy the Grinder" has a true Hibernian flavour:—

Should their flat-bottom'd boats venture o'er
Pat swears, "That the devil may blind him,
If they land on his emerald shore,
And he'll thresh 'em, kiln-dry 'em, and grind 'em."
Tally hi ho, hi ho,
Tally hi ho, ne'er mind him,
Tally hi ho, hillo,
O Paddy will thresh 'em and grind 'em.

Ireland had her own particular version of "The Invasion."

Why, Britons, why that look of fear
Cast you on France's frowning coasts;
What tho' the Corsican be near,
And marshall all his hundred hosts;
What tho' from Belgia's desolated plains
To lost Italia's desert fields he reigns.

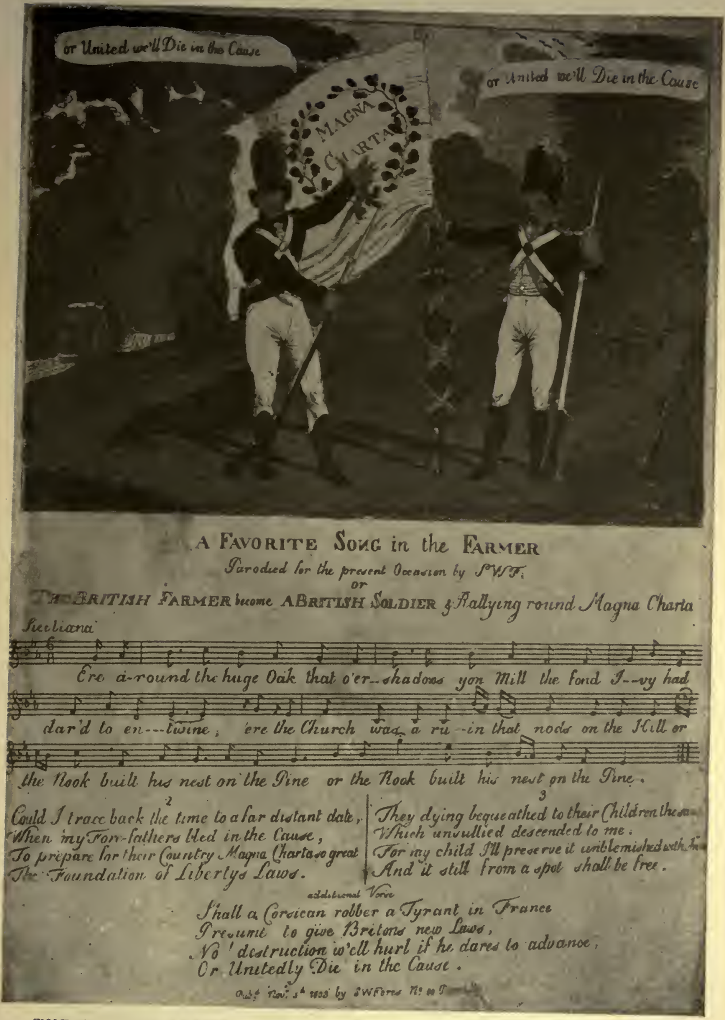
. . . .

No, Corsican! the fated hour
That leads thy Armies to the strife,
Shall be to thee the last of Power,
Of Fortune, Victory and Life;
And thou shalt feel, to Earth transfix'd and riven,
The Sword of Freedom, and the Arms of Heaven!

It was in the season of 1804 that Mr. Dignum drew crowds to Vauxhall nightly with the last verse of a topical song entitled:—

ONE HALF OF THE WORLD DON'T KNOW HOW T'OTHER LIVES

While the Mounseers in Paris of Emperors boast,
Confusion to Frenchmen in London's the toast,
For while Gallic Invaders dare threaten John Bull,
John means with the Frenchmen to have a strong pull.
    When they vow they are coming,
    We think they are humming,
But shou'd they—we'll struggle I trust hard,
    For if they stay long
    They'll find us too strong
Since our brave Volunteers are all muster'd.
    We'll sting 'em like hornets
    With Col'nels and Cornets,
    We'll give 'em three cheers
    With our brave Volunteers;
Such diff'rent employments, this motto still gives
One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.


or United we'll Die in the Cause
Magna Charta
or United we'll Die in the Cause

A FAVORITE SONG in the FARMER
Parodied for the present Occasion by S W F;
or
THE BRITISH FARMER become A BRITISH SOLDIER & *Rallying round Magna Charta*

Siciliana

Ere a-round the huge Oak that o'er--shadows yon Mill the fond I--vy had
dar'd to en---twine; ere the Church was a ru--in that nods on the Hill or
the Rook built his nest on the Pine or the Rook built his nest on the Pine.

2
Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
When my Fore-fathers bled in the Cause,
To prepare for their Country Magna Charta so great
The Foundation of Libertys Laws.

3
They dying bequeathed to their Children the
Which unsullied descended to me:
For my child I'll preserve it unblemished with
And it still from a spot shall be free.

additional Verse
Shall a Corsican robber a Tyrant in France
Presume to give Britons new Laws,
No! destruction we'll hurl if he dares to advance,
Or Unitedly Die in the Cause.

Pubd Novr 5th 1803 by S W Fores No 50 [illegible]

THE BRITISH FARMER DEFIES THE CORSICAN. NOVEMBER 5, 1803

Amongst the favourite songs of this year (1804) were, "The British Volunteer's Address to Liberty," "The Deification of Buonaparte; or the Union of Mars and Tisiphone," "To Buonaparte," "Recipe to Make a French Legion of Honour," "A New Song on the Renewed Threat of Invasion" (July, 1804), "Muses Bower or Volunteer," "The British Volunteer, or War and Peace," and "Your Swords on Your Thighs" (Ritson's Collection), "British Volunteers," "Vive La Peste," "Flat-bottom'd Boats,"[1] and "British Volunteers."

In the same category and at the same time appeared "The Strutting Emperor," "Britain's Resolution," "Albion will Govern the Sea," and "Make Ready, Present, Fire."

Glee singing was still a popular pastime in 1804–5, and, as might be expected, the invasion is duly represented in contemporary glee collections.

THE INVASION

(Glee)

I. Gaul may threaten invasion, by threats we're ne'er scar'd,
Let them dream of their plunder, delighted,
Let them float o'er their legions, they'll find us prepar'd,
A phalanx bold, firm, and united!

II. Brave Nelson, whose prowess they've oft felt before,
Guards in safety the billows that lash our bold shore;
He often has beat them, he'll beat them once more,
And gratitude call forth anew!

III. Britannia's a first-rate beyond all comparing,
The flag of defiance her main-top is bearing,
Her gallant commander is prudent and daring,
And ne'er to be conquer'd her crew.

IV. May her glory, her commerce, her conquests increase;
Still steady she goes to the harbour of Peace.

---

[1] A line in this song curiously foreshadows the possibility of a Channel tunnel.

It was in June, 1804, that Dr. Charles Burney, the father of Madame d'Arblay, now virtually a prisoner in France with her husband, penned yet another Address to the people of Great Britain on the invasion. Of this, the first verse alone need be quoted:—

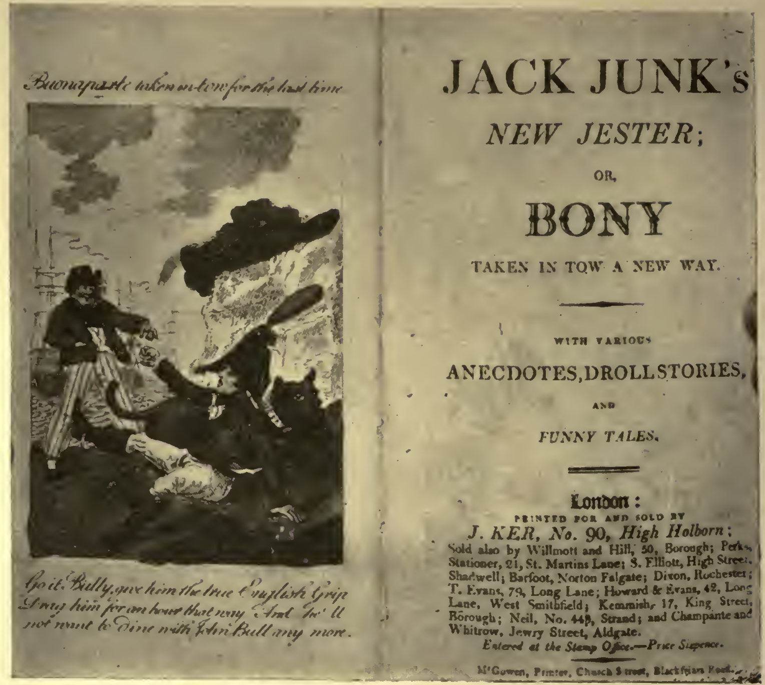
> Arm, Britons, arm! Your country's cause,
> Your Monarch, Constitution, Laws,
> Religion, Wives, and Infant Train,
> Now call to arms!—nor let their call be vain.
> No:—tread the path which erst your Fathers trod;
> The Stake is England! Britons, rise!
> Your Foes are Gauls! Those foes chastise—
> Foes to your King, your Country and your God!

To 1805 belongs a long-since-forgotten poem in three cantos, "The Anti-Corsican," printed and published at Exeter by S. Woolner, sold in London, and inscribed to the volunteers of Great Britain by "Their warm admirer and Fellow-Patriot, the Author." The advertisement of this production is in its way a curiosity.

"The Author hopes, on account of his Youth, to obtain indulgence for the following Poem, written during the last Midsummer vacation of *Midhurst School*. As he has now quitted this Seminary, he takes the earliest opportunity of publicly acknowledging his many and great obligations to its head Master, the Rev. John Wool, whose sound erudition, unremitted attention, and suavity of temper, must ever entitle him to the Respect and Love of his Pupils. To Mr. Wool the Author may with propriety address himself in the words of Horace:

"Quod placeo (si placeo) Tuum est.

"EXMOUTH, *March* 16, 1805."



Buonaparte taken in tow for the last time

Go it Billy, give him the true English Grip
Swing him for an hour that way And he'll
not want to Dine with John Bull any more.

JACK JUNK's

NEW JESTER;

OR,

BONY

TAKEN IN TOW A NEW WAY.

WITH VARIOUS

ANECDOTES, DROLL STORIES,

AND

FUNNY TALES.

London:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
J. KER, No. 90, High Holborn;
Sold also by Willmott and Hill, 50, Borough; Perks, Stationer, 21, St. Martins Lane; S. Elliott, High Street, Shadwell; Barfoot, Norton Falgate; Dixon, Rochester; T. Evans, 79, Long Lane; Howard & Evans, 42, Long Lane, West Smithfield; Kemmish, 17, King Street, Borough; Neil, No. 448, Strand; and Champante and Whitrow, Jewry Street, Aldgate.
Entered at the Stamp Office.—Price Sixpence.

M'Gowen, Printer, Church Street, Blackfriars Road.

FACSIMILE OF FRONTISPIECE AND TITLE-PAGE OF A NAVAL BOOK OF THE INVASION EPOCH [CIR. 1804]

A single specimen will suffice. Canto iii opens thus :—

> Napoleon's vast flotillas, at one blow,
> Now threat to lay Britannia's sceptre low;
> His camps wide-spreading line the sea-beat coast,
> And thus proclaim aloud their empty boast :
> "Let Æolus restrain his fiercer pow'rs,
> And, ere two suns descend, proud *Albion* shall be ours !"
> Vap'ring how vain !—Shou'd *Gallia* print [*sic*] this Land,
> A sword wou'd brighten in each *British* hand,
> Hurl quick destruction at th' Invader's head,
> And heap th' embattl'd shore with mounds of Dead.

In November and December the song-writers, led by the veteran Dibdin, were busy with the virtues of Nelson and the glories of Trafalgar,[1] but the fears of invasion were at an end; and for the naval lyrics of the period we may look to further help from Mr. Henry Newbolt,[2] who has already made an excellent beginning, while the graver and purely historical aspect of the Great Terror on both sides of the Channel has, after the lapse of an entire century, received most masterly dramatic and poetic treatment at the hands of Mr. Thomas Hardy.[3]

Not less interesting than the songs they sang are the toasts and sentiments which found favour at the convivial meetings of 1803–5 :—

May Buonaparte and all his party meet the fate of Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

Bonaparte's Check-String—the British Navy.

The foe well tarred, and our tars well feathered.

Success to John Bull and good manners to his enemies.

---

[1] Three MS. Trafalgar songs by C. Dibdin are in Mr. Broadley's collection of Invasion MSS.

[2] *The Year of Trafalgar*, by Henry Newbolt. London, 1905.

[3] *The Dynasts*, Vol. I. London, 1904.

May the old title of Rex be always more esteemed by Britons than that of Imperators.

Here's moderation to Bonaparte and Prudence to Tailors.

May hostilities cease
And a long reign to peace.

May the French flotilla soon experience the fate of the Spanish Armada.

May Britain never want sons to volunteer their services.

One of the most striking of the few large illustrations of the later phase of the Great Terror is E. Dayes's view of the inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company on 22nd September, 1803, etched by Mitan and aquatinted by Pickett.[1] Of the volunteer portraits of the period the most interesting is that of Pitt on a charger, sabre in hand, in his uniform of "Colonel-Commandant of the Cinque Port (*sic*) Volunteers, with Walmer Castle in the background." It was engraved by Stadler after a picture by Hubert, and published (with a dedication to the great political "pilot") by Samuel White, 28th March, 1804. The intense interest felt in the Volunteer movement by every member of the Royal Family has often been referred to in these pages. In February, 1804, the Princess Sophia designed a series of very charming vignette illustrations for a handsome quarto volume of patriotic verse, entitled *Cupid turned Volunteer*, by Thomas Park, F.S.A., and dedicated to the Princess Augusta. The drawings were admirably engraved by Mr. W. N. Gardiner. Want of space alone prevents the reproduction of some quotations from this quaint collection.

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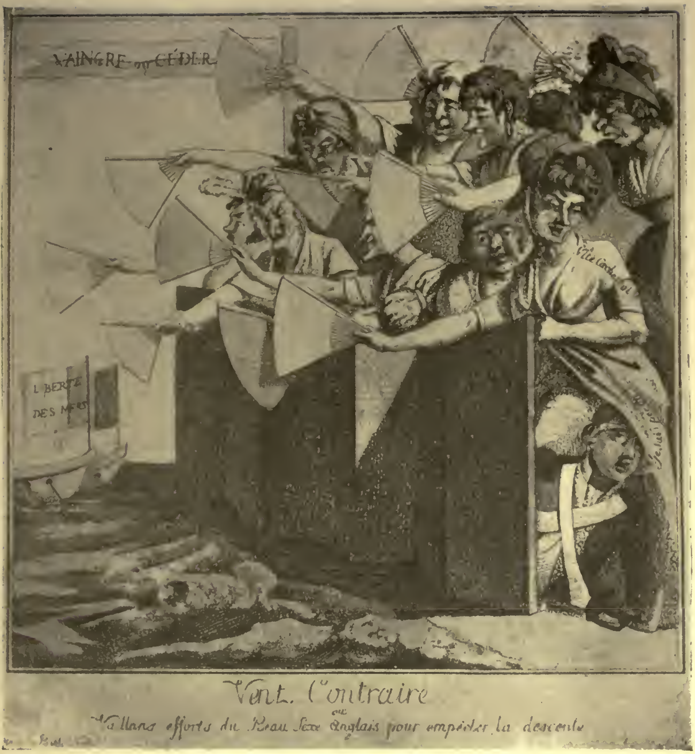
[1] A very interesting water-colour drawing of the great review of Volunteers by the King in Hyde Park in October, 1803, by J. Robison, is in possession of Messrs. Maggs, 109 Strand. A MS. plan in great detail of the disposition of the troops accompanies it.


VAINCRE ou CÉDER
LIBERTÉ DES MERS
Vent. Contraire
ou
Vaillans efforts du Beau Sexe Anglais pour empêcher la descente

FRENCH CARICATURE OF ENGLISH MEASURES OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.
1803

The wealth of caricatures and every conceivable description of satiric and patriotic print, either in exaltation of our present and past prowess or in derision of our bitterly-hated foe and his compatriots between 1803 and 1805, is almost bewildering.[1] Our information as to the contemporary French caricatures of 1803–5 is of the scantiest. A number of invasion fans covered with satirical designs, now exceedingly rare, were produced in Paris. There is a reflection of these fans in the plate *Vent Contraire ou vaillans efforts du Beau Sexe Anglais pour empêcher la descente.* This was issued by Martinet, who produced several pictorial lampoons on the hasty evacuation of Hanover, and another entitled *Sauve qui peut* representing the English bodily embarking their towns on board ship to save them from pillage. The drawing is very good, and the homely face and figure of George III easily recognizable. The idea of a *couchée en masse* instead of a *levée en masse* is exceedingly funny. Holland and Germany may both be credited with a few caricatures on the invasion theme. The one reproduced is a type of the rest. Mr. G. L. de St. M. Watson thus paraphrases the accompanying lines:—

The Great Emperor:

At last the longed-for land of lands
  Doth rap my gaze besotted!
I feel the tweak of hero-hands
  (One to each ear allotted).

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[1] Some useful information as to the best-known collections of Napoleonic caricatures is given in Mr. Broadley's preface to *Collectanea Napoleonica*, by W. V. Daniel, London, 53 Mortimer Street, 1905. No character in history was ever so much caricatured as Napoleon. Pitt and Wellington come next, and then Fox, Brougham, and Peel. The old form of caricature died with Wellington. It almost seems that it was killed by the success of *Punch*.

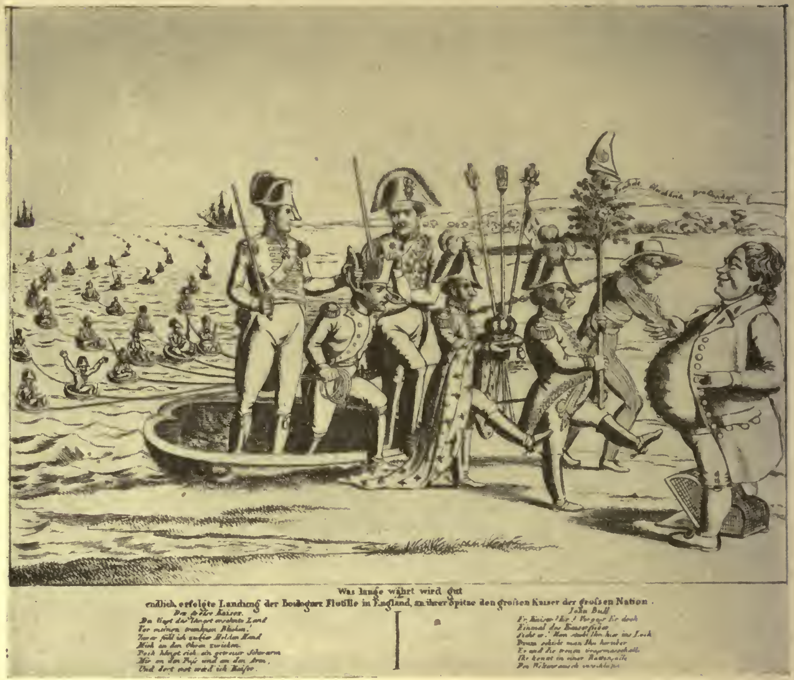
See how they cling, that faithful throng,
Unto the Conqueror from *Boolong!*
  I'll be their Emperor-Godhead!

John Bull:

He Emperor? He forgets, ecod,
  His fits of "Purple"-fever!
Behold! They've clapt him here in quod!
  He'll find *me* no repriever!
He, with his trusty marshals twain,
Shall in my rat-trap cool a brain
  Athirst for Thames and Neva!

There was no Anglophobia in Germany in the days of the Great Terror—quite the reverse.

From the end of 1802 the struggle between Nelson and Napoleon for the sovereignty of the sea was a favourite theme for the satirist. What could be more suggestive than the very rare plate inscribed "J. C. Cooke, *fecit* 1803," a reproduction in facsimile of which forms the frontispiece of this volume? A hybrid figure, half bull, half sailor, pipe in mouth, shouts "NO division. Come on, it's all a Puff," while a combination of Bonaparte and demon, a foot on Corsica and a hoof on France, shouts "Invasion and Plunder," "No quarter." The one is labelled "John Bull United," the other "Bona in Parts." The real "fight for the dunghill" was unquestionably between "Little Boney" and "Jack Tar." Of the undated caricatures of the first year of the renewal of the invasion threats on Lord Whitworth's departure, the most noteworthy is that of "John Bull Peeping into Brest" (Roberts, Middle Row). The idea was not a new one. As far back as April 16th, 1802, had appeared a caricature entitled, "The Governor of Europe Stopped in his Career,


Was lange währt wird gut
endlich erfolgte Landung der Boulogner Flotille in England, an ihrer Spitze den groſsen Kaiser der groſsen Nation.
John Bull

A GERMAN FORECAST OF THE PROBABLE OUTCOME OF THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.
[CIR. 1804]

or Little Britain too much for General Bonaparte."[1] The latter exclaims: "O you tam John Bull!! You have spoil my Dance!! You have ruin all my Projets!!" To which honest John answers: "I ax pardon, Master Boney, but as we says, Paws off, Pompey, we keep this little spot to ourselves. You must not dance here, Master Boney," which tells its own tale. "Mutual Politeness; or Reasons for Delay" (Ackermann) ridicules Bonaparte's specious excuses, and "Playing at Bubbles" (Roberts) gives a capital portrait of George III making light of the invasion, flat-bottomed boats, and little ships. The latter is reproduced in colours. Of the comparatively few anonymous prints one of the cleverest is that entitled "Bonaparte's Head Quarters in London" (Ackermann). The First Consul in a barrel is being pumped on by a jeering crowd. A sailor shouts: "Go it—my hearties—pump away for the honour of old England." This is also now given in colours—an exact facsimile of the rare original. Pitt and "Boney" are the heroes of "The Political Cocks" (Fores, 27th March, 1803). Quoth the Gallic Cock:—

"Oh! Master Billy, if I could but take a flight over this Brook I would soon stop your crowing. I would knock you off that perch, I swear by Mahomet, the Pope, and all the idols I have ever worshipped."

Rejoins the British bird, with a triumphant crow: "That you never can do!!!"

The idea of Rowlandson's "An Attempt to Swallow the World" (Holland, 6th April, 1803) is sufficiently self-evident.

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[1] By an extraordinary coincidence the earliest of the caricatures of the second period of the Great Terror was on the same theme as the last, viz. the struggle for the dominion of the ocean (see *post*, p. 326).

John Bull says prophetically: "I'll tell you what, Mr. Boneypartee, when you come to a little spot I have in my eye, it will stick in your throat and choak you." So indeed it proved in 1815, but St. Helena was still in the womb of futurity. Gillray now produced his "Maniac Ravings, or Little Boney in a Strong Fit" (Humphrey, 24th May, 1803). It was a parody on Lord Whitworth's despatch of 14th March, 1803, describing the scene of the preceding day at the Tuileries. "The exasperation and fury of Bonaparte," says the *Annual Register*, "broke out into ungovernable rage at his own court, on his public day, and in presence of all the diplomatic body then assembled: thus violating every principle of hospitality and decorum and the privileges of Ambassadors, ever before held sacred. All this fury was levelled at Lord Whitworth as the representative of the English Government."[1] Gillray puts into the mouth of the First Consul such utterances as "Treason! treason! treason! hated and betray'd by the French! Despised by the English! and laughed at by the whole world!!! Oh! English newspapers!!" and "Revenge! Revenge! come Fire! Sword! Famine! Invasion! Invasion! Four hundred and eighty thousand Frenchmen! British Slavery, and everlasting Chains! Everlasting chains!"

Not a week before (18th May, 1803), Gillray, the most prolific, as well as the most feared, of the Napoleonic satirists, had published his well-known caricature of "ARMED-HEROES vide Military Appearances at St. Stephen's and at St. Cloud's on y^e Day of Defiance." Says Addington, standing sword in hand and legs astride over a smoking joint of roast beef: "Who's afraid? damme? O Lord. Lord what a Fiery Fellow he is.—Who's afraid? damme?

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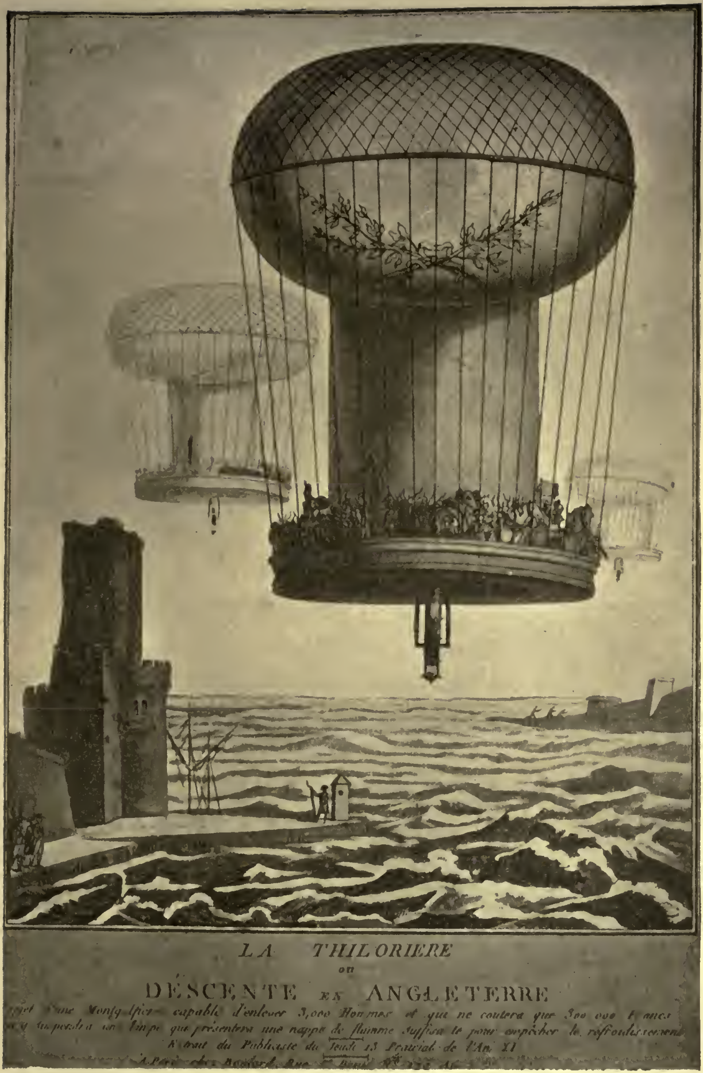
[1] See *ante*, Vol. I, p. 277.


LA THILORIERE
ou
DESCENTE EN ANGLETERRE
capable d'enlever 3,000 Hommes et qui ne coutera que 300 000 Francs
Extrait du Publiciste du Jeudi 13 Prairial de l'An XI

PROJECTED INVASION BALLOON

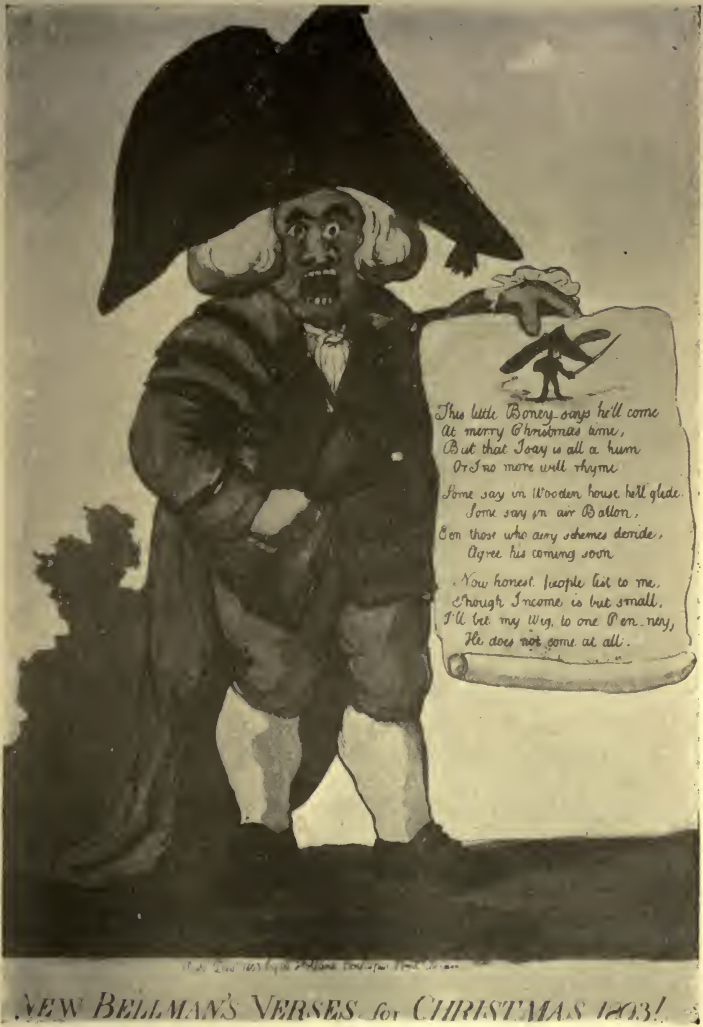
Published at Paris, June 2, 1803

O dear, what will become of ye Roast Beef?—Damme! who's afraid o! dear! o! dear!" Answers the enraged Corsican:—

> "Ah! Ha, Sacré dieu! vat do I see yonder?
> Dat look so invitinly Red and de Vite?
> Oh! by Gar! I see 'tis de Roast Beef of Londres,
> Sich I vill chop up, at von letel bite!"

In June Boulard and le Campion of Paris bring out rival designs for the conquest of England by balloon. They are so charmingly executed that it is difficult, especially in view of present developments (1907), to consider them absolutely as caricatures. One is described as "La Thilorière or the Descent on England. Design for a Montgolfière [balloon] capable of carrying 3000 men and which will only cost 300,000 francs. There will be fixed to it a lamp which will give out a volume of flame sufficient to prevent its cooling. Extracted from the Publiciste of Thursday 13 Prairial of the year XI [2 June, 1803]. Paris chez Boulard, No. 175 Rue St Denis, etc." The other, designed and engraved by Echard, is called the "Tower of Calais, new aerostatic machine constructed by M. Romain by order of the Government, destined to cross from France to England, in conjunction with M. Pilatre de Rozier." A third and still more curious plate shows the invasion of England as carried out by the combined operation of war-ships, flat-bottomed boats, and balloons of all shapes and sizes, while cavalry and artillery approach Dover through a subterranean passage. Here is the first germ of the idea of a Channel tunnel, almost as keenly debated a question after the lapse of more than a century as it would have been in 1803! In "The Last Step over the Globe" (Holland, 13th June, 1803) the unanimity of England and Ireland on the subject of "Little Boney" is reflected. Quoth Pat: "By St. Patrick, Brother Bull, now we have got rid of that great little monster we have nothing to trouble us!" John replies: "I knew if he stept there, brother Pat, we should finish him." If a little previous, it was at any rate prophetic. Nine days later (22nd June, 1803) came out "The Bone of Contention," with an idea utilized by Rowlandson at the final collapse, three years afterwards, of the invasion scheme. Says the Corsican Monkey: "Oh! you Bull-dog, vat you carry off dat bone for? I vas come to take dat myself, I vas good mind to lick you, but for dem Dam Tooths." The dog replies with an act of disrespect: "There, Monkey, that for you."

July was prolific of caricatures great and small. We have two distinct versions of "The Bull and the Bantam" (Holland); and G. M. Woodward is responsible for the spirited and characteristic drawing which heads "A PARISH MEETING on the Subject of INVASION, John Bull in the Chair" (M. Allen, 15 Paternoster Row), as well as for the composition of the text. Everybody present is of one mind, and John Bull concludes by saying: "It gives me great pleasure to find we are all unanimous in so glorious a cause. I perceive several more of my friends wish to deliver their sentiments (Mr. Brisket, Mr. Sheers, Mr. Bolus, Mr. Qui Tam, Mr. Bristle, etc., have already spoken), but as it grows late I shall adjourn this loyal meeting to some future opportunity, fully convinced of your firm attachment to me and my connexions; and that you will all join heart and hand in defence of your Country against Foreign Invaders. I have therefore the honour of drinking your



This little Boney says he'll come
At merry Christmas time,
But that I say is all a hum
Or I no more will rhyme

Some say in Wooden house he'll glide.
Some say in air Ballon,
E'en those who airy schemes deride,
Agree his coming soon

Now honest people list to me,
Though Income is but small,
I'll bet my Wig, to one Pen-ney,
He does not come at all.

NEW BELLMAN'S VERSES for CHRISTMAS 1803!

AN INVASION CHRISTMAS. THE BELLMAN AND LITTLE BONEY

healths, not forgetting the KING, *Constitution*, and *Old England* for ever!"

"Flags of Truth and Lies" (10th July, 1803, Ackermann) has been ascribed to Rowlandson. While the Englishman says, "And let your Grand Master read that, Mounseer. John Bull does not rightly understand the Chief Consul's lingo, but supposes he means something about Invasion, therefore the said Bull deems it necessary to observe that if his Consular Highness dares attempt to invade any Ladies or Gentlemen, on his coast, he'll be damned if he don't sink him"—the Frenchman rejoins, "Mon Grand Maître bids you read dat, Monsieur: Citizen first Consul Buonaparte presents his compliments and thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain, who have honoured him with their visits at Paris, and intends himself the pleasure of returning it in person as soon as his arrangements for that purpose can be completed."

The "Death of the Corsican Fox" (20th July, 1803, Humphrey) needs no explanation. George III holds Boney in his grip, and the royal hounds clamour for his carcass. There are several variations of the death of Bonaparte, and the exhibition of his head on a pitchfork or pike. James Gillray is the author of "Forty-eight hours after landing" (26th July, 1803, Humphrey). The text embodies the idea of the Bonaparte note-of-hand which appeared in the following November. At the head of the plate are the words: "This is to give information for the benefit of all Jacobin Adventurers that policies are now open'd at Lloyds—where the depositor of ONE GUINEA is entitled to a HUNDRED if the CORSICAN CUT-THROAT is alive 48 Hours after landing on the British coast. In the hat of the yokel who holds aloft the decapitated head (by no means a bad likeness of Napoleon), is a bunch of oak-leaves and the words 'Britons, Strike Home' on a scroll. He is saying: 'Ha! my little Boney, what dost think of Johnny Bull now? Plunder Old England, hay? Ravish all our wives and daughters, hay? O Lord help thy silly head! To think that Johnny Bull would ever suffer those Lanthern Jaws to become King of Old England's Roast Beef and Plum-pudding!'" The illustrated song, "Britons, to Arms" (30th July, 1803, John Wallis) brings this month to a close, while August is ushered in by another characteristic example of illustrated patriotic music entitled "Britain's Protection" (1st August, 1803, Laurie and Whittle).

Gillray never rested on his laurels for a single day. The idea of "John Bull offering Boney Fair Play" (2nd August, 1803) is apparent, and so is the object of the vigorous satiric sketch by Isaac Cruikshank (August, 1803, Holland[1]) entitled "The Corsican Bajazet in London." The treatment of the subject is certainly prophetic as far as Ney's assurances to Louis XVIII twelve years later is concerned. The sailor exhibiting the captive invader in a cage says: "Here he is, my hearties—only a penny a piece. Don't be afraid to approach him. I've made him as tame as an old gib cat in a chimney-corner." Several leading politicians including Pitt are amongst the spectators. Ungrateful "Charley" Fox, welcomed effusively to the Tuileries only a few months before, is made to say: "I told you he was a slink of a soldier," while Burdett exclaims: "I thought he was a fierce-looking fellow. He looks like an old rat." On the 6th August, Fores, of Piccadilly, once more replies to

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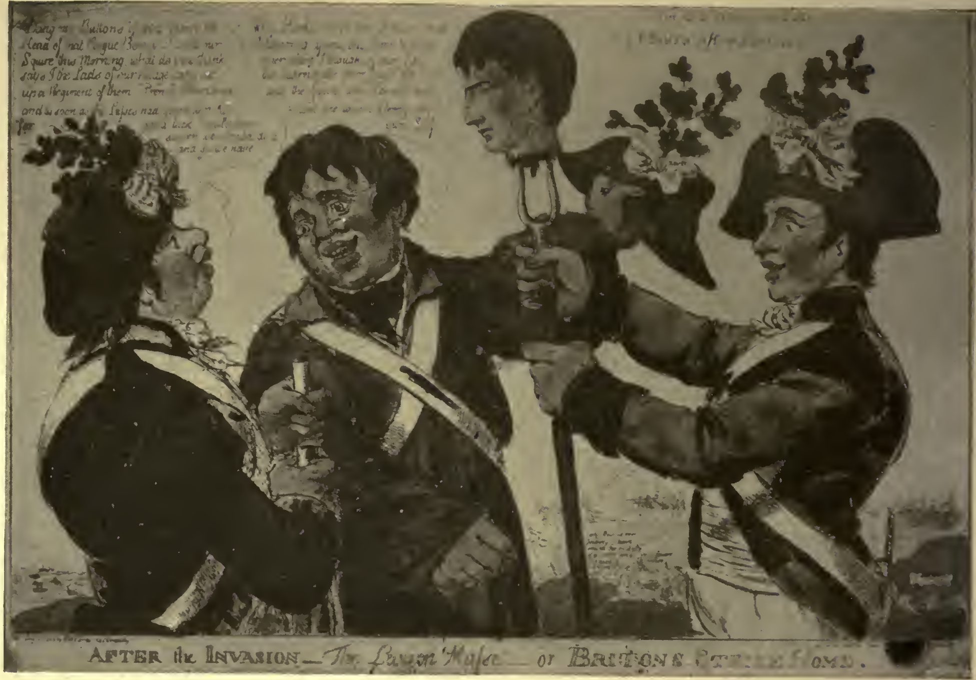
[1] Reproduced from the original drawing in Mr. Broadley's collection.


AFTER the INVASION — The Levée en Masse — or BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

AN UNPLEASANT PROSPECT FOR BONAPARTE. AUGUST 6, 1803

Humphrey, of St. James's Street, with a still better portrait of a decapitated Bonaparte, and entitled "After the Invasion—The Levée en Masse."[1] This time a volunteer holds the pitchfork, saying: "Dang my Buttons if that beant the Head of that Roguey Boney. I told our Squire this morning, what do you think says I, the Lads of our Village can't cut up a Regiment of them French Mounseers, and as soon as the Lasses had given us a kiss for good luck I could have sworn we should do it and so we have." To which his companions reply: "Why Harkee, d'ye zee. I never liked soldiering afore, but some how or other when I thought of our Sal, the bearns, the poor pigs, the cows, and the geese, why I could have killed the whole Army my own self," and "Here he is exalted, my lads, 24 Hours after Landing." Fores' "24" had trumped Humphrey's "48."

Two days later (8th August, 1803, Holland) appeared the amusing, but self-evident caricature, "Resolutions in case of an Invasion," now reproduced in facsimile, and on the very same day Laurie and Whittle published an exceedingly curious print described as "A Present of Eight Swans from the Mayor of Amiens to Bonaparte, and the use His Consular Majesty intends making of them in Crossing The British Channel." The mammoth birds carry over Bonaparte and his followers, who are confronted by a strong British force "waiting for a breeze." The next caricatures in chronological order allude to the First Consul's intrigue with the Dutch

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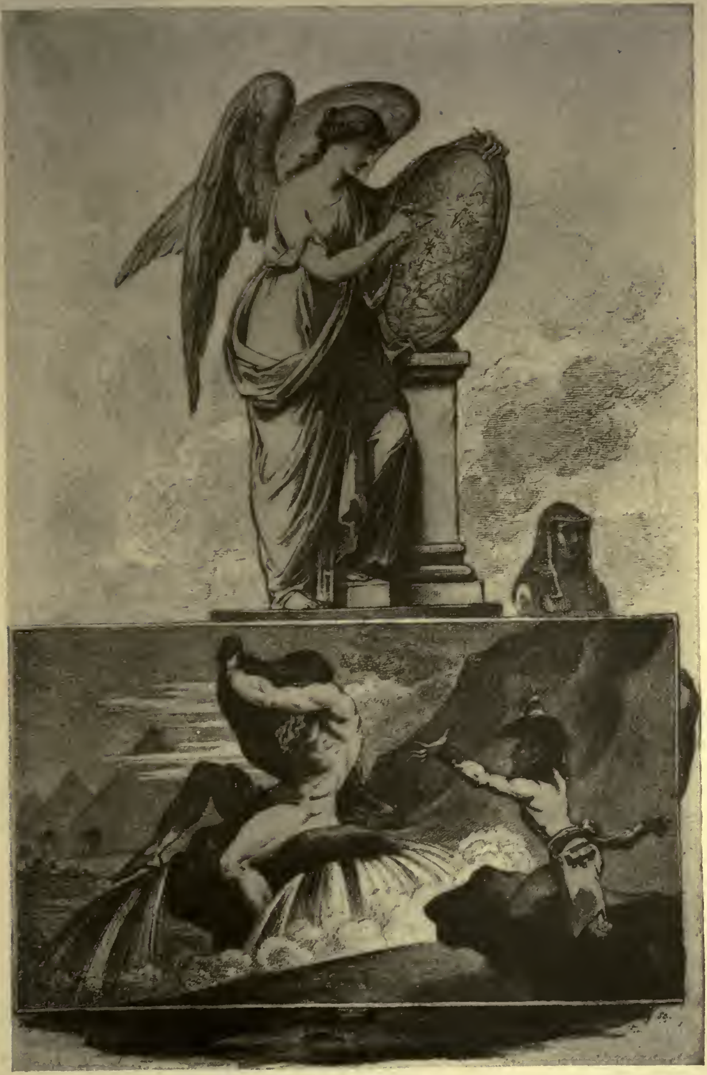
[1] He had already brought out, on August 1st, a very similar print entitled "The Consequences of Invasion, or the Hero's Reward. None but the Brave deserve the Fair, or the Yeomanry Cavalry's First Essay." A huge trooper surrounded by applauding women is brandishing a pike with Bonaparte's head on the top and a bunch of equally ghastly trophies below.

(12th August, 1803, Holland). Attired as Harlequin with the word "Invincible" on his wand and a corpse in episcopal attire (Spain) in the background, he says: "As Pantaloon is no more, I insist on your joining me to invade that little island." The wary wearer of wooden shoes replies: "D—n me if I do, master, for I don't like the look of their little ships. Can't you let me be quiet, whisking me here, there and everywhere?" On the same day Ackermann published "John Bull and Bonaparte," and four days later (16th August, 1803) Holland gave his customers in Cockspur Street "John Bull out of all Patience." Boney with his troops in flight says: "Dat is right, my brave friends—take to your heels, for dere is dat d—n John Bull coming over on his lion." John, unsheathed sword in hand, astride an animal of ferocious aspect, shouts: "I'll be after you, my lads—do you think I'll stay at home waiting for you, if you mean to come? D—n it why don't you come? Do you think I put on my regimentals for nothing?"

On 20th August, 1803, R. Cribb published a very large and striking allegorical portrait of Bonaparte described as "A Gallic Idol." The numerous allusions it conveys, that to invasion amongst them, required no special explanation. The name of this publisher is not familiar, nor is that of the artist and engraver, Messrs. Boyne and Bartt. George III always spoke of the Treaty of Amiens as leading to an "experimental peace," and in the next satiric print (15th September, 1803) Mr. F. Bate, of Vigo Lane, gives us a capital portrait of the English monarch entitled "An experiment with a Burning Glass." King George is made to say: "I think, my Little Fellow, you have now experienced a singeing à l'Anglaise." Next day (16th



NEPTUNE REFUSES AID TO BONAPARTE. FIRST VERSION OF TRESHAM'S ALLEGORICAL PICTURE. NOVEMBER, 1803

September, Ackermann) we have "The Corsican Macheath," with a couple of amusing verses, quite legible in the illustration, which make the appropriateness of the allusion to the "Beggar's Opera" perfectly plain, nor is much comment required on "The Grand Triumphal Entry of the Chief Consul into London" (7th October, 1803, Fores). Exceedingly amusing is "The Sentinel at his Post, or Boney's Peep into Walmer Castle" (22nd October, 1803, Fores). The face of the First Consul is inimitable. Pitt cries: "Who goes there?" Boney answers: "Ah—Beggar—dat man alive still, turn about Citoyens—for there will be no good to be done—I know his tricks of old!!" Did Bonaparte foresee that six months hence the "Pilot who weathered the storm" would again take the helm from the feeble hands of the "Doctor"?

"John Bull guarding the Toy Shop or Boney Crying for some more playthings" (29th October, 1803, Fores) must have excited plenty of fun at evening parties. An obese volunteer, gun in hand, before a shop window, says sternly: "I tell you, you shan't touch one of them—so blubber away and be d——d." The wearer of the Brobdingnagian cocked-hat replies plaintively: "Pray, Mr. Bull, let me have some of the toys, if only that little one in the corner." It is difficult to tell whether the Tower, the Treasury, or the pane labelled "Fores, Caricaturist to the First Consul" is indicated. On 5th November the same enterprising publisher[1] brought out a topical colour-print, now given as one of our illustrations. Its full title is, "A Favorite Song in the Farmer, parodied for the present occasion by S. W. F.; or the British Farmer become a British Soldier and rallying round Magna Charta." The whole of the text can be read without difficulty. The caricaturist to the First Consul must be credited with the verse:—

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[1] The business of Fores is still (1907) carried on at the corner of Piccadilly and Sackville Street.

Shall a Corsican Robber, a Tyrant in France,
Presume to give Britons new Laws?
No! destruction we'll hurl if he dares to advance
Or unitedly die in the cause.

Five days before this Gillray had engraved for Mr. Hatchard, of No. 199 Piccadilly, from a drawing of considerable merit by Mr. Henry Tresham, R.A., the celebrated historical painter, a plate symbolical of the never-ending struggle for the mastery between Bonaparte and Nelson. In this the First Consul is seen vainly pleading for help to Neptune, who persistently veils his face. In the background there is a suggestive glimpse of the Pyramids. Above Fame is seen in the act of inscribing on an oval tablet a picture of the French troops at Jaffa despatching wounded Turks. This clever design was intended for a frontispiece.[1]

"Boney" was not a guest at the Lord Mayor's banquet of 1803, as the Fores caricature "Boney in time for Lord Mayor's Feast" would imply. A sailor brings in the captive First Consul with a halter round his neck. The Chief Magistrate orders him to be taken into the ballroom for the amusement of the ladies. There are now (November 21st, 1803, C. Knight) more caricatures of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. In the first of these ("Gog" del. and "Magog" sct.) the ex-Premier is drilling the once ardent Whigs. Says Pitt: "Keep your Eye upon the Corporal,

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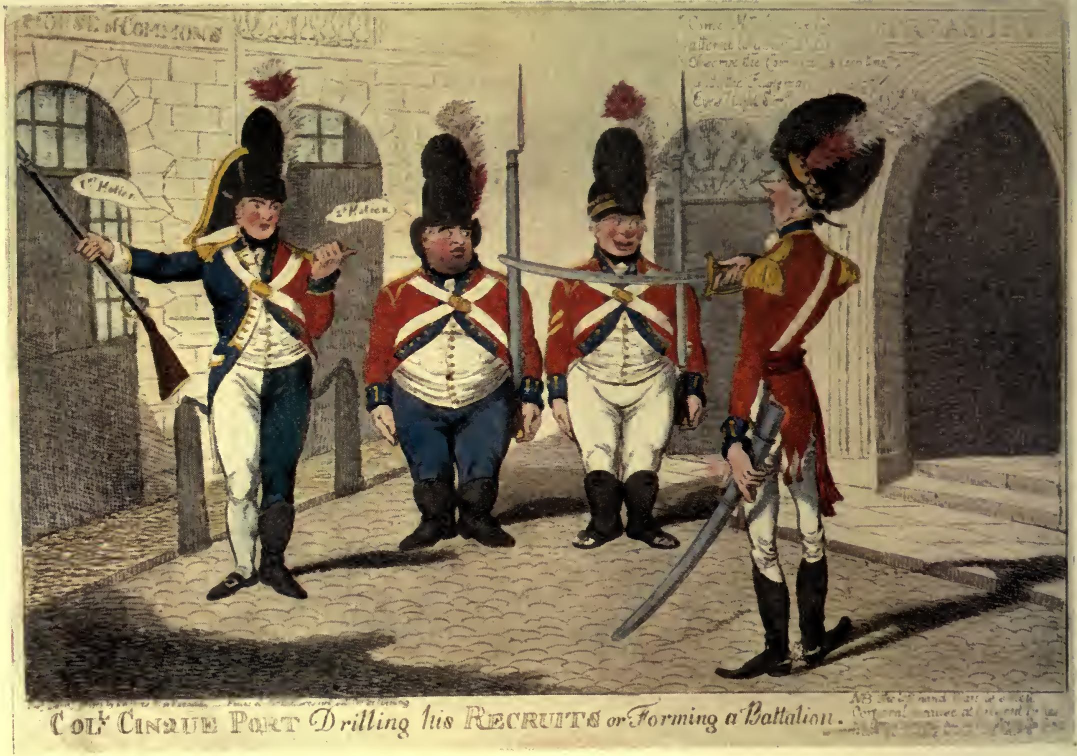
[1] Three years later, when Nelson died in the hour of triumph, the same artist took out the slaughter scene and replaced it by an exquisite miniature of Nelson, always considered by Mr. Tresham an excellent likeness. The original drawing, for many years in possession of Mr. Pollard, of Spur Street, is now in Mr. Broadley's collection (see *post*, p. 325).


HOUSE of COMMONS
1st Motion
2d Motion
COLL CINQUE PORT Drilling his RECRUITS or Forming a Battalion.

FOX AND SHERIDAN JOIN THE PATRIOTS, AND ARE DRILLED BY PITT. 1803

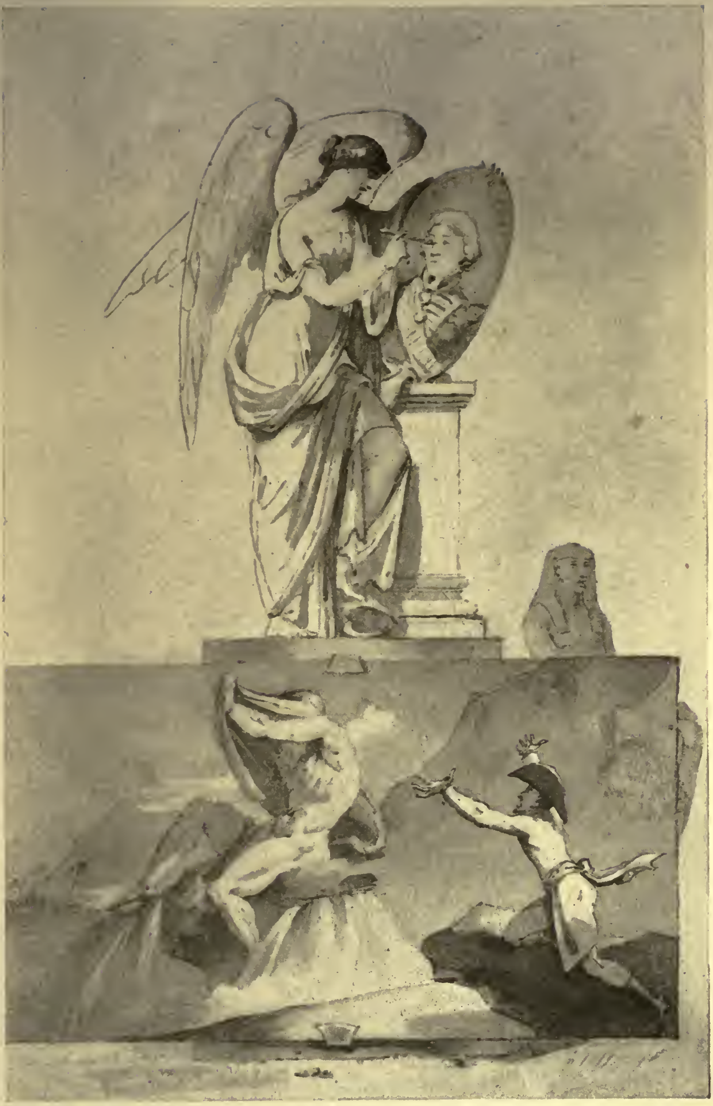
MR. HONESTY, and when I have drilled you to my liking perhaps I may take you under my command, Mr. Honesty." Fox replies: "I do, I do, GREAT COLONEL. I shall mind my manœuvres, GREAT COLONEL."

The idea in the Fores print of a few days later (9th December, 1803) is almost identical. Pitt says: "Come, Mr. Honesty, attend to your duty, observe the Corporal, and keep time with the Fugleman. Eyes Right, Sir!" Below is the note: "The left hand man is styled Corporal, because at present he has *no appointment*, but as the Scene Shifting is nearly over it is expected he will soon have one." The surroundings are eminently suggestive. Coming events evidently cast their shadows before, but the expected coalition was not to be. The King ruled otherwise. The interesting caricature of 9th December is given in colour. The parodied promissory note of 17th November has already been alluded to. Little need be said of Gillray's "Destruction of the French Gun Boat or Little Boney and his Friend Talley in high glee" (20th November, 1803, Humphrey) and "Good News for the Grave Diggers" (Williamson, Strand). "They are coming, please your Reverence," says an affrighted yokel, "two millions of 'em with Buonaparte at their Head." "Then hire me some hundreds of Grave-Diggers," replies the Parson, "for we shall kill 'em all, and I shall have a rare bag of fees for burying the fools. Ha! ha! ha!"

What statement could possibly be more calculated to restore confidence in country villages?

The bellman was a power in the land in 1803, although in 1907 he belongs to as extinct a species as the dodo. Every Christmas he sent the hat round the parish with a copy of verses. Hence the topical caricature published by Mr. Holland in that memorable December, when the name of the Corsican caitiff was on every one's lips, and the most boisterous children became dumb at the mention of his name. It was entitled "New Bellman's Verses for Christmas, 1803."

There are three or four caricatures of this year of much interest and considerable rarity, though without specific dates. Such is "Boney at a Stand or the Corsican Tyrant staggered at the Prospect of Great Britain in arms" (Roberts, 28 Middle Row, Holborn). "Boney" and the devil are the *dramatis personæ.* Says Boney, standing on the French coast: "All in arms I declare!—And how their Fleet secures the Coast.—O! that I ever so rashly threaten'd an invasion.—The fame I got so easy will be for ever blasted by this enterprise. At any rate, I must humbug the French people with something new, and persuade them that it will not be political for me to take command of the Expedition—for if I do I shall surely be sent to my old friend sooner than I wish." To this the devil, with a trident, answers: "Go along, Boney, don't be afraid, my lad.—They are not arm'd; 'tis only report." Far more scarce than this is a gigantic head of Bonaparte (larger than life-size) bleeding from the eyes, nose, mouth, throat, and a wound in the forehead disclosing a crown, the island of Malta, and the flags of the British Navy. Above are the words: "The Bone-a-part shows the secret." Below one reads "Translation of the Choak-Pear. I am about to bid you good-bye—Alas! alas! and I know *nobody now* that dares undertake it." From the bleeding mouth protrudes a pear labelled: "Je suis sur le point de vous dire adieu—Hélas! Hélas! Et je ne connois personne à present qui osè l'entreprendre." On the collar of the uniform is written:



TRESHAM'S ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SUPREMACY OF THE SEA [AFTER TRAFALGAR, WITH NELSON'S PORTRAIT ADDED]

"The Isle of Corsica gave a Consul to France, a President to Italy, and an Emp...... to G. B. (Note here, But the Blanks yet want to be filled up!!!)." The face is too terrible for use as an illustration, but it evidently is intended to portray the probable consequences of the invasion scheme to its contriver, and that at a moment when the pear, i.e. power, was within his reach. "Madame Bonaparte's Intercession or Second Thoughts are best" (December 1st, 1803, Holland) quite truthfully conveys the fact that Josephine opposed the project upon which her husband had embarked. In the background is a rough map denoting the following partition of England: London and Edinburgh, Bonaparte; Isle of Wight, Cambacérès; Plymouth, Berthier; Bath—as the City of Fashion, Josephine; Hull, Talleyrand; York, Jerome; and Liverpool, unappropriated. On the floor lie the designs of "General Vint's balloon to convey 10,000 men to Dover," a huge roll docketed "A List of all the Volunteers in England; a view of the Bank of England; a bill from S. Safeguard for a child's caul; a cork jacket and corks for swimming, and a list of the Subscription at Lloyd's by the side of another, to which Talleyrand and Berthier contribute ten francs each, and Bonaparte himself 'all his plunder collected in Ireland.'" The plate is anonymous, but bears the initials "S.N. 1803."

The following year begins with "Patience on a Monument smiling at Grief" (January, 1804, Holland), in which John Bull laughs merrily at the destruction of some of the French gunboats, and the distress caused thereby to "Little Boney," who whimpers: "O! my poor crazy gunboats! Why did I venture so far from home?" Next comes the familiar Gillray plate, etched by him "from the design of an amateur" (10th February, 1804, Humphrey), known as "The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver." George III with Queen Charlotte, the Royal Princesses and Lord Salisbury standing behind his chair, looks on while Bonaparte (Gulliver) is trying to cross a tank in a small boat. In "Opposition and Ministerial Vision or the Modern Sir Christopher Hatton" (May, 1804, Holland) Fox seems to be upbraiding Addington for failing to realize the importance of the invasion. Says the once welcome guest at the Tuileries: "When I behold those mighty armaments, that hostile line of preparation—I cannot but surmise the State some danger apprehends." The weak-kneed Premier replies: "Why bless your heart they are nothing but cockle-shells."[1] The newest jest-book[2] has an invasion caricature for its frontispiece, entitled "Buonaparte taken in tow for the last time." A huge bulldog has him in his jaws, and "Jack Junk," the sailor, shouts: "Go it, Billy, give him the true English Grip. Drag him for an hour that way and he'll not want to dine with John Bull any more." The *Anti-Gallican* now makes its appearance with the plate, "The Upshot of the Invasion or Bony in a fair way for Davey's Locker" as a frontispiece. "Who shall govern the sea?" is more than ever the point upon which everything will turn. Such plates as the "Invasion" (Roberts, Holborn), "Boney on a jackass in mid-Channel," the "Bull and the Bantam" (a second version), "A KNOCK down blow in the OCEAN" (Ackermann), "Fighting for the DUNGHILL, or Jack Tar settling BUONAPARTE," "LITTLE SHIPS, or JOHN BULL very INQUISITIVE"—all deal, more or less successfully, with the same theme.

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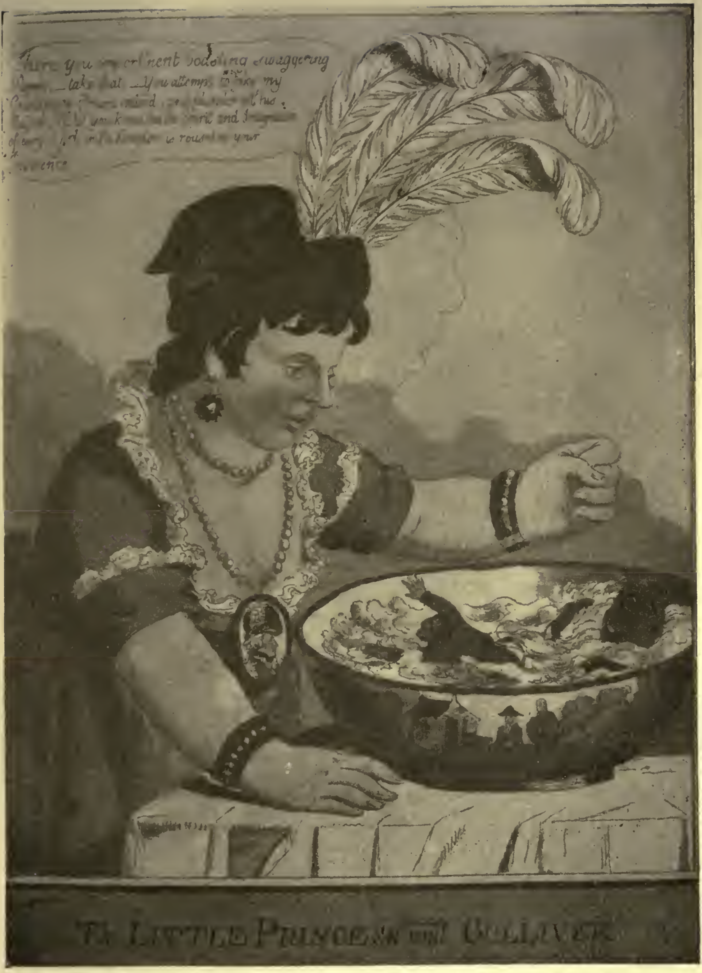
[1] Reproduced from an original sketch in Mr. Broadley's collection.

[2] *Jack Junk's New Jester*, London, J. Ker, 90 Holborn, 1804.

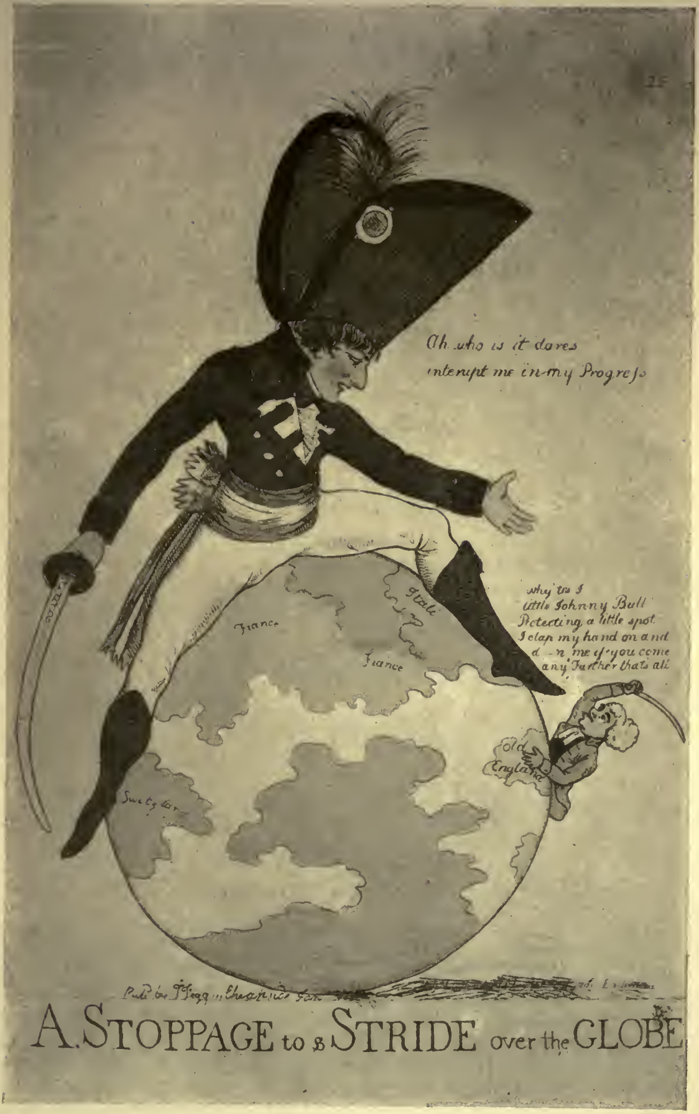

There you impertinent [illegible] swaggering [illegible] — take that — You attempt to [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] is rous'd in your [illegible]ence
The Little Princess and Gulliver

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE DROWNS THE INVADER OF ENGLAND (WITH APOLOGIES TO DEAN SWIFT). 1805

The year of Trafalgar was scarcely as profitable a one for the caricaturist or the caricature-seller (the first term then apparently served for both) as those which preceded it. The ever-green masterpiece of Dean Swift, however, is once more referred to, and the juvenile Princess Charlotte, wearing a miniature of her father in volunteer uniform round her neck, is represented in the act of drowning Bonaparte in a punch-bowl. "There, you impertinent, boasting, swaggering pigmy," she cries, "take that. You attempt to take my Grandpap's Crown indeed, and plunder all his Subjects, I'll let you know that the Spirit and Indignation of every Girl in the Kingdom is roused at your Insolence."

Trafalgar is fought and won on the ever-glorious 21st October, 1805. The gaiety of nations is eclipsed and the hand of the satirist is stayed, but before the news came the ever watchful Fores had possibly prepared the plate for "Boney beating Mack and Nelson giving him a whack or The British Tars giving Boney his Heart's desire—Ships, Colonies, and Commerce" (November 19th, 1805, Fores). As far as the great naval duel off the Spanish coast is concerned, Gillray contented himself with an allegorical picture of the death of the hero, and Isaac Cruikshank and Rudolph Ackermann busied themselves with the preparation of numerous transparencies for the day when the sounds of national mourning hushed those of national joy. Mr. Tresham removed his Syrian battle-scene and placed the head of Nelson on the tablet of Fame. Bonaparte's "Stride over the Globe" was effectually stopped as far as the "Men of the Island" were concerned, and the situation was admirably depicted in the last of the satiric landmarks of the Great Terror.

"Ah! who is it dares interupt [*sic*] me in my progress?" says the victor of Austerlitz and the vanquished at Trafalgar in the earliest caricature of 1806 (T. Tegg, Cheapside). "Why 'tis I, little Johnny Bull," is the reply, "protecting a little spot I clap my hand on, and d—n me if you come any further, that's all." There could no longer be any doubt as to England's maritime supremacy, in which lay then, as it lies now, the secret of her safety. The Bull and the Sailor had vanquished the Corsican and the Evil One. The cloud of invasion had rolled away and the Great Terror was over.


Ah who is it dares
interupt me in my Progress
why tis I
little Johnny Bull
Protecting a little spot
I clap my hand on and
d--n me if you come
any Farther that's all
France
France
Italy
Switzerland
Old England
A STOPPAGE to a STRIDE over the GLOBE

NAPOLEON'S PROGRESS FINALLY ARRESTED BY JOHN BULL. [JAN., 1806]

CHAPTER XXI

MEDALLIC MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT TERROR, 1796–1805

"A cabinet of medals is a body of history."—ADDISON.

AMONGST the landmarks of actual or threatened invasions of England from the days of the Armada downwards, none are more curious than the commemorative medals, of which the number in existence is far greater than one would imagine. "King" Monmouth's tragic fate is perpetuated by no less than six varieties, and the caricature medals of 1745 are always eagerly sought after. Our concern, however, is solely with those medals and tokens which help us to tell the story of the Great Terror. There is no English medal of a general character called into existence by the final collapse of the invasion projects. Napoleon, on the other hand, was the originator of no less than three medals, intended to immortalize his triumph. The unexpected happened, as far as we were concerned, and to-day they serve only as mementoes of failure.

More than seventy pages of the standard work on British War Medals[1] are occupied with the enumeration of the medals, badges, and tokens struck in connection with militia, yeomanry, and volunteer forces, the greater part of them between 1796 and 1805. In the catalogue of the medals, properly so called, are included sometimes breastplates and helmet and other ornaments bearing inscriptions. The following alphabetical list comprises only those medals and tokens which strictly belong to the decade under consideration. Only those reproduced in the accompanying illustrations are described at length.

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[1] *War Medals from 1588 to 1898*, pp. 216-98, by D. Hastings Irwin, London, I. Upcott Gill, 1899.

BRITISH MEDALS, Etc., OF THE GREAT TERROR

Bantry Garrison	1797
Barnstaple Light Horse	1805
Barrack Light Company (Dublin)	1803
Bath Association	1798
Bermondsey Volunteers	
Bethnal Green Volunteers	1803[1]

Obverse: Britannia trampling upon a dragon, an olive branch in her left hand. Legend: *England's perseverance dethroned Buonaparte.* Reverse: a laurel and oak wreath entwined; inside there is the legend, *Enrolled 13th Aug. 1803, and disembodied at the General Peace of Europe 24th June 1814;* outside the wreath, *Bethnal Green Volunteer Infantry, Lt. Col. Carrick.* By P. Wyon. Two inches in diameter.

Birmingham Volunteers	1798
Bredalbane Volunteers	1798
Brentford Volunteers	1804
Bristol Volunteers	1797–1803

Obverse: arms, crest, and motto of the city of Bristol; above, *Royal Bristol Volunteers;* below, *In danger ready.* Reverse: *Embodied for the maintenance of public order and*

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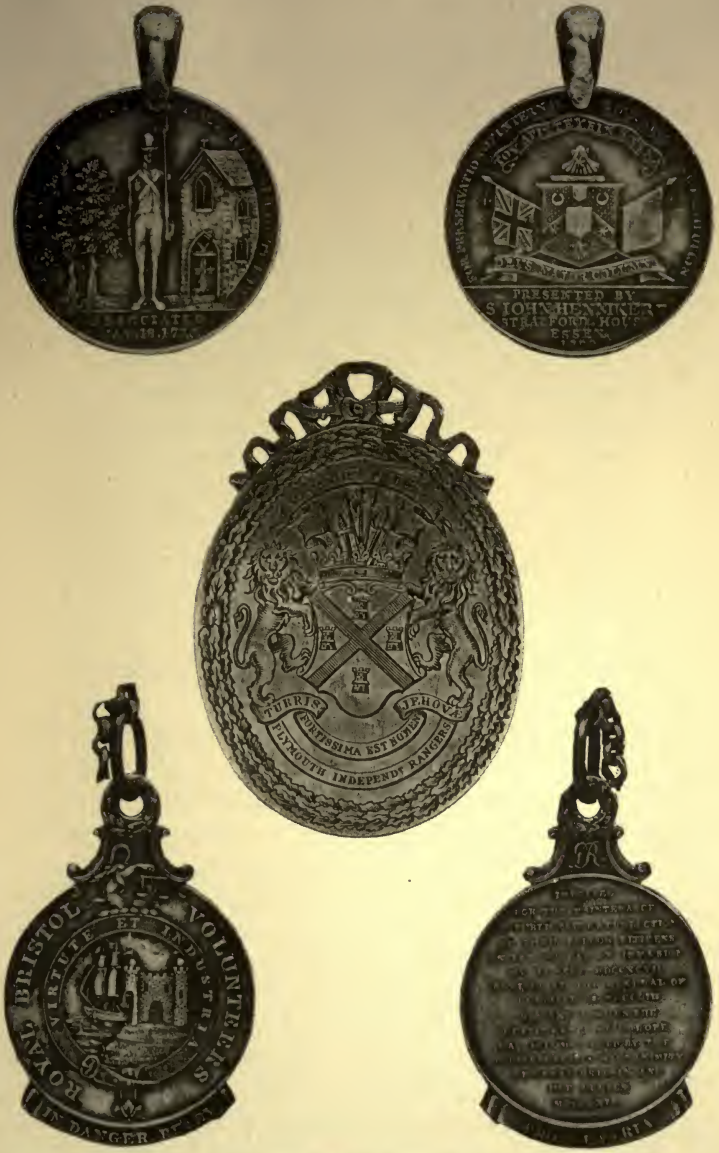
[1] See illustrations, Plate B.


PRESENTED BY
S. JOHN HENNIKER
STRATFORD HOUSE
ESSEX
TURRIS
FORTISSIMA EST NOMEN
JEHOVÆ
PLYMOUTH INDEPENDT RANGERS
ROYAL BRISTOL VOLUNTEERS
VIRTUTE ET INDUSTRIA
IN DANGER READY

MEDALLIC MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT TERROR, 1796-1805. (PLATE A)

protection of their fellow citizens, on the threat of invasion by France MDCCXCVII; revived at the renewal of hostilities, MDCCCIII; disbanded when the deliverance of Europe was accomplished by the perseverance and magnanimity of Great Britain and her allies MDCCCXIV. G.R. above; *Pro patriâ* below.[1]

Broadstairs Independent Gunners	1802
Broad Street Ward Volunteers	1799
Buckland Monackorum [*sic*] Volunteers	1802
Bury (Loyal) Volunteers	1801
Bury Volunteers	1803
Caithness Legion	1799
Camberwell Volunteers	1804
Carmarthen Militia	1798
Chertsey Volunteers	1803
Christchurch Association	1800
Christchurch Infantry	1800
Clerkenwell Volunteer Cavalry	1799
Colchester Loyal Volunteers	1805
Cork (Loyal) Volunteers	1798
Crediton Loyal Volunteers	1802
Cromer Loyal Artillery	1801
Dedham Volunteers	1802
Deptford Volunteers	1803
Dodder Rangers	1798 and 1803
Drumkeen Infantry	1797
Dublin Volunteers	1805
Dudley Loyal Association	1796
Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters	1803
Duke of Gloucester's Loyal Volunteers	1804–5
Dukinfield Independent Riflemen	1804
East India Volunteers	1802
East Norfolk Militia	1804
Edenside Loyal Rangers	1802

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[1] See illustrations, Plate A.

Edinboro' Royal Volunteers	1803–5
Essex Volunteer Cavalry	1805
Evesham Volunteer Cavalry	1805
Falmouth Volunteers	1797
Farringdon Ward Association	1801
Fermoy Cavalry	1798–9
Fertullagh Cavalry	1796
Frazier's Fencibles	1800
Frome and East Mendip Cavalry	1805
Godley Volunteer Cavalry	1804
Gravesend Volunteers	1804
Gravesend Volunteer Artillery	1798
Greenwich Loyal Volunteers	1804
Hans Town Association	1799
Havering Cavalry	1800
Highland Armed Association	1805
Honourable Artillery Company	1803
Imokilly Blue Horse	1799
Lambeth Volunteers	1800
Langbourne Ward Volunteers	1799
Liberty Rangers	1797 and 1798
Limerick Medal	1798
London Company Volunteers	1805
London Loyal Volunteers	1803–5
Lowestoft Sea Fencibles	1797
Loyal London (Newington) Volunteers	1804
Manchester Rifle Regiment	1804
Manchester and Salford Volunteers (Light Horse)	1802
Marylebone Volunteers	1799
Midlothian Volunteers	1803
Mitcham Volunteers	1805
Newcastle Volunteers	1801–3
Norfolk Yeomanry Cavalry	1796
Norwich (Loyal) Military Association	1797
Nottinghamshire Yeomanry Cavalry	1802

Oakfield Volunteer Company	1798
Pimlico, or Queen's Royal Volunteers	1798
Pontefract Volunteers	1800
Poplar and Blackwall (Loyal) Volunteers	1799
Portsoken Ward Volunteers	1799
Preston Volunteers	1804
Prince of Wales's Loyal Volunteers	1804
Queen's Royal Volunteers	1804
Rathdown Cavalry	1796
Renfrewshire Infantry	1804
Richmond Volunteers	1804
Rye Loyal Association	1805
Rutland Legion Riflemen	1796
St. George's Hanover Square (Light Infantry)	1798
St. James's Volunteers	1801
St. Olave's Volunteers	1798
Sadler's Sharpshooters	1802
Sidmouth Loyal Artillery	1802
Sligo Militia	1798
Somersetshire (Loyal United) Volunteers	1798
(Of a Masonic character.)	
South Devon Militia	1799
Southwark (Loyal) Volunteers	1801
Staffordshire Volunteer Cavalry	1803
Stirlingshire (East Battalion) Volunteers	1804
Stirlingshire Loyal Volunteers	1802–3
Surrey Volunteers (1st)	1803
Sutton's (Captain) Rifle Company	1805
Tower Hamlets Volunteers	1804
Tower Ward Association	1802
Tyrone Royal Militia	1797
Tyrone Royal Volunteers	1797
United East and West Ham (Loyal) Volunteers	1798
Vintry Ward Volunteers	1799

Walthamstow Volunteers	1802
Wapping Union Volunteers	1801
Warrington Loyal Independent Volunteers	1798
Westminster Assembly	1798
Westminster Loyal Volunteers	1803
Westminster (Royal) Volunteers	1798
Wicklow Militia	1797
Windsor Foresters	1800
Worlingworth Volunteers	1798
Yarmouth Cavalry	1805
Yorkshire (Royal) Fencibles	1803

The list now given cannot in any sense be considered as complete or exhaustive, as many of the medals were really not of an historical character, but given as rewards for proficiency in shooting or drill. The following additional varieties were lately in the possession of Messrs. Spink, viz. the Plymouth medal or badge,[1] bearing the device "Victory or Death" on a scroll, the arms and supporters of the town, with the motto "*Turris Fortissima est nomen Jehovæ*," and the words "Plymouth Independ^{t} Rangers."

The West and East Ham medal of 1798 is apparently of a commemorative character. On the obverse is a volunteer in full uniform mounting guard with the inscription "THE LOYAL UNITED WEST & EAST HAM VOLUNTEERS"; below, "ASSOCIATED MAY 18 1798." On the reverse: arms, flags crossed, a Greek motto on a scroll; and below, "DEUS MAJOR COLUMN"; round the edge, "FOR PRESERVATION OF INTERNAL PEACE, OUR KING AND CONSTITUTION"; at foot, "Presented by S^{r} John Henniker, Stratford House, Essex, 1799." This, therefore, may be described as

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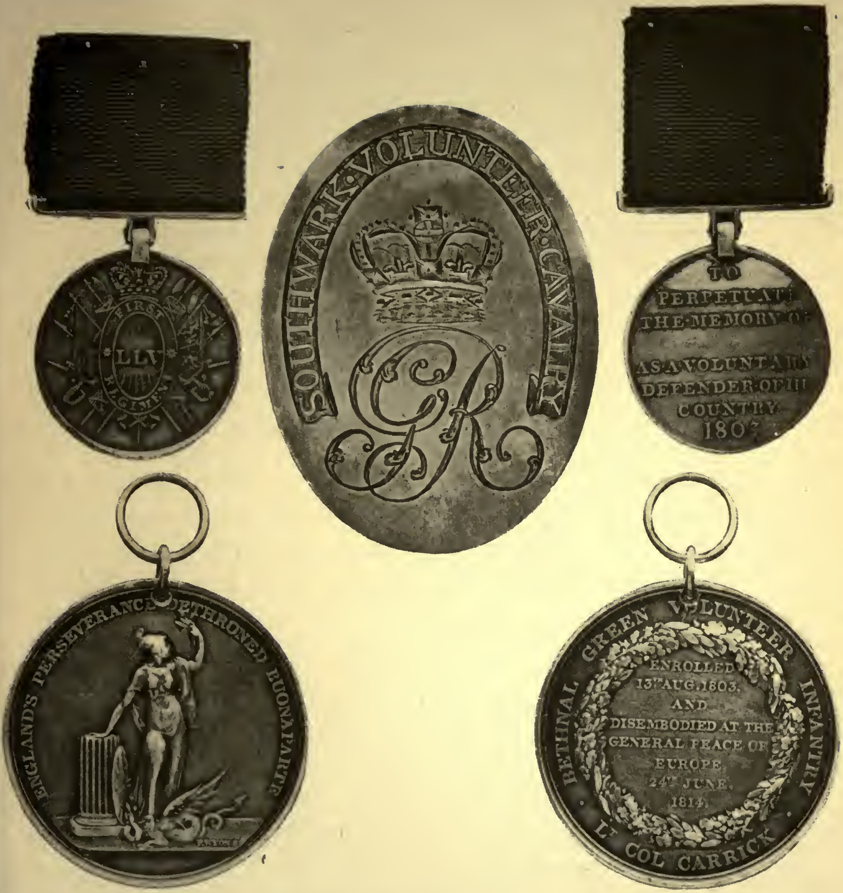
[1] See Plate A.


SOUTHWARK VOLUNTEER CAVALRY
GR
FIRST
LLV
REGIMENT
TO
PERPETUAT
THE MEMORY O
AS A VOLUNTAR
DEFENDER OF HI
COUNTRY
180
ENGLAND'S PERSEVERANCE DETHRONED BUONAPARTE
BETHNAL GREEN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
ENROLLED
13TH AUG. 1803.
AND
DISEMBODIED AT THE
GENERAL PEACE OF
EUROPE
24TH JUNE
1814.
LT COL CARRICK

MEDALLIC MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT TERROR, 1796-1805. (PLATE B)

a genuine invasion medal[1] of the same character as that of the First Regiment, with the inscription on the reverse "TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF —— AS A VOLUNTARY DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY, 1803."[2] The six medals now described are rewards of skill and merit, but all extremely interesting :—

I. Silver medal, with loop, of the Leicester Infantry. Obverse: Prince of Wales's Feathers, "ICH DIEN, 1800," within two sprays of laurel; above, "MILITARY MERIT REWARDED," on a riband. Reverse: "W. H. BRABAZON, P.W.O. LEICESTER INFANTRY." All engraved.

II. Silver medal, with loop, of the St. John's Southwark Volunteers. Obverse: star of four points, with flames issuing between the points; in centre is the monogram "G.R." crowned, enclosed within a fillet inscribed "A REWARD OF MERIT & SKILL." Reverse: "THE GIFT OF CAPT DAVID KING COMMANDING THE CORPS OF LOYAL VOLUNTEERS OF ST JOHN'S SOUTHWARK TO PETER BARNES BEST SHOT JUNE 2ND 1803." All engraved.

III. Silver oval medal, with ring, of the St. Margaret's and St. John's Volunteers. Obverse: volunteer firing at a target, trees and hills in the distance; exergue, "MR BLACKBURN 3RD NOVR 1803." Reverse: "ST MARGARETS & ST JOHNS VOLUNTEERS." All engraved.

IV. Silver-gilt oval badge, with loop, of the Loyal Association. Obverse: warrior, holding in his left hand an olive branch, and figure of Peace holding in her right hand a sword, both bearing aloft a wreath enclosing clasped hands; between the two figures is a pedestal, upon which is a naval crown, and crossed Union Jacks above; exergue, "ASSOCIATION." Reverse: shield, with three cocks on same; above, another cock; the whole within two palm branches; below, "DECR 1 · 17[9]7."

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[1] See Plate A.

[2] See illustrations, Plate B.

V. Silver medal of the Loyal Association. Obverse: a general on horseback reviewing troops, "PRO CÆSARE PRO ARIS & FOCIS. Reverse: Pallas overthrowing the giants; above in clouds, Jupiter on his eagle, "QUID CONTRA SONANTEM PALLADIS ÆGIDA POSSUNT RUENTES."

On Plate B will be found an illustration of one of the silver oval breastplate badges already alluded to. In the centre is the monogram of "G.R.," crowned, with riband above, inscribed "SOUTHWARK · VOLUNTEER · CAVALRY." Hall-marked, 1798.

Other existing varieties of volunteer badges of this kind are the following:—

I. Silver oval badge, hall-marked, 1803. In centre is the monogram "G.R." within a garter, crowned, and inscribed "PRO · REGE · ET · PATRIA." Struck.

II. Breast-plate badge of the Limerick Cavalry, bronze-gilt. In centre is a harp, crowned, 1796, and initials "L.C."; above, on a riband, "PRO REGE"; below, on a riband, "ET PATRIA." All engraved.

III. Silver oval badge, hall-marked, 1794, with arms of the Duke of Dorset, and motto, "AUT NUMQUAM TENTES-AUT PERFICE." Struck.

As might reasonably be expected, Bath, during the Great Terror the centre of patriotism as well as that of fashion, had its token. In the chapter which Mr. Sydney Sydenham has contributed to Mr. Mowbray Green's book on the eighteenth-century buildings of Bath,[1] one of these is illustrated and thus described: Reverse: military trophy, tent, cannon, etc; over, "PRO REGE ET PATRIA"; below,

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[1] *The Eighteenth Century Architecture of Bath*, p. 232, Plate A, by Mowbray A. Green, A.R.I.B.A. Bath, George Gregory, Bookseller to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, 1904.

"BATH ASSOCIATION, 1798." From an article reprinted in July, 1894, from the *Volunteer Service Magazine*, in Spink and Son's *Monthly Numismatic Circular*, by Lieutenant H. Rose Mackenzie, it appears that copper penny and halfpenny tokens of this sort were in general use all over England between 1796–1803. The writer gives examples of the tokens either emanating from or connected with the Falmouth Independent Volunteers (1797), the Bristol Volunteers (1798), the Norwich Loyal Military Association (1797), the Blofield Cavalry or fifth troop of the Loyal Norfolk Yeomanry (1796), the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry (1794 and 1795), and another and rarer Bath halfpenny, with a similar obverse to that already referred to, but with the reverse bearing the arms and supporters of the city in a sunk oval and the legend, "BATH CITY TOKEN." Lieutenant Mackenzie also gives the particulars of a Birmingham penny, showing on the obverse a presentation of colours to troops with the legend, "COLOURS PRESENTED TO THE BIRMINGHAM ASSOCIATIONS, 4 JUNE, 1798." The reverse has a curious perspective of a long row of gibbets with men hanging on them, and the legend, "END OF *BUNEPART* AND THE FRENCH ARMY." A Warwickshire penny of 1799 bears on the obverse a mounted yeoman, and the legend, "WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY, HANCOCK." In the exergue, "ENROLLED JUNE 25, 1794." On the reverse, in six lines, "PROMISSORY | PENNY TOKEN | ISSUED BY | THOMAS WELCH | SECOND TROOP." The edge has the inscription, divided into three compartments by military trophies, "(ARMED TO PROTECT | OUR LIVES PROPERTY) (AND CONSTITUTION | AGAINST FOREIGN) (AND DOMESTIC | ENEMIES)." Three impressions only were taken with this edge, but there are several other varieties, differing slightly from the one given. A rare Wiltshire country halfpenny has on the obverse a horseman galloping, and the legend, "WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY," with the date 1794 on the exergue. The reverse is the same as that of the Somerset token of 1796 before described. York has a halfpenny of 1795 with a view of a cathedral on the obverse, and on the reverse a mounted dragoon of the Queen's Bays, and the motto *Pro Rege et Patria.* Lieutenant Mackenzie remarks that it is a strange thing that there is no record of a Scottish volunteer token, although there were many fencible regiments raised in Scotland during the French invasion scare. A few tokens, notably a Dundee shilling of 1797, with an armed Highlander on the reverse, and two Ayrshire halfpennies bearing representations of shields and military trophies, may possibly be connected with the volunteer movement, but this idea is merely conjectural.

The three Napoleonic invasion medals belong to the acute crisis of 1804. They are all very fully described in the standard work dealing with the subject, "Napoleon's Mint Medals." The first is known as "The Camp of Boulogne Medal," which is dealt with as follows:—

> "*Obverse:* Napoleon, his head laureated, and in the costume of a general, seated on an elevated platform, in front of which are two laurel wreaths; he is in the act of distributing the insignia of the Legion of Honour to four soldiers of different corps and ranks in the service; behind the Emperor, two attendants, one of whom holds in a patera or shield, the crosses of the order to be disposed of.
>
> "Legend: 'Honneur Legionnaire. Aux braves de l'Armée.'

"Exergue: A Boulogne le XXVIII. Therm. An. XII. XVI. Août MDCCCIV. Denon. D. Jeuffroy F.

"*Reverse:* represents the formation and distribution of the troops designated by the name of the Army of England, at the grand Fête or Review by the Emperor Napoleon at Boulogne on the 15th August 1804.

"Exergue: Serment. de l'Armée. d'Angleterre à l'Empereur Napoleon: N^{o} 1. Cavalerie. 2. Infanterie. 3. Généraux. 4. Drapeaux. 5. Légionnaires. 6. Garde de l'Empereur. 7. Musiciens et Tambours. 8. E^{t} M^{or} D^{s} C^{s}. 9. E^{t} M^{or} G^{al}. 10. Le Trone. Size: 1$\frac{5}{8}$ inches."

The events of August, 1804, are so fully spoken of in a former chapter that it becomes unnecessary to reproduce the historical note which accompanies the minute description of the medal itself.

The second medal, usually spoken of as that of the "Rafts" or, more correctly, the "Construction of the Two Thousand Rafts," was also struck in 1804, and probably before that of the "Camp of Boulogne." It is thus described:—[1]

"*Obverse:* Head of Napoleon, encircled with a laurel wreath.

"Legend: 'Napoléon Empereur.'

"Exergue: I. P. DROZ F.

"*Reverse:* Hercules strangling the Nemæan Lion.

"Legend: 'En L'an XII. 2000 barques sont construites.'

"Exergue: Denon Direxit, 1804.

"Size: 1$\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

"After the short peace of scarcely fourteen months which followed the Treaty of Amiens, and which had promised tranquillity to Europe, the renewal of hostilities between

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[1] *Napoleon Mint Medals*, pp. 72, 73.

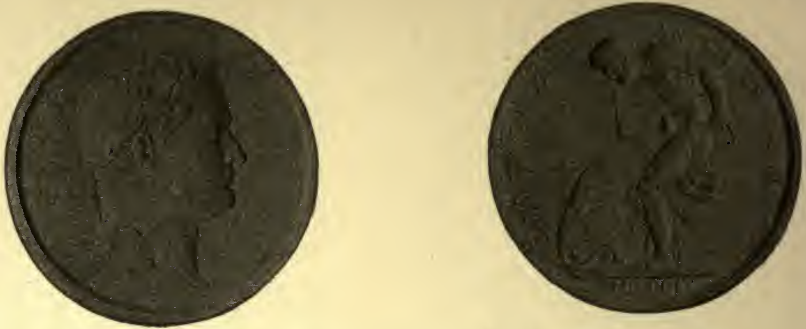
France and Great Britain involved in fresh calamities all the nations in this quarter of the globe.

"The invasion of Great Britain at this time appeared to be the grand object of the First Consul, who, immediately on the commencement of hostilities, began to make extensive preparations for that purpose in the ports of the French and Batavian republics. All the ship and boat builders in France, from the age of fifteen to sixty, were placed in a state of requisition; and it was decreed by Napoleon that two thousand vessels should be immediately built for the purpose of transporting the Army of England to the place of its destination, and he appointed Boulogne as the general rendezvous both for the flotilla and the army."

Far more interesting than either of the preceding is the invasion medal *par excellence*, for which dies were prepared in Paris so that the medals might be struck immediately on the arrival of the victorious emperor in London. So confident was Napoleon of success that the words "Struck in London, 1804," were actually engraved in advance so as to avoid the possibility of delay. Dr. Burney has already been mentioned as one of the patriotic writers of this tempestuous period. He became the possessor of one of the two or three trial pieces struck from the original die, now as rare as the later English reproductions of it are common. It quite recently changed hands at a very high price, when the following description was given of it:—

"*Obverse:* laureated and nude bust of Napoleon; to right, below, *Jeuffroy fecit* and *Denon Direxit* in two lines.

"*Reverse:* DESCENTE EN ANGLETERRE. Hercules standing, squeezing a Triton to death, and in the exergue, *Frappée a Londres-en, 1804* in two lines, with plain edge, a fine medal of great historical interest.



THE FAMOUS FRENCH INVASION MEDAL OF 1804

From the collection of C. Prideaux Brune Esq.

"The dies of this medal were engraved in Paris at the time when Napoleon was preparing his expedition against England, and after the taking of London they were intended to have been used there. As the invasion did not take place the medal was never struck. There is said to be only one impression in *lead* known and was in the cabinet of Dr. Burney. It was sold with other medals to Mr. Charles Stokes in 1846 or 7, from whom the present owner purchased it. Somewhat later, copies of this medal were struck in England, on which a head by Droz was substituted for that by Jeuffroy, and the former head was also used for several other medals of the Imperial series. The work on the reverse of these copies is, however, less delicately treated, the word 'Frappée' in the exergue of the original is incorrectly written 'Frappé' on the imitations, and the edge (on some) bears an inscription in raised letters."

It is not inappropriate that the curtain should fall on the story of the Great Terror with an account of the most curious of its artistic landmarks, the medal which carried a vainglorious and empty boast on its face, and now only serves to remind us of a policy of aggression which materially helped to lead the mighty warrior it was intended to immortalize not to the shores of England and the conquest of London, but to Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena.

APPENDIX I[1]

A paper (endorsed in Pitt's writing).

Proposal of the late Dovor Association to renew their engagement of 1783 for y^{e} defence of y^{e} Town and Harbour, 19 Dec^{r} 1792.

Sir,

We the undersigned commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates of the late Dovor Association, together with we [*sic*] the underwritten, beg leave to offer our service at this alarming crisis to stand forth in defence of our most gracious King and the happy constitution of this country as by law established. The terms hereunder written, under which it was associated and served during the late war, and until its conclusion in the year 1783, we beg leave to offer as proposals for again forming a corps, as well in aid of the civil power in quelling all seditious and traiterous [*sic*] companies and insurrections as for the particular defence of this town and port. We beg leave also to represent, should these proposals be accepted, the necessity of immediately receiving arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, for the service of the said intended association, and also that the arms heretofore used by the late association having been returned to the Tower might be delivered into the service of the said intended corps. And we submit whether such officers who still have in their possessions [*sic*] H.M.'s

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[1] Communicated to the authors by Dr. J. Holland Rose. Pitt MSS. No. 245. National Defence, etc., Record Office.

Commissions under which they formerly acted may not derive from them sufficient authority for the present occasion, or whether new commissions should be obtained for them as well as for those officers who may be appointed in place of such who are either dead or removed from this town and neighbourhood.

TERMS REFERRED TO.

Copy of Proposals presented to and approved by the Right Honourable Lords Amherst and North for forming an associated Corps for defence of the town and harbour of Dovor and new batterys [*sic*] there erected in the last war.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, inhabitants of the Town and Port of Dovor from a consideration of the danger to which the coast is exposed of invasion by the enemy, and of the situation of this town and port in particular, do hereby agree, promise, and engage that we will at all times necessary stand forth in defence of Dovor town and harbour and the works there erected, and to enable us for such service will at all convenient times to be appointed for that purpose assemble to learn the exercise of the cannon and small arms under the command of the officers undermentioned, and agreeable to the proposals following. First that this Association shall with all speed be increased to six companies of sixty men each, every company to be commanded by a captain and two lieutenants, members of the Association; Second, that such captains and lieutenants be authorized by commissions to be obtained from H[is] M[ajesty] for that purpose; Third, that these proposals or the acceptance of such commissions shall not render the Association or any of them liable to be called forth in any other service than for the defence of the town, or to the controul [*sic*] or command of any other officer or person, civil or military, save that of superior military officers in time of action, but that the Association and services [to] be performed by them shall be considered as voluntary and independent.

Fifty-five signatures follow (three by their mark **X X X**).

To the Rt. Hon. William Pitt
Chancellor of H.M.'s Exchequer
Dovor 16 Dec^{r} 1792.

N.B. A duplicate has been sent to His Grace the Duke of Richmond.

APPENDIX II[1]

Captain Parker's monument at Deal is a square upright, like a pagan altar. The inscription is on the top and the east and south sides.

[On top of monument:]

The remains of
Captn Edward Thornbrough Parker
of the Royal Navy
are here interred

[On the south side:]

He was wounded on the 15th
of August 1801 off Boulonge [*sic*]
which on the 27th of Septr terminated
his Career of Glory in the 22nd year of
his age.

[On the east side:]

Eheu quam multis flebilis occidit.

This stone records a gallant Hero's name
Flame
Whose youthful Bosom glowed with Virtue's
A nation heard with Tears his Early Doom
The Flower of Valour withered in it's Bloom.

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[1] Communicated to the authors by the Rev. R. Patterson, M.A., Rector of Deal.

APPENDIX III

The following letter, written by Robert Southey, who was appointed to the post of Poet Laureate in the Year of Battles, 1813, when Napoleon won the last of his great victories at Dresden, has but recently come to light. The author of *The Life of Nelson*, which Macaulay said was, "beyond all doubt, the most perfect" of Southey's works, thus expresses his views on the universal soldiering of 1803 to John May, of Richmond, Surrey. The letter bears the postmark "Bristol, 20 July, 1803."

"*July* 20, 1803.
"KINGSDOWN, [BRISTOL].

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The more I talk or think of the house at Richmond, the more I am disposed to have the bargain concluded. . . . I was heartily glad to reach home after the labour of perambulating London every day for a fortnight. . . . All Bristol is up in arms and volunteering—cool sport for the dog days! The Duke of Cumberland is to be here to-day to form a camp upon Leigh Down, luckily there is a river between, but the camp will spoil the loveliest walks in the neighbourhood or perhaps in this country; all this, however, is very necessary. A few weeks more and England will be in a formidable state of preparation:

if they arm the people as is talked of I think I can foresee much good to arise out of the present evil—a system more favourable to the morals and security and liberties of the country than that of militias and standing armies. . . .

" Affectionately yours,

(Signed) " ROBERT SOUTHEY."

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